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2.—*London Observer*, for 1849.  
3.—*Baltimore Sun*, for 1849.

WE have reached the culminating point of the Nineteenth Century, and now stand upon the keystone of the arch. The ascending curve is past, the descending lies before us. While yet trembling on the meridian, we may profitably avail ourselves of the momentary pause, to apply the experience acquired in the prosecution of our journey through the first half of the Century, to the formation of some conjecture of the probable destinies, which are still hidden in the womb of the future.

The alteration of a long war, and a long peace, which comprises nearly the whole history of the last fifty years, has passed away—and, again, we hear reverberating around us rumors of wars, and the hoarse murmurs of real warfare. The industry, the energy, the active production which attended the continuance of tranquillity, prepared vast accumulations for future weal or woe; but the sudden and successive explosions, which followed the first contact of the spark and the populations of Europe, may restrain the indulgence of too sanguine anticipations. But the first outburst of revolution has subsided into the semblance of peace—the echoes of former commotion still linger on the ear—but it may be that these are only the waves dashing upon the rock, after the fury of the

storm has been spent; and that another morn will bring back the sun. There is a lull—perhaps a calm—but still gloom, and thick darkness, and the lurid aspect of the heavens environ us on all sides, and beget uncertainty of the future, so that we may yet ask, with painful anxiety, “watchman! what of the night?”

The attentive eye and observant mind, can hardly so misconceive the troubled rest of the waters at present in Europe, as to fancy that they give assurance of the change to a settled calm. The voice of revolution may be stilled for a time, but it is not hushed forever. In our own country, we sleep on the gradually brightening fires of a volcano; and the time may not be far distant, when it may again be said—

*Alternum mavors niterfurit orbem.*

Both at home and abroad, we may consider the signs of heaven as portentous of mighty changes, and threatening early and wide spread convulsion. Nay, more; if science and the experience of the past, furnished to human weakness any thing better than a glimmering light, whose aid is so often perverted and misapprehended by human folly and human prejudice, as to serve no better than a will o’ the wisp for the guidance of our speculations and actions, we might expect that the coming change would be apparent to all, both in its magnitude and in its character:

*Si cuneta perito,  
Augure mens nominum coeli nova signa no tapet,  
Spectari e toto potuit Pharsalia mundo.*

We are all parties in the great and universal contest which has even now commenced—some less, some more actively engaged; and, in the midst of the strife, we dream not of the battle. Our own relative motion, in connection with the rapid succession of the phenomena around us, prevents us from noticing the absolute motion which is taking place, “*nondimeno il mondo muove*”—and the change is now advancing with thunder-speed, whether our ignorance, our carelessness, or our sympathetic affections, prevent our recognition of the mutation of the earth’s axis, or its revolution in its orbit.

Yet astronomy, notwithstanding the double motion of the observer, and the distant orbs to which he directs his scientific gaze, has been able to trace their wan-

derings, determine their periods, foretell their various change, and even calculate their aberrations; and men may, perhaps, by the employment of similar care and caution, arrive at some reliable knowledge and anticipation of the phenomena of national existence which are developed around him. The task is, indeed, not easy; for this subject, more perhaps than any other, is immersed in matter, to use the Baconian phrase. The path to be trodden, moreover, is so beset by prejudice, and so beclouded by the mists of fancy, feeling, hope, superstition, and the deep ignorance which springs from partial knowledge, that the thousand lights that dazzle and betray, are easily mistaken for the one light, ever burning, but seldom seen, which steadily points the road. Even in the case of an authentic and divine prophecy, admitted for ages to be such, and the time of whose completion has been correctly anticipated—even in such a case as this, it has always been palpably evident to us, that nothing short of a present revealed interpretation, or supernatural inspiration, could enable it to be distinctly and generally recognized in the day of its accomplishment, and amongst the people who were themselves either the active or the passive agents of its fulfilment. The great truth of the time is so concealed amongst the petty details of the hour—the general motion of the whole machinery is so involved and obscured behind the multitudinous motions of the smaller wheels—and the change that is common to all, is so overshadowed by the present cares and interests that are peculiar to each, that the signs of the times are introverted in our estimation of them, and those which should be the most significant to our minds, are those which are ordinarily the most remote from our apprehension, though most obvious to our gaze. But if this be true of the fore-written history of our divine prophecy, how much more difficult must it be for human conjecture to perform successfully the hazardous experiment of anticipating the future from the equivocal indications of the present? We underrate neither the difficulty nor the hazard, nor are we blind to the errors that may be blended with all the calculations of our horo-scope; yet we will make the attempt, and disclaiming all pretensions to the gift of prophecy, we will note, ere the hour has passed, the strange and eventful phases of destiny which seem to be indicated by the phenomena of the times. In the first tumult

and confusion of the general revolution, which we had long foreseen, we constrained ourselves to the observance of a cautious silence, patiently waiting till the data had become sufficiently fixed by the lapse of time and sufficiently comprehended by accurate study, to be safely employed as premises for further inference. This has been done, and while the nineteenth century is at its noon, and bends towards its declining arc, we will endeavor to detect the promises or menaces which it may accomplish before its close, or leave behind it, inscribed on the sibylline leaves which it may scatter along its course.

Throwing altogether aside, for the present, those topics in which alarmists delight, and those which ordinarily form the staple of holiday rhetoric and easy eulogy, neglecting the much lauded miracles of the hour, the wonderful inventions, the splendid discoveries, the adventurous enterprises, the philanthropic dreams, the expansion of commerce, the gigantic strides of intellect, and all those other real or supposed characteristics of the age which we have leisure at any time to study and appreciate, and whose interest has been already impaired by senseless laudation and the *crambe repetita* of incompetent speculation—stripping off this irrelevant or unimportant matter, we will confine ourselves to those phenomena whose prospective influence is less sufficiently or correctly recognized at this time, though likely to operate more potently and durably in shaping the destinies of the world.

All that we have thus laid aside, as beyond the present scope of our inquiries, varies, from age to age, only in degree and in outward feature. Such phenomena are the common property of all time, though each generation differs from its precursors and successors in the mode and extent of the encouragement or neglect with which they may be treated. But there are two events of tremendous omen, which have been thrown up by the surges of time in our own day, and which peculiarly belong to the recent and coming years which cluster round the present. These we propose as the subject of our investigations:—They are the discovery of the gold mines of California and the universal spirit of anarchy prevalent throughout Europe, as indicated by those successive throes of revolution which have now for two years distracted that continent. Gold mines have indeed been known from the earliest periods of history, and once before the revelation of new ores of

unusual fecundity unsettled and lowered the value of the circulating medium. But the effects now to be expected, though analogous in character, are rendered dissimilar by the probable intensity and rapidity of their operation, and by the diverse complexion of the state of society in which their results will be elaborated. Nor are revolutions by any means unfamiliar in the pages of history, and one there has been whose development was accompanied with such sanguinary ferocity as, even in narrative, to curdle the blood at our hearts, and to have threatened, in the day of its occurrence, the independence of all the members of the European system, and the establishment on their ruins of a mighty, all-embracing despotism of the sword. But never before has the world beheld the universal prevalence of the anarchical spirit, and the universal lust of revolution, springing not from specific and defined political causes, but from latent fires, which are fed by the innermost substance of the social organization, which are hardly recognized in their true character, whose extent and exact origin, though they are still spreading, have not yet been clearly detected, and which burn fiercer, instead of yielding to the means which have been employed or devised for their extinguishment. The passions and chimeras of the French revolution are blended with the blind fury of the Jacquerie and the disorganizing reveries of the peasants' war in Germany; they are increased with new elements and stimulated by incentives peculiar to the day, and with this leaven the whole mass of European populations is worked up into a state of violent fermentation. Here, then, are two phenomena of interest likely to be perennial, almost entirely novel in their character, so fraught with weal or wo to the future prospects of the world, so imminent in their action, and so certain to weigh with instant pressure upon every individual who forms a constituent portion of the civilized world, as to merit the careful scrutiny and profound investigation of all classes and orders of men.

When the Mexican mines were opened to the light of day, a little more than three centuries ago, the commerce of Europe was growing apace, after the long slumber of the middle ages; but its growth was still hampered by the shell which had covered it during its apathetic and chrysalis state, and from which it had not even then fairly extricated itself. From the time when the luxury of Rome

had exchanged a pound of gold for a pound of silk, and bartered the wealth of a thousand plundered provinces for the spices, the delicacies, and the curious fabrics of India and China, the precious metals had flowed with an intermittent, though gradually failing stream, towards the mysterious regions of the distant East. The tide was at length slowly turning, but the long emission of fourteen centuries could have been but tardily redeemed by the nascent commerce and industry of Europe, had even the ebb been as full and rapid as the flow. All are, however, familiar with the extreme tenacity with which the Oriental nations retain the precious stones and the precious metals. The industrial activity of Europe was thus retarded and impeded in the first stages of germination and growth, by the scarcity of a circulating medium, of which an adequate supply could hardly be anticipated until after a long period of gradual accretion and of patient accumulation of circulating capital. It was at this moment that the rich production of the Mexican and Peruvian mines ministered the requisite aid and a new stimulus to the buoyant growth of European industry and commerce. The subsequent triumphs of mechanic art, of science, perhaps of literature, and domestic comfort and convenience, have been the result. The new and apparently exhaustless sources of gold and silver discovered throughout the northern and southern continents of America materially affected the value of bullion and coin; but after a period of considerable oscillation, it at length found its equilibrium, which it has since retained. It has been enabled to do so in consequence of a concomitant development of industry at least equivalent to the annual accessions to the precious store. A new impulse was given to the commerce and manufactures of England and the United States by the long continental wars of Napoleon, and to those of the whole civilized world by the invention of the steam-engine, the spinning-jenny, the mule, the power-loom, and the endless and miraculous variety of other labour-saving machines. The wide field which was thus opened for the employment and accumulation of wealth was imagined to be boundless. The sudden fortunes acquired by the happy enterprize of a few tempted all to launch their barks on the same sea. Like acolytes in a college of spinning dervishes, all caught the mad contagion, and with similar enthusiasm began to spin round in

the profitable dance which they had been witnessing. Every one who possessed means loathed the tedious and plodding routine of ancient usage, and desired to participate in the bountiful harvest which seemed to extend an equal invitation to every one to ply his sickle in the crop, and reap with the assurance or the hope of untold reward. The contentment of hereditary ease became an antiquated fable, the patient prosecution of slow but secure success was deemed idiotic listlessness, and the stimulating fever of the common excitement spread through all grades and classes of society. Through many devious channels, every thing that could be profitably invested was poured into the swelling tide of productive occupation. Even pride and ostentation yielded to the irresistible spirit of gain, and the solid and massy plate of former ages was converted into the flimsy and garish ornaments of our own. By this process of gold-beating, show was extended over a wider surface, while new additions were made to productive capital. Yet even this was not enough: the precious metals were found to be, beyond a very limited amount, an unnecessary and most expensive material for currency. A large portion of them was accordingly dispensed with, by substituting in their place paper money and paper credits in all their various forms. In this way the amount imperatively required for circulation had been so much reduced that commerce and industry might continue to expand without the concurrent expansion of the metallic currency in equivalent proportion. Manufacturing and commercial activity had, moreover, before the close of the late half century, attained that point when the production of perishable articles threatened to outstrip the consumption. But in the mean time the gold mines of the Ural had been re-opened and worked to such singular advantage as to promise to surpass the production of the Mexican and Brazilian mines, and to hold out the prospect of a consequent reduction of the value of gold at no very distant date. Thus, though there had been occasional and local scarcity of the precious metals, arising, perhaps, from causes which lie beyond the control of legislation, and possibly beyond the reach of foresight, there was no general scarcity of gold, nor was such to be apprehended, but rather the reverse. The annual production of gold from the whole globe had reached about two hundred and thirty millions of dollars, and the full resources of the Uralian

and Siberian, African and Brazilian mines were still only imperfectly developed. In this condition the monetary affairs of the world were found when the marvellous revelations of the Californian El Dorado and the golden sands of the Rio de los Americanos burst upon the astonished and incredulous ears of men. But before proceeding to speculate upon the consequences of the discovery of this new Pactolus we must analyze more deeply, and in many other respects, the condition of the civilized, and particularly of the European world.

The rapid growth of wealth had been fostered by, and had inflamed, the concomitant growth of the passion for gain :

"Increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on."

The world was like Atalanta, and became heedless of its true and orderly career, solicitous only of gathering the golden apples which were scattered along the course. Yet none could entertain the dream that at length the Garden of the Hesperides and the trees which were laden with the golden fruitage would be thrown open to their curiosity and use. The hidden disease spread stealthily, but with undeviating energy, through the whole framework of society, till every passion and ambition became absorbed in the same engrossing race. Like the alchemist brooding over his crucible and alembic, with careworn face and tortured heart, and the one insatiable desire preying, like the vulture of Prometheus, at its core, each bent to the unending labour, and entertained but one hope, one aspiration, one aim in life—the realization of his dream of gold. Never satisfied, yet never resting, he pursued the phantom which eluded his perception, even when already within his grasp, and which still tempted him to continue his strenuous toil, till death might end his labours by closing his course, and leave the motto of his life to be the epitaph on his tomb :

*"αἰξὼν ἐπαύξων σὺν στεναγμῷ καὶ λυπᾷ."*

The motto is not new. It was the curse of God on the parent of the human race ;\* but it has received a new

\* The line which we have quoted is taken from the versicles of an obscure Christian poet, Ignatius, (Ignat. Vers. in Adamum, v. 139,) of whom nothing is known to the editors, Boissonnade and Dübner, or to Eschenbach. The poem is a dialogue, representing the temptation and fall. It has little merit beyond

and deeper significance from the illustration of recent years. Under the influence of the universal attraction, intellectual and mechanical pursuits, though they still remained diverse in their employment of means, became assimilated in their aims, and the "aura famæ" was soon merged in, or forsaken for, the "auri sacra fames." Literature and science turned aside their gaze from the contemplation and discovery of the pure truth, in and for herself alone; they became bewildered and misled by the double and conflicting lights which they endeavored to pursue, and finally lent themselves and their votaries to minister to that brightening flame which was already playing around the vitals of society. The fever had reached the heart long before its existence or its malignant character was fairly recognized—nay, are we not even now perversely blind to its fatal ravages? But the wound, when felt, is curable, to our fancy, only by the spear of Achilles, and the gold which infused is alone expected to appease the distemper. As the fever advances the thirst for the golden poison increases, which first kindled, and now feeds, but cannot satisfy its fires:

Crescebat scelerata sitis, prædæque recentis  
Incestus flagrabat amor, nullusque petendi  
Cogendive pudor.

Sic fluctibus auri

Expleri calor ille nequit.

All are drunk, or seek to be drunk, with the drunkenness of gold, (*μεθύσαι τὴν πολύχενσον μέθην.*) and the lust of gain has more than kept pace with even the rapid multiplication of the means of its gratification. Its all-devouring and insatiable voracity hunts for a world of gold, with rivers and mountains of gold, where, day and night, the eye may rest, the hand may play, and the heart may feast upon its never-ending, never-failing lustre. The aspirations of Midas have been again heard and granted, and the fable of the old world has matured into the reality of the new.

But this great change has not been unattended by important modifications of the aspect and relations of society. The common passion has stamped the value of

its close adherence to the account, and even language of Genesis, yet in some points it seems to have anticipated Avitus and even Milton; though as the date is unknown it may have imitated the former. We have made a slight change in the verse cited, which in our copy stands most defectively:

"αὖξων ἐπαύξων σὺν στεναγμῷ καὶ λύπᾳ."

the common coin. The absorbing and exclusive desire of gain has rendered the one exclusive aim, the test, the key, and the corner-stone of life. No magical incantations are now the obscure and mysterious agencies of sorcery: the miracles of the slaves of the Ring and the Lamp are now surpassed by the ordinary toils of the slave of the Dollar. The "open sesame" of Arabian fancy was a feeble charm compared with the irresistible efficiency of the tempting metal which is sunned in the smiles of Mammon. With such an instrument at our command, what need for other service? The kindly play of reciprocal affections, the intricate and delicate springs of relative regards, the dependence which ennobled and the protection which at once humanized and refined, these were cumbersome and complicated appliances for attaining ends which are now achieved in less time, with more certainty and effect, and with less expenditure of personal discomfort and productive capital, by current coin, or its vivifying genius, gold. The faith of men has dwindled into the commercial credit of tradesmen and hucksters—it lives only in the opinion of the public—and faith celestial has abandoned her habitation upon earth. Law has lost its sanction, except inasmuch as it derives authority from ministering assistance to the unrestricted prosecution of the common love. Religion, too, has nearly lost its sanctity, except so far as it is professed by hollow lips, thankful to employ hypocrisy and self-delusion as a vantage-ground against the unblushing effrontery of the infidel who avows his lack of faith. It was from no earthly oracle that came those words of terrible import to the present age: "He cannot serve both God and Mammon." In the apathy of the multitudes whose ears have been closed by the hoof of the golden calf, deeply do we feel the force of the heathen's lament:

"Non ullo secula dono  
Nostra carent majore Deum, quam Delphica sedes.  
Quod siluit, postquam reges timuere futura,  
Et superos vetuere loqui."

When faith and religion and law are paralyzed, whence can we hope for the perpetuation, the enforcement or the idea of duty? Yet by these States grow and societies are held together. The community of interest is a consequence, not a cause of social and political aggregation, and though it may be an indispensable concomitant it can

by no means be safely or legitimately assumed as a constituting agency. The family, which all philosophers are agreed in regarding as the "*seminarium reipublicæ*" and the microcosm of the State, takes its rise in reciprocal affection, and identity of interest is the result, not the motive of its institution. Duty, in its various relations to man, society and to God, is the foundation and framework of political and social organization, and if these be undermined or impaired the house that should have been planted on the rock is built only upon the sand. When the lack of faith, like a corroding canker, has worked inwards, from our relations with the external world, to the transactions of home—and this under the influence of the passion for gold—that moment the action of the universal solvent has become complete, and all ties, all bonds, snap with the slightest strain, like flax scorched by the fire. Then the sense of duty and the sense of right, and even the holy affections of the fire-side, grow pale and lose their genial attraction in the presence of the one principle of organization and destruction. Loyalty and patriotism, and those local attachments which are the springs of so many virtues, the sympathy for distress, the admiration of noble deeds and the detestation of base ones, the contagion of lofty thoughts, our duty to our parents, our children, our relations, our friends, our neighbors, our fellows, our country and our God, all vanish into thin air, or become feeble and inefficient when they contradict our sense of interest. Under such circumstances society can possess only an artificial and spasmodic, not a natural and healthy vitality. It waits but the first breath of the tempest to crumble into dust, like the warrior's corpse in the Etruscan sepulchre, whose perfect preservation and living hues, with the arms and garniture of his pristine life, sunk into powder with the first touch of day. When the cement has been eaten out by time, or accident, or corroding acids the house must totter and fall with the first serious pressure. And such must be the similitude of States and societies, when all the spiritual ties and moral links which hold them together, by a natural and irresistible cohesion, have been displaced and supplanted by the material and beggarly compression of a golden chain. Yet, after the love of gold, which has been strongly said to be "the root of all evil," has once become the ruling passion, this substitution only waits for its effective completion till the

time when the increase and condensation of population forbid the concurrence of an absorbing aspiration for gain and the collateral indulgence of family and more general affections. But the very moment that the pressure of competition refuses to permit the identification of both, or the concomitant pursuit of both, that moment the elaborate structure, so carefully compacted with rivets of gold, becomes little better than an unsubstantial dream: its foundations are undermined. It stands, indeed, for a while, but *super titubantia fultus*, and, like the magic palaces of Oriental fable, it is ready to sink into the earth when touched by the wand of the enchanter. That wand cannot long be wanting, for the circumstances which produced the decay are the same which will hasten the destruction, and the conjuring rod of the magician passes, by a rapid and imperceptible change, into the serpent which is the minister of death.

The conditions thus pointed out as the effective instruments of social disintegration are those in the midst of which we live, and their development is contemporary with our own career. Population has attained in Europe that degree of condensation when its pressure is so intense as to have become one of the main regulating principles of social phenomena. The commencement of the rapid increase, thus tending to a fatal close, may be traced backwards to very nearly the same era when the Mexican and Peruvian mines poured out their exuberant store into the greedy lap of Europe. The desolating wars of the Crusades, the constant hostilities of European States, the still more destructive prevalence of private warfare, the battles with the Saracen and the Turk, the Dane and the Tartar, the Pole and the Lithuanian, all attended with a vast expenditure of human life and means, had passed away. Nations and communities had settled down within definite boundaries, and under orderly governments, property was protected by the institution of regular and permanent courts of judicature, and, instead of all thoughts being continually directed to the prosecution of wars, attention was turned to the more profitable occupations of peace. The life of the soldier ceased to be the exclusive path of honor and ambition, and crowned warriors owned as their compeers the merchant princes of Venice, Genoa and Florence. The monasteries and convents throughout Europe, which had checked, during the middle ages, the increase of population, had become

unpopular in the catholic States, and been abolished in those countries which had welcomed the reformation, and expedited the expansion of communities by discarding the celibacy of the clergy. But more efficient than all was the new-born industry of Europe, which created the capital to employ, the means to sustain, and the motives to stimulate the rapid augmentation of numbers, which took place simultaneously with the growth of commerce and manufactures and aided their further development. The products of labour were still further increased by the partial abolition and growing disregard for the ancient fasts and festivals recognized by the Catholic Church, and with the increase of production population increased also. The extending numbers, and the greater difficulties of obtaining sustenance, inflamed invention and impelled to the discovery of new arts. It was a further realization of the old song :

"Magister artis ingenique largitor.  
Venter.

But new arts drew in their train new resources, and the stimulus to population was never remitted or relaxed. Thus capital and population acted and re-acted upon each other, and reciprocally accelerated their respective rates of increase. At the same time, that the invention of the steam engine, etc., produced that remarkable intensity in the desire for gain, which has already been mentioned, the results of those inventions gave a fresh impulse to population. The increased supply and cheapness of all manufactured articles—the enlarged facilities and range of commerce—the greater capabilities of employing labour consequent even upon the adoption of labour-saving machines—and, above all, the excitement of a sanguine cupidity, which mistook hopes for realities, imagined the promises of the future, and calculated upon its own imaginations—these various causes have in our own day precipitated that rapid multiplication of the human species, which in the ample arena of America is a just subject of present admiration, but in the crowded limits of Europe, a source of hourly and fearful apprehension.

But it is to Europe that our attention must be for some time confined, while we study the phenomena and the consequences of this compression of the masses. As England has outstripped all her companions in the race, so she is first at the gaol; and there we may see most of its

results in their highest energy, and in the clearest light. The immense accumulation of wealth, which still perhaps continues to advance, is obvious and familiar. Capital is breeding capital with prolific abundance; and, notwithstanding the low rate of interest and profits, the explanation is either so easy, or so irrelevant, that it need not now detain us. But in the action of the double force pump under which society has been operating, the water rises in the one tube by the pressure of the descending piston in the other. Thus, though the ten talents of the rich man have been doubled, the one talent has been taken away from him that had nothing. The positive pole of the great galvanic battery has attracted all the wealth to itself, but at the negative pole, the masses are left without the electric charm, and almost without the agency of life. Their apparent condition, as estimated by their money, wages, or their receipts in kind, may not have sensibly diminished, but, by some means, which elude hasty search, defy conjectural interpretation, and seem to the victims themselves the work of magic or necromancy, the facilities and the rational hopes of life have been wonderfully diminished. But, from the exclusive and prevailing agency of the one ruling passion, the lust of gain, money, or its material equivalent, has become not merely the desire, but the imperative necessity of the poor and the needy. Thus service and labour, the results of manual or intellectual industry, are paid with gold, but gold only:—there is no countenance, no protection, no support, no promise, or hope of assistance. The day's work, and the day's wages, and the day's bread, go hand in hand: but, though the necessity for bread may be more urgent and extensive than either of the former, there are no means by which the demand for the work, or the receipt of the wages, can now be made to outstrip the need for the last. In this way, the passion which is mere greed with Dives, becomes the necessity and the tormenting demon of Lazarus. The outcry against gold, and the love of gold, is thus folly and empty wind, if it be merely outcry and undistinguishing reprobation: and prize essays on mammon, of which many have been written, are prostrations before the altars of the god, while condemning and declaiming against his worship. The change of times and circumstances, has converted what was originally a moral disorder, into a chronic, physical distemper. Pernicious as the

course may be, and certainly is, the necessity for the pursuit, and ardent pursuit of gain, has become so implicated with the whole structure of modern society, that no art could secure the delay, if any wisdom could devise the means of its removal, "*Vulnus alit venis;*" any remedy, that might otherwise promise to be effectual, would stop the currents of the blood, and still the pulsations of the heart. Wretched indeed is the condition to which European organization has been reduced, but all that can now be hoped for is temporary alleviation—and even this hope has been hitherto disappointed.

Throughout Europe, but most especially in England, this necessary greed has been pushed by the pressure of the population up to that point, when it admits neither rival nor compeer in the affections, but has displaced all other springs and motives of action. The poor man's need has ripened into the pauper's crime: and the lives of husbands, wives, parents, children and relatives, have already become leading cards in the infernal gambling which is going on. The Daily Newspapers, the Reviews, the Parliamentary Reports, the Annual Registers of England, are filled with the frequent instances of household murder for the sake of the contributions of burial societies. At the present moment these societies, which were instituted, as it was supposed by their founders and the public, with such provident and benevolent sagacity, are beginning to be discontinued, for their aim has been perverted, and their efficient operation defeated, by the demoniac uses to which they have been rendered subservient. The most appalling feature in the records of these crimes, is the contemptible pittance which appears to constitute a sufficient incitement to their commission. With wondering ears we listen to the tales of the Missionaries, which happen to be confirmed by more credible authorities, and stand amazed at the horrible depravity of Hindoo morals, which have permitted the practice, over large districts of the country, of the exposure or murder of infant girls. But a similar enormity, more fearful in mode, more fatal in its action on the heart of the people—though happily not yet so extensive in practice, has been naturalized in England. In either case, it is folly to dwell upon the heinousness of the sin. The heartless iniquity itself, in India as in England, is the natural and legitimate consequence of a deep-sealed, and apparently ineradicable cause—the

excessive pressure of a crowded population, and the consequent difficulty of procuring the necessities and the comforts of life. The Indian usage has the merit of being an adequate preventive, to a certain extent, of the progress of the evil out of which it grows. The English practice is the result of feverish avarice, stimulated by the hard condition of the times. The anticipated fruit of the murder in England, is confined to selfish ease and individual gratification; it can lay claim to no foresight, and has no general prospective benefit in view.

Crime, incited by the combined action of want and greed, may exist in this form only within the limits of the British Isles; but its counterpart, more or less atrocious, may be readily detected on the Continent of Europe, and in a pre-eminent degree, in France.

If such be the fearful scenes which encompass the domestic earth, can we look for the prevalence of faith, integrity, and honor abroad? Not so;

*Intra muros peccatur, et extra.*

Without running through the intermediate phases of human transactions, we may ascend to governments. It is twenty years since a great French Philosopher distinctly foretold, and explained the causes, which, by the various play of their consequences, would render it inevitable that the government of his own country should be carried on by bribery—by the agency of the common lever, gold. The vent has justified both his prediction and his philosophy. It is but too years since that Government fell by its own corruption—and in its fall revealed the absence of any other prop or bond of cohesion, beyond the individual interests of the hour, during the eighteen years of its existence.

It is thus apparent that the time has come, when the dream of the Alchemists has been realized, and gold appeared as the universal solvent—but as the solvent of social, political, and domestic ties. Faith has yielded in the ordeal to which it has been subjected, and has been volatilized in the crucible, by which every thing has been transmuted into gold. Yet, as the researches or imaginations of science declare, that in the material world, the same atom possesses the double and contrariant forces of attraction and repulsion, so in sociological science we find that the gold which repels and disintegrates, pos-

sesses also the power of attracting. But in the world of men, as in the world of matter, the repulsion varies inversely as the attraction, and whenever the one is large, the other exists only in an infinitesimal degree. The gold that repels the various constituents of society does indeed attract, and thus furnishes the feeble an uncertain bond, which retains them together. But its attraction is slight, momentary, intermittent—and its agencies, like the electric fluid which now conveys our messages, is undergoing a constant succession of breaks and renewals. But its repellant or dissolving force is of mighty potency—it acts upon the heart, and makes man the necessary antagonist, because the constant rival of man; and the weak, though frequent recurrences of its attractive action, hardly impair the uniformity of its disorganizing tendency, but rather renovate the sources of its power.

We have in consequence presented in our own day to our curious regard, the singular phenomenon of a highly complicated and energetic social system, in which all the old links have rotted away without our cognizance, and all the ancient springs of action have given place to a single motive power. Yet the muscles and the limbs still move, without their natural nerves and sinews, by the artificial and spasmodic agency of an extrinsic influence. Without those moral ties, whose energy is effete, the world is left without restraint, to be blindly driven onwards by the passion, which may chance to be the charioteer. That passion we have seen is the desire of gold.

But does the indulgence of the lust expedite or increase its gratification? Capital accumulates capital, as if by organic assimilation. When the golden twig was broken from the tree of Proserpine, a second budded in its place.

Primo avulso, non deficit alter  
Aureus; et simili frons descit virga metallo.

But does the morbid appetite of labour hasten its reward? Far from it. The very competition which the desire of gain stimulates, diminishes the magnitude of that gain, and defrauds the desire of its hope. The condition of the masses is thus becoming daily worse—and the scarcity of the necessities of life, and the difficulties of their attainment, are falling more and more heavily upon daily increasing millions. But is there no remedy? Emigration has been suggested, and partially tried—hitherto

without effect, and probably without effect in any practicable contingency. The ten myriads or more, who annually leave the shores of their native Ireland, do not seem to have retarded the rate at which population increases there. A very few years may be expected to obliterate even the ravages of successive years of famine and the plague. But public and private charities, mutual assistance, a diminution of the hours of labour, the exclusion of juvenile labourers from the heated race of competition, government employment, and a suitable retreat for the indigent and infirm, might possibly alleviate the misery of the masses. They have all been tried, and tried in vain. The disease is in the heart and bones, and mingles with the blood through all the currents of life.

But the increase of population may possibly be checked by the timely adoption of prudential or compulsory restraints. Yet legislative compulsion and encouragement were fruitlessly attempted by the Roman Emperors, to achieve the easier task of stimulating its expansion. To prudential restraints, folly, and ignorance, and passion, cannot be expected to yield. At some later period, when stagnation and decline may have become apparent and sensible, it is possible that society, by a common resilient process, may voluntarily adopt some precautionary measures to diminish the pressure of population. But it will not be attempted till it is too late; and then only by those classes whose numbers cannot be beneficially reduced.

Throw open, say some unthinking enthusiasts, the parks, the pleasure grounds, the public promenades, for cultivation or profitable occupation. The benefit would be scarcely perceptible, or, like the mark of the waters on the shore of the sea, it would be obliterated by the next wave of the advancing tide. Make a more even distribution of property, especially of the soil which produces the necessities of existence. But Agrarianism under any of its forms is hopeless. For besides the general objections which disprove its chimeras, it has been shown in an able Parisian Journal of Political Economy, that the condition of the masses would not be materially improved by the equal distribution of the whole capital of Europe among all its inhabitants. Under these circumstances, no sufficient or permanent benefit can be anticipated from any forced or general change of the ownership of property. The shuffling of the cards would thus be merely self-

delusion: it would not alter, or would alter only for the worse the condition of European societies.

A project has been frequently proposed, and, in recent years, partially tried, with some success, for alleviating a portion of the distresses of the industrial poor. This is to institute such a system of combination in the purchase of the necessaries of life—lodging, clothing, fuel and food—as will enable the labouring classes to obtain them at wholesale prices, and thus save, both in their original cost and also in the diminished waste of their consumption. From the schools of St. Simon, and Fourier, and Owen, this dream has descended into the hands of practical men. So far as this scheme has hitherto been attempted, it has been attended with more than the anticipated success. Here, then, is at least one gleam of sunshine breaking through the thick gloom. But the light is not light from heaven: it illumines only to betray, and its promises are all delusive. If fully carried out into all its possible ramifications, an instant diminution of the rate of wages must be the result: and the condition of the masses would be no better, if no worse, than before. Thus society is only beneficial so long as its operation is partial and limited. Yet it exhibits the tendency, which necessity has produced, to organize labour (if we may borrow the expression from a bad school) against capital. Suppose that success attend the general adoption of this, or any similar plan: the consequence will be a diminution of the the aggregate profits of capital, by diminishing the number of hands through which it passes. Thus, the employment of capital is first retarded, and then is likely to become stagnant: while the numbers of the labourers are increased by the whole amount of those who had hitherto lived upon the transit of capital. If, however, the concentration of capital into fewer hands should have the less probable effect of increasing profits, labour would be still more hopelessly at the mercy of capital: and the more rapid progress of national decline would even sooner produce the inability to employ capital with adequate profit, and the reluctance to use it for any thing but sensual gratification. The final result must be an infinitely worse state of things than existed before: for the proportion of labourers would be increased, while the capital and the disposition to employ it would be diminished. Yet, this change is gradually advancing towards the fatal goal.

All remedy, hitherto devised, seems thus to bring only a more "dread exuberance of wo." Luther once said that the human mind was like a drunken man on horseback: prop him on the one side, and he will fall over on the other. The same remark might appear to be equally applicable to European society, in our own day: for, the stay which we offer to one part of the edifice produces or menaces the downfall of another. The strong words of Horace seem likely again to meet with inevitable accomplishment:

*Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit  
Hos nequiores, mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosiore.*

One most unfortunate consequence of the present European system—(if we can give the name of system to universal greed—the substitution of gold as a motive and reward—and the intense competition resulting from a crowded and active population)—is, that every community may be said to live from hand to mouth. The whole means of society, whether consisting of capital or labour, are invested and exhausted in the vast production which seeks for and requires an immediate return. There is no fund in reserve. Nay, more: by the strain of which credit is susceptible, even these resources are, in many instances, surpassed, and the hopes of the future are converted into capital for the present emergency. The whole daily labour is employed in the production of the daily gain; and, if the anticipated gain fail, either in whole or in part, or, if even its advent is delayed, the jar, which overwhelms those upon whom its first shock falls, is communicated through the whole frame of society, and thrills through every nerve, dislocating or paralysing the complicated machinery, and seriously trenching upon the means and powers of continued activity. No time can be allowed for pause or rest: retardation is ruin—stagnation is death; and the result of our highly artificial civilization is, that a breath, which would be imperceptible in ruder and more robust health, becomes serious, and may prove fatal to the delicately-poised system of modern Europe. Thus, even if adequate remedies could be devised for present difficulties, there is no possibility of securing the delay requisite for a change to a different mode of operation. Hence, too, while the remedies,

which have hitherto been adopted, have proved only an aggravation of the curse, there appears to be no reasonable hope of discovering others which would prove at once practicable and efficient.

It is, indeed, a terrible doom to be condemned to live in the midst of a palsied civilization, stricken in the hour of its brightest bloom—to recognize the decree that has ordained its dissolution, and yet to be powerless to raise a hand to help or to save, while convinced that every effort we make or witness is only another impulse to precipitate its end. We boast, indeed, of the advancement of our times—of the march of intellect—of the glorious triumphs of genius and mechanic art—of the diffusion of liberal political opinions, and the more thorough comprehension of the theory of government and society—but, if such be the inevitable result, we have plucked in vain the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and “knew not eating death.”

Once before has the world witnessed a time when the condition of society was distinctly recognized to be in its decline; and, when all attempted remedies proved either vain or pernicious. The former condition was, indeed, very different from that which we now contemplate, with foreboding dread. Then, the ebb of population—now, its spring-tide, is apprehended; then, the scantiness of production—now, its exuberance is one of the concomitants of the calamity. Yet, in the Roman empire, as in the European system, the disease and the peril were apparent; but, in both, wisdom, philanthropy, legislation, philosophy, and the authority of government will be found to have been equally impotent to arrest the decay of which it was cognizant. Similar phenomena were manifested in both instances. Both were attended with the like rabid love of gold and the like unscrupulousness in its pursuit, though, at times, manifesting itself under different symptoms, and producing diverse effects, but only to eventuate in the same ultimate result.

European societies were in the condition which we have described, when came the electric shock of the Parisian Revolution; brought about, indeed, by the contemptible agency of a few plotting conspirators, but recognised and received in consequence of the apathy of all classes, and the almost despairing hope that any change might be the instrument of some alleviation.

The government that was overthrown had awed its people, and retained the respect of the nations. It was only after its fall that it was discovered that that awe and respect had been inspired by a hollow mask, and that the entire absence of substance and vitality had surrendered it to the first trivial assault. But, the want and penury of the masses throughout Europe—the daily misery arising from the need of daily bread—the constant contemplation of wealth by those who, notwithstanding the intensity of their desires, could obtain but a bare and coarse subsistence by their labour—these things made all hostile to existing institutions, and sanguine of the blessings of a change. The nations of Europe had been slumbering over hidden fires—“*ignes suppositos cuieri doloso*”—and the first breath of revolution kindled them into a blaze. In a few months, from one end of Europe to the other—here with more, there with less success—insurrection after insurrection broke out; for Revolution bore upon her banners the delusive promise of bread to the hungry, and employment to the bitter want of the labourer. “*L’organisation du travail*” was the watchword of rebellion; and the battle-cry of “*Liberté, Égalité, and Fraternité*,” again bore the same signification which the corresponding phrases had borne in the decline of the Athenian democracy. These revolutions have, in a great measure, passed away, and every thing has returned, if not to its ancient, at least to an apparently settled and analogous condition.

But, the causes which gave effect to these eruptions, though they might not have immediately excited them, still remain—not lessened, but aggravated by the losses, the expenses, the idleness, and the serious interruptions of productive industry which accompanied their development. The capital which has disappeared—it is hardly known by what means, or in what direction—cannot be readily replaced: the commerce that has been impeded, and the manufactures that have been interrupted, have been partially diverted into other channels: and the waves of revolution have thus left, in retiring, a broad and barren margin along the fertile shores which they inundated. Hence, the miseries and distresses of the multitudes have been aggravated, instead of having been relieved by the desperate remedy of revolution; and such must continue to be, at least for a time, the result of the

recent and not yet ended crisis in the affairs of Europe. But, if the evils, which, before, were intolerable—evils affecting the existence of millions—are increased, not assuaged, there will remain a stronger temptation than at first to tempt again the hazardous and delusive promises of innovation. The starving stomach cannot reason: if it could reason, it could not wait; and the first objects of attack are those which are most obvious—existing governments, and the capital which eludes the grasp of the labouring multitudes, and seems to be their bane.

Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala.

Such are the results of the peace of more than thirty years' duration, and the consequent and co-incident growth of population and capital. Notwithstanding, however, the present aspect of society—notwithstanding the testimony which we have cited from a contemporary witness of the decay of the Roman empire—a recent writer in the *Westminster Review* has reprehended Gibbon for assigning the evils of a long peace as one of the causes which precipitated the decline of Roman civilization. Yet, this writer, indulging in the presumptuous confidence of a sciolous acquaintance with the doctrines of political economy, might have remembered, and been restrained by remembering, the profound remark of Lord Bacon, "In the decline of states, arts do most flourish."

The prevalence of permanent, deep-seated, and extensive causes of excitement, constantly tending to anarchical results, must produce a distracted and unsettled state of society throughout Europe, and eventuate in repeated and successive shocks to all her institutions, and all the machinery of her commerce and manufactures. Thus, the revolutionary movement may be expected to reveal itself, ultimately, in utter anarchy—(we would fain reintroduce the old phrase, *anarchy*)—and the anarchy to be prolonged into complete disorganization and decay. The first quarter of the century had not flown by, when Napoleon, from his rocky exile at St. Helena—a voice from beyond the limits of the civilized earth—foretold that, in fifty years, Europe would be either "Republican, or Cosack." The diffusion of liberal opinions and liberal desires:

Quantum spes ultima verum  
Libertatis habet!—

Together with the apparently strong testimony of recent

events, have fostered the indulgence of the faith that this singular oracle was to find its accurate fulfilment in the establishment of a system of European republics. Scarcely any one has thought of the other alternative, by which, to our apprehension, the prediction is more likely to be verified. What can we look for in the decay of old institutions—in the failure of ancient usages—in the inefficacy of former ordinances—in the declining reverence for law, order, and revolution—in the prospective retrogression of commerce, the contraction of capital, and the growing clamours of necessitous labour—than that condition of society in which nations will be rent into petty communities, and communities into factions, and factions into individual jealousies and animosities. We may reasonably apprehend that again, as in previous dissolutions of political and social organization, every man's hand will be against every man, and that transient combinations, clustering round temporary centres, and at war with each other, will usurp the place of orderly government and settled organization. This Cossack appearance of Europe—when states will be left without a permanent executive, and the changes of the community may vary more rapidly than the shifting phases of the kaleidoscope—when the ruler of the nation may sink down into the leader of a fragmentary part, and the leader of to-day may be the slave of the morrow—when

*Servis requa dabunt, captivis fata triumphos—*

When nothing will be sacred, but every thing obnoxious to rapine, in consequence of the necessity, which hardly breeds the hope, of securing the maintenance of the day—this Cossack condition of Europe is menaced by the phenomena of the times, and is the probable accomplishment that awaits the prediction of Napoleon. Nay, the change seems already to have commenced. We have seen, in France, the illustration of the apophthegm,

*Si Fortuna volet, fies de rhetore consul;  
Si volet hæc eadem, fies de consule rhetor.*

This was spoken in Rome, during the progress of a similar disintegration of society. Already, governments, which should guide and controul the nations, confess their incapacity to do the former, and display their inability to do the latter. Look at the miserable tinkering of the British

government with the Bank Question—its repeated failures with Poor Laws and Factory Laws—its conjuring with Corn Laws and Free Trade, which refuse to minister to their conjurations \*—its boundless expenditures—its long lucubrations—its commissions—and its complete frustration in regulating the condition, or removing the distresses of Ireland. Cross the Channel, and observe the impotence of the French government and French legislature. Socialism and the Rights of Labour raise their clamours above the voice of the State authorities, and the new President, with all his changing ministers, is bewildered, and knows not how to act, or is beguiled of the attainment of the end desired by his action. Then consider the Roman Question, which reflects on the French, the Spanish, the Austrian, the Neapolitan, and the Papal courts, that light which illumines the darkness only to reveal the hopeless labyrinth in which those States have become entangled, but from which no available escape seems offered. Then pass to the German States, the Prussian and Danish Monarchies, and the Austrian Empire. Similar difficulties occur, and a similar incapacity in the governments to prevent entanglements, or to unravel the tangled threads. These, too, are difficulties which, for the most part, exist, and must continue to exist, in a state of peace, and independent of revolutions. The spell of modern civilization has evoked a devil, which it is powerless to lay, and which yields not to its exorcisms. Like the luckless conjurors in Arabian story, the fancied magicians of our own time tremble before the

\* Such, at least, is the statement of a majority of the English papers, which has been copied, with avidity, into our own Whig journals. The fact is said to have been admitted by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. It might readily so happen that one of the best established principles of Political Economy should be incapable of salutary application in a complicated state of society, when the disturbance of vested interests may be a more serious calamity than could be repaired by the benefits to be derived from a new system, and may produce such stagnation or derangement of productive industry as to be afterwards irremediable. Yet, Lord Wharnccliffe, in a letter to the Protectionists of York, dated, December 31, 1849, affirms that "there is nothing in the present prospects of agriculture to justify an application to Parliament" for protection; and that he is "fully convinced that the corn duties cannot be restored, and that to expect it is mere delusion, than the propagation of which nothing can be more pernicious to the true interests of any branch of industry." To both of Lord Wharnccliffe's propositions, we are disposed to assent; but it may still be doubted whether the burthens under which society in England labours can be adequately or permanently relieved by these or any other legislative measures.

genii whom they have raised, but whom no incantations will charm to their bidding, and no Abracadabra drive back to the darkness whence they came. The lid has been removed from the cauldron; the giant has swelled to his huge and terrible proportions; he will not again be covered within the narrow limits of his former cell; nor will the tremendous reality now present resolve itself into the smoke which constituted its original appearance. It may be that we have forgotten the One Name under heaven by which we might be saved.

One power, alone, in Europe—of European or semi-European character and origin—retains the imposing majesty of self-concentrated, self-poised strength. The shadow of the long-winged eagle of Russia darkens over the face of Europe :

“ It doth bestride the narrow world,  
Like a Colossus.”

With one foot in America, and the other resting on the shores of the Adriatic, and pressing on towards the plains of Lombardy and the Campagna of Rome, it spans the whole continent of Asia and owns the half of Japhet and of Shem. With one finger it has crushed the Hungarian patriots in the flush of their victories over the armies of Austria. A frown at Turkey has fluttered, “like pigeons in a dove-cote,” the Volscians of the Western Europe. Its imperceptible muscular action has stirred up a new commotion against Austria on the very frontier where so recently its armies planted their bloody banners after the suppression of Hungarian resistance, and already its whispers are heard, more ominous than the voice of storm, prescribing the procedure of Denmark and Prussia, and regulating the order of the Vatican.

The dream of conquest which, in the ninth and tenth centuries, tempted the savage Scythians to trust their rude canoes to the waters of the Borysthenes and the Euxine has never ceased to lure the Russians towards the city of Constantine. The prize has often seemed to be in their grasp, but has escaped from their outstretched hands like the fruit from the hand of Tantalus. But the long-indulged, the long-protracted dream, appears at length, after the flight of a thousand years, hastening to its inevitable accomplishment. Lamartine, after banishing the Lilies and recalling the Eagles of France, after all the strange vicissitudes of the times, in which he has borne

so prominent a part, may yet live to eat the figs of Smyrna, which he owes to the magnificent liberality of the Osmanli, beneath the protection of the overshadowing wings of the Black Eagle of Russia.

But a new star is now shooting up from the eastern horizon—unknown, almost unnamed among the constellations of Europe—a star beaming with more lurid lustre and of more portentous omen than even the now ascendant star of the Muscovite. A new race has arisen and a new name has been revealed in Europe, and though Russia may at first be aided, she may ultimately be absorbed by the Panslavonism which she has charmed into life. Strange and singular, but ill-omened contrast! side by side with the old Teutonic race and the effete Teutonic civilization lies the Slavonic race, yet fresh and but half redeemed from its pristine barbarism. There, for a thousand years have the Slaves lain in silence and obscurity, serfs on the outposts, savages in their home, buried from the sight of Europe by the daily brightening blaze of the intervening civilization. But his hour awaits both the man and the race:

“Sunt fata Deūm, sunt fata locorum.”

While dreaming historical students and heedless historical philosophers (among whom we were sorry to find the late Dr. Arnold) have been hunting in the heart of Africa, among Ashantees and Mandingoes, for the new and untried race which should receive the torch of human progress from the fainting hands of the Teutons, their eyes have wandered, without resting, over the untested myriads of the dominant Japhetic race, which were crowding before the door and awaiting the commencement of their career. Once, and but once before, during its historic ages, has the world witnessed the advent of an entirely new race and new civilization, and the complete subversion and extinction of the old. Yet the same drama, of social disintegration by the decay of former races and institutions, and social renovation by the admixture and ascendancy of a new people, which was acted during the centuries of Roman decline, seems to have again commenced in our day, and its first convulsive movements may be noticed almost while we write. The progress of decay, however rapid it may appear when we regard the successions of change, is necessarily slow when counted

by the lapse of years—two-thirds of the Coliseum are yet standing, despite the attacks of Vandal and Goth and Hun, the waste of time and the barbarous plunder of the barons of mediæval Rome. Nine hundred years intervened between the overthrow of the Teutons at Aix, and the Cimbrians at Verona, and the coronation of Charlemagne at Rome. Nearly six hundred years elapsed between the victories of Marius, and the conquest of the Eternal City by Odvacer. Yet the Teutons and the Cimbrians, whom Marius defeated, were by no means the first invaders of the ultimately dominant race. Thus European civilization may long continue to put forth its fruitage, and many acts of the drama may yet precede its close; but the end is certain, if what we now behold is truly “the beginning of the end.”

When human affairs have reached that point at which human wisdom can suggest no adequate amelioration—when the medicaments offered by human hands turn to poison in the cup—when despair and bewilderment attend or prevent all human efforts for the re-establishment of the health of nations—then the hand of Providence visibly resumes the reins, and works out His great designs by agencies such as fill the human mind with amazement and dread. It is folly, and inevitably tends to infidelity and blind fatalism, to pretend to discern the immediate operation of God in all the petty details of individual or political life. He has established general laws by which the ordinary occurrences of the world are regulated, without requiring His constant intervention to guide the motions of the machinery. But history becomes a blank, and human destiny a delusion, if we fail to recognize His more special action in those great events, which form the hinges on which the career of nations and of races turns. Independent of religion or christianity, this is the view which sober philosophy is compelled to take. In all reverential doubt and humility be it spoken; such seems to be the present crisis of humanity, and from the passing year may date the commencement of the dark ages of Teutonic Europe, and the birth of a new civilization. The Oracles of fate, and the decrees of Heaven, are sealed to our eyes as to the eyes of all; and human prophecy, even when founded on the fullest and most accurate data, and guided by the strictest rules of scientific reasoning, is but groping in the dark. But, when we carefully compare

the present with the past, prudence teaches us thus to conjecture of the future; and those conclusions may be modestly stated, with some confidence of their truth, which have been reluctantly admitted in consequence of evidence which appears to be irresistible. Much, indeed, of this evidence which has weighed most cogently upon our minds, is here unmentioned, as neither our time nor space permitted us to examine the multitudinous ramifications of political, social, and intellectual life. Nor if they had, could it have been appositely adduced, as the main scope of our observations would have been obscured by the variety and excess of the subsidiary views. We pretend not to prophecy, though prophecy be the legitimate fruit of science; we have only stated the convictions which fill our own mind, and exhibited their concatenation. We have pointed out the portentous phenomena of the times, and the aspect of the future which they indicate. We may well have been deluded, and we trust it may be so. Science is not truth, though accepted for such by human fallibility; but we can conceive but one hope, that the fate, which seems impending over Europe, may yet be averted;—

Spes una salutis  
Quod tanta mundi nondum periere ruina.

Yet the Roman poet was beguiled of his hope, and so may we be; for like him, we must recognize the natural termination of all things, and the periodic return of national confusion and chaos.

Chaos innumeros avidum confundere mundos.

In the present condition of Europe, we perceive then on one side prospective, though it may be remote, decrepitude; on the other, untrained vigour. The jar of the one against the other, will accelerate the destruction of the weaker, for the vessel of clay must be crushed by collision with the vessel of iron. We are all familiar with the mysterious rapidity with which the wild races of our own continent disappear before the advancing footsteps of a civilized and superior race. But a greater rapidity of dissolution and decline may be anticipated, when the crumbling masses of an effete system are subjected to the neighbouring influences of a rising race. The rock that seemed so solid cracks and splinters in all directions, as the roots of the expanding tree enlarge its fissures and

forbid its cohesion. The hammer of Thor, and the arms of Thor, of old so potent, are no longer of any avail, when the Valkyrs and Nornas are introducing the reign of Hela.

But passing from the old to the new world, an entire change comes over the spirit of our dream. The States of the great North American Confederacy, separated from the nations of Europe by the sundering ocean, breathe a purer and more wholesome atmosphere beneath far other skies. There may be bitter local and party divisions, but as yet they do not threaten the existence of society. How long this happy superiority may continue, it is beside our purpose, and beyond our ability to calculate. The United States partake of the common civilization of Europe, and are following, perhaps too rapidly and rashly, in her wake. They may thus ultimately experience similar vicissitudes: but that day is far distant. Meanwhile, the jars, the turmoils, the calamities of Europe, are parts of a mighty drama acted before the eyes of America. She sits by as a spectator, to learn wisdom from the experience of others. She may be necessarily involved in the afflictions of Europe, with which she is connected by so many ties; but the evil can be only partial and transient. The ocean which severs the two continents, furnishes the highway for their commerce; and the pervious channel will afford the ready means for the diversion of the wealth and capital of Europe to the shores of America. The process has indeed commenced, and will continue in as mysterious and intangible a current as the ascending and descending ions of electricity. A wide and ample territory—a fertile soil and various climate—an immense extent of sea coast fronting two oceans, and every region of the earth—a bold and energetic people, swelled by the welcome increase of European immigration, without the apprehension of an over-crowded population—an adventurous, ingenious, and enterprising spirit—encouraged and protected by free institutions, which are native and congenial to the soil—allow the promise of a long enduring career, and the prospect of widely extended dominion. The axis of civilization has been shaken and displaced, and while old lands are submerged beneath the waters, new lands are exposed to the fertilizing influences of the sun. The stagnation and retrogression of commerce in Europe, present and prospective, and the uncertain and unsettled condition of capital there, must remove it from

its present investment, and transfer it to the more vigorous and orderly regions of the western world. Yet this change, certain as it must be eventually—a change which has already obviously commenced—must deepen the misery of the populations of the old world, increase the impracticability of remedial measures, and expedite their fall. Action and re-action follow each other in such close and intimate succession, that it is impossible to estimate the rate of progression of either the calamity or the disaster. But the balance is now oscillating—the scales of destiny are shifting their places—and while the scale of Europe descends, that of America must ascend. While the fates of Sarpedon and Patroclus hang trembling in the balance, we anticipate the result. There is, indeed, no necessary incompatibility forbidding the simultaneous prosperity of both Continents; they have hitherto thriven together, and each has ministered to the other the means of its rapid and wonderful success. This happy interdependence might continue, if a progressive expansion were still among the possibilities of Europe; but when she first stagnates, then decays, America must renovate, replenish, and augment the fountains of her vitality from the life's blood of her declining sister.

What destinies may be thus preparing for the United States of America, is not relevant to our present purpose to say. We may be able to see the abysses on the brink of which we stand, and yet unable to cast our eye forwards over the varied landscapes that lie far beyond. The view, moreover, is clearer, and more distinct towards the setting than the rising sun. Perhaps the destiny of Rome may be reserved for her in the second great Avatar of civilization. It may be hers to absorb, unite, reconcile, and assimilate the institutions of the old world, from which she sprung, with a brighter and more potent brilliancy than attended even the Eagles of the Roman Republic. It may be that, as in the physical world, as astronomers tell, the gathering of the waters takes place at the opposite regions of the globe by simultaneous tides, so in the world of nations, while Russia and Panslavonism absorb and usurp the strength and resources of Europe, the United States may be destined to attract and incorporate the powers of the Western Continent, until the lapse of centuries may bring the two conflicting systems face to face, and prepare the great and final contest.

Without, however, trusting ourselves to speculations so remote, as to be wild and profitless, the change now advancing obviously urges on the westward course of Empire :

*Victrices aquilas alium laturus in orbem.*

Yet all such prognostications may be no more than dreams, upon which it would be idle to dwell. They are so readily evoked, and so willingly believed by vanity or patriotism, that in this melancholy portraiture, they may be safely left to be developed by others.

We hasten to the extreme verge of our Western Empire—to

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—that clime,  
Where springs the pleasant west wind to unfold  
The fresh leaves, with which Europe sees herself  
New-garmented.

We follow the descending sun, to that land where the light reigns, while Europe is covered with darkness—to the new Eldorado, which was so recently the golden prize of American prowess, and has already become the apple of discord to the victorious States. That new land of promise, flowing with rivers of quicksilver, and guarded with mountains of gold—the Canaan of mammon—has been in two short years transmuted from a “terra incognita” into the cynosure of all eyes. In that short span of time, California has become the daily aspiration and the nightly dream of all minds in Europe and America; and the rumors of its charms have already penetrated the dumb portals of the Celestial Empire, and unsettled the tawny population of the Polynesian Isles. Thither, from every quarter and region of the globe, by every possible means of conveyance, by land, by sea, on horseback, and on foot, press onwards, stream after stream, the pilgrims and the peaceful armies of a new Crusade, more numerous and more enthusiastic than those of yore. Every sea is whitened with the sails hastening thitherwards, like sea-gulls to the rock on the approach of a storm; every port is crowded with the gathering thousands—every realm has its store of emigrants—all the avenues of approach are crowded by impatient hosts—and the untrodden plains of the Indian wilderness are made populous with fresh multitudes, notwithstanding the bones of precursors and compatriots whiten along the road, and indicate the way to those who follow.

As in large troops  
 And multitudinous, when winter reigns,  
 The starlings on their wings are borne abroad :  
 So bears the tyrannous gust those *evil* souls :  
 On this side, and on that, above below,  
 It drives them : hope of rest to solace them  
 Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,  
 Chanting their dolorous notes traverse the sky,  
 Stretched out in long array : so I beheld  
 Spirits who came loud wailing, hurried on  
 By their dire doom.

The epithet "evil souls" is not of our choice, but is assigned by the poet of the *Inferno*; but, availing ourselves of his fault, we would say, that the endless flow of the new comers streams onwards in increasing volume, like the swarms of the fallen through the halls of Eblis.

The magnetic centre of attraction and commerce has been transferred, almost in the twinkling of an eye from the populous city of the Thames, to the lately uninhabited shores of the Bay of San Francisco. Within that harbour, whose entrance, by a happy prolepsis, was named by Fremont the golden gate, a golden city, with walls literally of gold, has arisen as rapidly as rose by enchantment the single palace of Aladdin. Here then is "the metal more attractive"—the temptation strong enough to draw from their misery the crowded myriads of Europe—to relieve the pressure of the old world, and at the same time add to the energies and resources of the new. But in the same treasury of eastern wisdom and fancy, (the magic tales of oriental romance alone can furnish parallels for the habitual miracles of our day)—in the same record, in which we read the wonders of Aladdin's lamp, we read also that the Calendar was struck with blindness to whom the earth opened and revealed her treasures of gold, and silver, and diamonds, and emeralds, of pearl, of jacinth, and of ruby. The remedy hailed with such sanguine expectation, promises to the old world only a paroxysm of the disease.

Immense fortunes have been already made in the golden land; immense sums have been also lost or squandered on the way. Steamships and other vessels deserted on the strand, and stores abandoned on the plains, together with the cost of consumption and outfit, and the unprofitable ventures which have been made, must all be deducted from the net aggregate of gain before we can pretend to estimate the profit. These, however, are trivial draw-

backs when compared with the estimated result, and may possibly be compensated by the abundant produce of a single year. But there is a more important inquiry behind. The golden streams and sands which descend from the slopes of the Sierra Nevada to the waters of the Sacramento amazed the world by the announcement of their prolific wealth. Credulity could scarce believe the tale; but hardly had convincing evidence been adduced when new rumours of richer washings, of more productive ores, and of mines of quicksilver, challenged the credence of the world. Their truth has been established; and now our waxing faith is more strongly tempted than before by the alledged discoveries of the Hon. Messrs. King and Wright, who have seen and tested and avouched the existence of a mountain range of auriferous granite, of fertility still incredible. Seams of gold-bearing rock have been before discovered, and many of them worked, in the Sierra di Cocaes of Brazil, the Peruvian Provinces of Huailas and Pataz, in the Cailas mountains of Thibet, in the Altaian Chain, in Siberia, in Hungary, Transylvania, and in our domestic mines in the State of Georgia.\* But none of these approximate, either in extent or in product of the precious mineral, to the recently discovered mountains of California. Yet, to stagger our belief still further, the pure metal is said to line with solid veins the hacienda of Col. Fremont. We strained at the gnat—we must now swallow the camel.

With such results or expectations, the people of California may well assume, with the enthusiasm, perhaps with the delusion of the alchemists, the talismanic word Eureka as the motto of their new-born State. If they must revert to heathen mythology for their divinity, the most appropriate whom the Grecian theogony could have furnished would have been Danae in the shower of gold, and the schoolboy might have given them their legend from Horace:

"Tutum iter et patens  
Converes in pretrum Deo."

But when they adopt, as the emblem of their land, Minerva springing full-armed and mature from the head of Jove—a beautiful and happy device—they should not

\* This information we receive on the authority of Ure's Dict. Arts and Manufactures. Tit. Gold.

give to her the armour and the repulsive, Gorgon-bearing Ægis, and the spear of the Athenian goddess, but they should put a crown of "barbaric pearl" and gold around her brows and robe her in Tyrian purple and Indian silk, embroidered with their native and virgin gold, and they should place in her hand, as her only weapon, the golden arrow with which Philip took Amphipolis and subdued the world. Beneath such tutelage, while reaping the fruits of Asiatic commerce, they might well leave the bears to growl over the grapes which they neglect for rarer luxuries.\*

Grant that all the rumours be true which have reached us respecting California gold. If true, the probable results require instant and cautious appreciation.

The discovery of these rich, and apparently exhaustless deposites, yielding such immense returns of precious metal to the labour expended upon them, must render ultimately profitless the mines of Mexico, Peru, Brazil, Caraccas, Siberia, the Ural, Hungary, Transylvania and the United States, unless they, as newspaper statements would lead us to believe in regard to some of them, have recently sprung into an equally productive existence. Should they be stopped by the new competition, the effect will be only momentary, except to their owners and holders, for their loss will be more than compensated by the gold of California. But the actual and prospective increase of the precious metal must reduce its value, and with a rapidity proportionate to the excess of the supply over the amount required at the present ratio of value, and proportionate also to its yield as compared with the labour required for

\* We have cut this from a recent paper: "The Coat of Arms of California.—California has prepared a coat of arms and a seal, which are described by a correspondent as having on the foreground a grizzly bear feeding upon a cluster of grapes, emblematical of the most fearful animal and the most delicious luxuries of the country. Upon the right is a representation of Minerva, holding the Gorgon shield in one hand and a spear in the other, emblematical of its springing into existence as a State, without going through the forms of a territorial government. The reverse is the representation of the miner, with pick and spade and implements of mining, toiling for the precious treasure. In the middle is a river, on which are seen steamboats, emblematical of commerce. In the distance are the snow-clad tops of the Sierra Nevada, and on the top the motto, *Eureka*, (I have found it,) applicable either to the miner, as success attends his labours, or the stranger as he settles down in the valley of the country, or to the politician, as he sees the State admitted at once, without any previous legislation."

The blazonry should of course be on a *Field Or*, &c.

its acquisition. This result has already commenced. In the vaults of the Bank of England are eighty millions of dollars in gold, as we see by the latest English papers that have reached us; still the glittering stream flows in, and the Bank, however reluctant, is compelled, under the present Bank Act, to receive it at its ancient price in coin. But that price, we perceive by the London Observer, is already visibly affected, and threatens to be soon seriously depressed. Some time is requisite for the change to become so sensible as to be the subject of ordinary observation and ordinary discussion, for even the thirty millions of California's last year's produce form but a small portion of the whole amount in existence or in circulation. Vast as the sum appears, it is but little more than one-third of the gold now, or lately, in the vaults of the Bank of England, and is equivalent to only one-tenth of the ordinary metallic currency of that country. But if its influence has been already detected on the London Exchange, what will be the case when California becomes thronged with the labourers and settlers who are hastening thitherwards, or dreaming of an early immigration? And what will it be when the new discoveries are brought to bear efficiently upon the market? The gold will become like fairy gold, and though the solid metal will not vanish in our hands, its value will insensibly evaporate while we are gazing upon its splendour.

With this prospect in view, it is a matter of serious concernment to determine what will be the general result to California, and to the world, of this exuberance of gold. To California itself, we think, the favourable consequences anticipated will be brought about in a manner very different from that which has been imagined. If the prospective decline of gold should take place, it is very evident that the precious ore cannot, for any great length of time, constitute any peculiar source of wealth beyond what might be derived from the employment of the same labour and the same capital in ordinary industrial occupations. It is the striking characteristic of the precious metals to equalize themselves very nearly in price all over the world, and it is the tendency of all commodities to sink to the cost of production when the abundance of the store prohibits the regulation of their value by a monopoly price, or by the law of supply and demand alone. Values, like liquids, are always seeking a state of equilibrium.

If gold, then, is cheap, or of easy and unlimited production in California, it must soon become cheap all over the globe. It is only, then, the short interval which intervenes between the disturbance and the restoration of the equilibrium that can furnish to the inhabitants of California any extraordinary profits from the gold mines. Meanwhile, from the constant and rapid accessions to the present store, the real value of gold, or its value as estimated by labour, or the commodities produced by labour, will be less in California than elsewhere. At present this is the case, as is evinced by all the accounts from that quarter, and by the relation which gold dust bears there to gold and silver coin. It is difficult to determine, from the high and unsettled prices of commodities, as reported, what proportion of the extravagant price is attributable to the scarcity of productions and the active competition of purchasers in a recently settled and unprovided country, but that much should be attributed to the diminished value of gold is evident. In estimating, then, the present advantages derived from the gold diggings (the word has been rendered classical in this golden age) by the settlers in California, a due allowance must be made for the increased value of all articles in relation to gold. The condition of the new settlers is wholly destitute of comforts—in fact, the shifts and subterfuges which necessity has compelled the emigrants to adopt are such as to excite our laughter. Yet, miserable as the sustenance is, such is the scarcity of accommodation, such the competition for its procurement, and such the sanguine hope of immediate and untold gain, that immense sums are willingly paid for such wretched food and lodging as would hardly have been deemed fit for a favourite dog at home. That proportion, therefore, of the gains or income which is absorbed in the attainment of the comforts and necessities of life must be struck from the calculation, and only that excess which may be saved for investment must be taken as the basis for the estimation of the aggregate gain. Of this portion, that sum must be attributed to the extraordinary spirit of saving, (transient it may be,) generated by the circumstances and temptations of the country, which would be requisite to elevate the style of living to the average comforts which had been left behind. Now, as long as the equilibrium of the value of gold is so far disturbed as to render it different in California and other parts of the commercial

world, so long is there a real and extraordinary gain to be anticipated, to the extent of this difference on the surplus production of each year. During this period, those who export gold dust, and those to whose orders it is consigned abroad, and all those through whose hands it passes, and in a less degree those who expend their savings in investments in California, divide this extra profit amongst them. But the moment that equilibrium is restored, that moment the source of special profit is closed. Gold again resumes its level, though it may possess considerably less value than before.

In this reduction of the value of gold, there is no real diminution of the wealth of the civilized world, but only a displacement, and the establishment of new relations. A loss does, indeed, accrue to the holders of the precious metal, during the progress of this change, at least of so much of it as may have been previously in existence; but this loss takes place imperceptibly, in the act of transition from hand to hand, and is distributed through all who may touch the enchanted metal. But the only real sufferers, to any sensible extent, will be those comparatively few in number whose means are invested in the funds, in annuities, or in other forms rendering specific money returns. The depreciation of gold may unfit it for the purposes it has hitherto supplied in the coinage of most countries; but there need not be any consequent injury or loss; for other devices have been already partially adopted, and may be further extended, or some other material, as platina, may discharge the functions of gold in our present economy.

While this revolution in prices is gradually arranging itself, property, of all sorts, will continue, as now, to bear a factitious value in California. Under the pressure of thronging numbers, and gold-inflated hopes, prices will be limited only by the anticipations of the future. The immense fortunes which are said to have been already made in California, (excepting, of course, the smaller capitals which have rewarded honest digging,) have been the result of fortunate and judicious gambling. We use the word, in no invidious sense, to indicate that extravagant speculation which stakes its success upon the extraordinary hazards of the future. These hazards may, it is true, be calculated; so, indeed, may nearly all the chances of faro and horse-racing. We need not be surprised at

the frequency and notoriety of professed gambling in California, when the general procedure of the country is so congenial to it. The fortunes hitherto acquired, especially about San Francisco, have been won by a process strikingly analogous to that which characterized the celebrated Tulip mania in Holland, and it may be followed by a similar crash, when the prices of property become less unsteady, and the equilibrium of the value of gold is again restored.

The ultimate re-establishment of this equilibrium is certain; so is the consequent cessation of any peculiar and extraordinary profit to be derived from the general pursuit of mining operations. They will long, however, furnish an over-ruling attraction to thousands in Europe and America. The increase of population will be the increase of capital, and the progression of the latter will be proportionate to the augmentation of the former. The energy which may be tempted to California, or which may be developed by the circumstances of the people, will accelerate the progress of wealth; and the increased value of property, which is incident to a new and rapidly-growing community, will be a permanent and legitimate source of the speedy accumulation of fortune. Then, too, the glorious Bay of San Francisco will woo, and woo successfully, the commerce of the Indian Seas. But, Asiatic commerce carries with it the commerce and the wealth of the world. Tyre may be revived, on the distant shores of the Pacific, and become the centre to which the wealth of the world will converge, and from which it may all radiate. Here, then, is no limit to the legitimate anticipations which we may indulge. The result hoped for, and believed, will come; but gold will be only the bait to lure on the multitude to greater and far other good. The delusion which brings unthought-of prosperity, is familiar to the history of man;

For thus do we of wisdom and of reach,  
With windlances, and with assays of bias,  
By indirections find directions out.

But, bright as is this picture of a new and reviving world, it, too, has its reverse. When the Golden City, by the Western Ocean, embraces in her arms the commerce of the earth, the magnetic circle which binds the Old World to the New will be, at length, definitely closed. Capital attracts capital, and wealth follows in the wake of com-

merce. Thus, while California attracts the energy, the enterprise, and the industry of Europe, the means which still sustain her crumbling societies will invisibly accompany the westward course of the magnetic current, and thus aggravate even the overpowering burthen of present distress. We have nearly ended this long contrast of reality and fiction, in which the fact has been stranger than the fable; but, before we close, we would again seek illustration from the strange imaginations of Oriental fancy. In childhood, we often read, with wondering credulity, the story of that enchanted rock, in the Indian Seas, which attracted to itself the bars and bolts, the rivets and the nails, of the vessels that sailed over the surrounding waters. The luckless mariners were drowned—the dissevered spars, deprived of all bonds of cohesion, floated at the mercy of the waves. Such a rock may California prove to Europe in her advancing dissolution.

Before we close our remarks, we would point to the significant fact, that, while the population of the United States has been formed by the admixture and amalgamation of all the races of Europe, the people of California promise to exhibit, at no distant day, the fusion of all the European, Asiatic, and American races. The African may be gradually blended with the mass, by uniting with the Asiatics and Indians. In a wide view of human history, this fact is not devoid of deep significance.

Moreover, to complete the marvels portended by the time, the singular sect of the Mormons, with its singular history—the Hegira of its Prophet, and the Exodus of its people—presents as curious a phenomenon as the annals of the world have yet recorded. A new creed, to succeed, must be sincere: if sincere, especially if not also true, it will become fanatical, and the enthusiasm of fanaticism will be impelled, by its own tendencies, or compelled, in defending itself against its adversaries, to propagate its religion by the sword. Thus, Mormonism may be the Islamism of the new order of things; and the rôle of the Arabs of the Desert, after twelve hundred years, may be re-enacted by the Mormons of the new State of Deseret.

Our song is sung: It may be to uncircumcised or incredulous ears; or, it may be that we have sung only the wild strain of a Bacchanal. In a matter so serious as the present, we pretend to nothing more than to have given ut-

terance to those solemn convictions which are irresistibly impressed upon our own minds by the phenomena of the times. The facts that have been enumerated may appear miraculous; but, all the miracles are facts. Fable has only furnished us with the less wonderful fancies, which we have used for illustration. We have had recourse to quotation, and metaphor, and allegory, much beyond our wont; but the language of ordinary intercourse is feeble to convey the narration of events wholly beyond the sphere of ordinary occurrence: and the vivid imaginations of fable, and poetry, and satire, have, in our day, become only the inadequate analogies of passing realities. It was written, that, in those times "on which the ends of the world should fall," "Your young men should see visions, and your old men dream dreams." In our day, the dream and the vision have been less dazzling than the truth. In detecting, as we thought, the symptoms of incipient or approaching decay in the European system, we could not avoid turning our eyes to the phenomena of decline exhibited, on so vast a scale, by the Roman Empire; nor could we refuse to avail ourselves of the testimony of the contemporary poets who witnessed its inception and progress, and testified to its characteristics.

The rede is read, perhaps inaccurately. Our melancholy task is ended; yet, as we close, we would turn our gaze, in hope, towards those quarters of the heavens whence the light is breaking, and place, as the Colophon and Envoy of our labours, the remarkable words with which Virgil, a prophet ignorant of the solemn significance of his own prophecy, announced the decline of the then existing civilization, and the advent of that still more momentous era which ushered in the civilization whose dissolution we now witness.

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas :  
 Magnus ab integro sædorum nascitur ordo :  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 ferrea primum  
 Desviet, ac toto surget Geno Aurea Mundo.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Et incipient magni pro cedere menseo.

## ART. II.—ELLET'S WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

*The Women of the American Revolution*; by ELIZABETH F. ELLET, author of "The Characters of Schiller," "Country Rambles," &c. In three volumes. New-York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.

IT would be an inquiry, equally valuable and curious, which, in the history of a popular revolution, would undertake faithfully to ascertain, to what degree the action of the political world was influenced by the emotions of the social;—which would trace the workings of the politician up, from the feelings engendered by the fireside, and show to us how naturally it is that the domestic nature informs and influences the decision, the courage, and the enterprise of the patriot. The effect undoubtedly would be, to teach the statesman how much more deeply a nation is governed by its impulses than by its policy; and might result in counselling him to a more thorough regard for the humanities of life, in the adoption of his principles, than is apt to govern him, so long as he confines his views to a dry analysis of the several economies which are usually supposed to constitute the entire objects of laws and government. If men were machines, having a single and simple principle by which to operate, the whole scheme of government might safely be made to rest upon the inflexibility of their natures, and the arbitrary necessities under which they are decreed to live. It would then be required only to ascertain where the motive influence lay, and to give it, by a single exercise of will, the direction which it was required to pursue. It is, perhaps, the great error of statesmen that, in their practice, they seem to consider this the case; though none of them, from Macchiavelli and Metternich, to Guizot and Peel, would ever, in their philosophies, allow themselves to avow such doctrines. But the *doctrinaire*, who, in his treatment of society, sets out with certain preconceived notions of government, and, having made a fine theory in his closet, prepares to accommodate man to his system, in reality proceeds upon some such despotic assumptions. A man of systems, usually, his thoughts are commonly employed in making a harmonious combination of principles;—wheels and balance-weights of doctrine and philosophy, moving along together as the snuggest of all

possible contrivances ;—and, so long as his scheme remains an abstraction, it goes with the greatest regularity, and constitutes one of the prettiest pieces of mechanism imaginable. But, reduced to practice, and put in application to society, he soon discovers that its working, in fact, is by no means so successful, as it has seemed in his philosophy. In truth, he has only made the slight mistake of leaving out the due consideration of the claims of that very nature of which the system has the charge. He has forgotten the man in the machine,—and, as it is not easy to persuade him that his scheme is wanting, the farther necessity is before him of compelling the man to shape his action to that of the machine. The fable of Procrustes and his graduating bed, was probably nothing more than a happy allegory, illustrative of the despotism of a scheme of government, which required the whole nature of the animal to be subordinate to laws which have no sort of affinity with its wants and necessities. A large proportion of the lawgivers of the world, must naturally fall into errors such as this, for the very apparent reason that they do not, in their own natures, properly represent the average natures of humanity. The man who has surrendered himself to philosophy, has usually suffered some of the more exquisite sources of sympathy with his fellow creatures to be dried up. He has acquired wisdom at the expense of sensibility. He has grown profound only as he has grown cold. Passions and feelings, in fact, become the merest abstractions, upon which he will not linger ; satisfied, as he is, of the eminent superiority of schemes and systems. The heart of man he will be very apt to treat as philosophically and coolly as the naturalist who impales the insect upon the needle ; and he will study its writhings with a deliberation that is perfectly unmoved by its contortions, so long as the victim fails to escape, and is incapable of using his petty sting or proboscis in self-defence, or vengeance. He will mistake the writhings of agony for the legitimate workings of the nerves and muscles, and suppose that the exhibition of suffering is an exhibition only of its proper being. In such an experiment, he will probably arrive at a very fair knowledge of the powers and capacity of endurance, rather than of enjoyment and performance, which the insect possesses. Beyond the one discovery, he will learn nothing. In due proportion as the study is prolonged,

will be the increase of his own insensibility ; and, just in the same degree, will be his incapacity to ascertain, by any process of study, the true nature of the creature under examination. This, really, is only to be fathomed by sympathies, which never lose their humanities in their analysis. Any preconceived system of human government, which shall fail duly to ascertain what is the real nature of the race to be governed,—which shall study rather what they can bear, than what they may become—which shall look for their character in their sufferings rather than their affections—and shall build upon their fears rather than their hopes,—must admirably illustrate that study of the naturalist which we have described. It may ascertain justly the externals of the victim, but it takes too little account of those affections and sensibilities which constitute its moral property, to conceive any idea of its just government. The very fact that the phlegm of the philosopher enables him to behold the sufferings which he does not seem anxious to abridge, is absolutely conclusive against any claim which he might assert with reference to its government.

Now, the whole history of evil in politics may be traced, in great degree, to the very dissimilarity of the nature existing respectively in the bosom of the persons governed and the persons governing. Naturally, we look for wisdom in the latter; but wisdom is, in truth, so frequently acquired at the expense of sensibility,—at the cost of those vital virtues which keep alive and active every precious human sympathy,—that something of peril must necessarily attend the elevation to power of every mind possessing more than common profundity. The most perfect wisdom is that which, while acquiring knowledge, never loses judgment ; and which, while adding daily to its stores of human thought and experience, is specially wary never to forfeit or forget any of those instincts which it imbibed with its mother's milk. But how rarely is such wisdom found. How commonly do we find, with great knowledge, a cold and ascetic philosophy, which, in the plenitude of its own attainments, discovering the deficiencies of its fellows, in proportion as it finds them feeble, believes them vicious ! How difficult is it for the commonly wise to forbear contempt for the weakness which should ask for care and kindness only ; and how naturally does the inflated intellect, assured of its superi-

ority over its contemporaries, learn to confound with an inferior race that very family, for the tuition and patriarchal guardianship of which, his own superior endowments were specially conferred by Providence. It requires the rarest wisdom to remember that the inequalities of human endowment confer upon the superior no right of sneer, or scorn, or censure; but rather impose upon him the nobler duties of benevolence, sympathy, and an ever watchful and loving philanthropy, which never forgets itself in its possessions, nor despises the virtues which may yet nestle at the heart of the destitute who possesses nothing else.

This sort of wisdom which, in its own fullness, proves its own deficiencies, is of a kind, perhaps, more common to the statesman than to any other class of philosophers. His exercise necessarily brings him into contact with a race over which he is tacitly the master. Let the government be what it will, this is measurably the case. His position of command gives him authority, and the dependance of his fellows necessarily distinguishes their bearing by a deference to his authority which is continually stimulating it. He speaks only to command, they only to obey; and, in due proportion to their dependance and servility, will be the aptness with which he will learn to despise their complaisance and to forget his own. The distance which lies between him and the multitude, will be naturally suggestive of a difference, as well in capacity as in condition; and the very draft which is hourly made upon his intellect, to supply the wants of theirs, will increase the difficulties in the way of that humility which is the first essential, as well of wisdom as religion. How easy for a ruler, thus separate from his people, to lose sight of their peculiar characteristics. How much more agreeable for him to study an idea of his own, than to inform himself of the actual in their condition;—to frame an Utopia, in which the making of government and laws, will not be so much the object as the making of men;—and where the fancy of the ingenious statesman will shape society to his system, in a manner so grateful to himself, that, when he applies his conceptions to the world about him, he will only find cause of offence in that humanity which shows itself insusceptible to the operations of his machine. How easy that such a *doctrinaire* should err

in policy. How natural that revolutions should be the result of his constant offences against humanity.

But, the very study of History will contribute to the errors of the statesman who sinks into the *doctrinaire*. As history has usually been written, it is the history rather of princes than of a people. It is a long series of biographies of men who have attracted the attention of mankind by movements which have shaken kingdoms to their centre, overwhelmed dynasties, and established new usurpations in the blood of armies, and in the sack and conflagration of states and cities. In these narrations, the race has always been made to appear subordinate to its despotisms. Men are only shewn as the creatures of a will so imperative as to seem a destiny. They rise to no commanding position in our eyes. They appeal to none of our sympathies by their actions. They are swarms that would lack significance were it not for their numbers; and assert nothing, by means of character, by which to beguile our interests or affections. The historian has given them the back-ground in his canvas only, where, marked indistinctly, they serve only as foils for the prominent *dramatis personæ* whom he shows conspicuous in his foreground. He conducts us to none of the abodes of the people, and shows us no personal history, by which the cottage of the peasant, honored by the domestic virtues, might be made to challenge an equal respect with the feudal castle, distinguished rather by its attributes of strength and wealth than its virtue. How naturally, reading such histories, marked by such omissions, do we forget the claims of the race, in the more prominent endowments of the favored individuals; who, assigned as their guardians, have but too frequently preyed upon the flock they were set to watch! How superior must be those endowments of wisdom in that statesman who never suffers his eyes to be dazzled by the pomp and glitter of individual greatness, to a disregard of that race from whose ranks all his greatness must be evolved, and for whose uses only are all the appointments of the superior intelligence. Wanting in this wisdom, he must lack that sympathy with his stock which is the only guaranty of its safety, if not of his own. How should his laws contemplate their necessities—how should his government accord with their conditions! What theory of rule could

he frame, suited to their wants, while he refuses to look into the sources of their hope—the seemingly small desires of their hearts—the dreams with which faith compensates poverty—and the illusions with which a confiding nature is allowed to solace the home of suffering and denial?

But, the chronicler of the age reports progress. Not the least remarkable of the achievements of modern civilization is the change which has equally come over the historian and the readers of history. The great moral triumph of recent times is the recognition of the race as well as the individual. Man has risen into an estate, and not the least of estates; and this, perhaps, is somewhat due to his first recognition by the philosopher and the historian. The poets were the only class of philosophers who had recognized him, in his true capacity, a thousand years before. We now read *human* histories. We now ask after the affections as well as the ceremonies of society; and that government which does not take account of the very dreams and fancies of its people, is in danger of forfeiting all its sympathies. When Fletcher of Saltoun reported the famous phrase of the wise man, whom he does not name, (and which has grown into a proverb :) “If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation,”\* he indicated the necessity for that appreciation of, and sympathy with, the domestic life of a people which was essential to the formation of proper laws for their government. It is the family fireside—the source of all the virtues—that the lawgiver must first learn to protect and make grateful to the affections of those who seek

\* This proverbial phrase is frequently ascribed to other writers; but it is first reported by Andrew Fletcher, Esq., of Saltoun, a very remarkable man, of whom the world should know something more at length. It is to be found in his treatise, entitled, “An Account of a Conversation concerning a Right Regulation of Government for the Common Good of Mankind. In a Letter to the Marquess of Montrose, the Earls of Rothes, Roxbury, and Haddington: from London, the first of December, 1703. Printed in Edinburg, 1704.” The passage runs thus, and is to be found at page 372 of his works, published in London, 1737, of which a copy lies before us:—“I said”—it is Fletcher of Saltoun who speaks—“I knew a very wise man so much of Sir Christopher’s (one of the interlocutors) sentiment, that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. And we find that most of the antient legislators thought they could not well reform the manners of any city without the help of a lyrick and some times of a dramattick poet,” etc.

warmth upon its hearthstones. Hence spring all the virtues and securities of a nation. Here, in little, are to be found the germs of those representative principles which, recognizing an equality of claim, if not of condition, among its people, imposes upon the government a law of benevolence which takes its rule from that of the Deity—suffering not the smallest sparrow to fall to the ground without seeking to lift it, heedfully, and restore it to its perch. The household, in fact, is not only the source but the true guardian of the nation. From that high habitation, the race goes forth, spreads widely, and becomes an empire. Protect that, and all the rest is easy. You are not to ask which of the sons that emerge from that dwelling is the bravest, or becomes the wealthiest—which has the largest endowments of strength, or talent, or succeeds most in the accumulation of wealth; for, these by no means represent the various virtues which take root in the lowly habitation. But, with what affections and sympathies did its numerous sons go forth on their mission of toil and enterprise? What hopes inspired the restive spirit? What tastes beguiled their labours? What passions and desires were in the ascendant? And, what was the class of amusements which appealed most impressively to the domestic genius? It is in studies such as these that you learn what are the peculiar characteristics, not only of the family, but the stock. And it is only by a just appreciation of the character of a race that you can frame the laws, as well for the attainment of their confidence as for the protection of their interests. The one duty must precede the other. No foreign power can ever satisfy a people. Substantially, in all ages, this has been the case, even when the despotism was most unembarrassed by opposition, and most complete in the seemingly-perfect submission of the people governed. They will always suspect that ruler whose assumptions of superiority will not suffer him to explore the lowly nature which he claims to govern—enter into its domestic abodes, in the examination of its necessities, and make just as much allowance for its sympathies and sports as for its exterior possessions of soil, commerce, and production.

It is for this reason that the ballads of a people are supposed to possess such a wonderful power over their impulses, beyond that of the laws. It is thus that laws and governments are frequently overturned by the rude

ditty of the "blind old crowder." Thus it is that wisdom prefers to write its songs in the vernacular, when stupid or wilful politicians frame them in the obscure dialect of a people that exist no longer; and the great poet thus makes his most successful appeal to posterity, by rescuing the living tongue from the fetters of the dead and past. Chaucer commended his people to the better sympathies of the Norman race by composing his charming stories in the common language, and compelling the sympathies of the superior to descend to the simpler stock, which they had ruled with a rod of iron. He softened the severities of the foreign rule, by showing new attractions in the native language. He thus prepared the way for the restoration of the native tongue to the laws, and to that society which the dialect of the invader had usurped in his usurpation of the soil. Chaucer and Shakspeare have governed, and will govern, England thousands of years after the laws of all her Norman monarchs shall be forgotten. *Their* laws were framed in the popular heart, and they were ineradicable in the popular ear. Italy, in the same manner, was rescued from the artifices of a foreign speech by that genius of the household, the native poet; and the Provençal Troubadour has left his voice behind him in a region which no longer knows the people or the princes, the laws or histories, of the races to whom he made appeal. He could rouse its warrior tribes to enthusiastic war for Christendom against the pagan, when his rulers could compel only their sluggish and reluctant submission. In all lands, this has been the common history. The Jew, the Greek, the Saracen, were better ruled by their poets than their statesmen; their poets, indeed, were their prophets, and showed their profound philosophy by seeking the elements of the popular law in the popular sympathies. The Arab acknowledges the wild song of the Desert, when he would yield to no other authority; and the subjects of the Caliphs of Bagdat, in the thousand stories of their weird romance, found a solace which could make them forgetful, for a season, even of the capricious tyranny of their suspicious and selfish sovereigns. The song of the Rhine will force the tear down the withered and bronzed cheek of the German pilgrim in far lands; and the music of the shepherd song of the Swiss—the *Rans des Vaches*—was forbidden, on pain of death, in the French armies, because of its effect in producing deser-

tions among their mercenaries—a people, perhaps, as little accessible as any other to appeals of the affections. What has been the effect of Burns's songs upon the people of Scotland? What of Beranger upon the French? What of Dibdin among mariners? And who shall say what has been the degree of influence exercised among our own people, during our two wars with England, by the very rude martial ballads of the native "crowders" of those periods? These, having the key-notes of the heart, were in possession of the best clues which conduct to authority over the people. In the common sentiment, they found their inspiration. They became the voice of the universal heart. They were the true representatives of the things most precious to a people—their tastes, their emotions, their feelings, their peculiar hopes, and the very fears which disturbed their repose and made them set down their feet in trembling and apprehension. How should the balladmonger learn these things, and not the statesman? Perhaps, because he is out of place. All poets may be said to be out of place; and they thus naturally look into the conditions of others. It is the misfortune of the statesman, whose mind is called upon to meditate the government of a people, to undertake these meditations while he is in place. Place disturbs the equilibrium of the soul—power perverts the judgment. Pride and vanity step in to suggest a false medium, through which all objects are beheld; and the sense of authority is apt to beget a grossly erroneous notion of the true relations which should exist between the governor and the governed. In half the number of cases, the world's greatness is a vulgar greatness. It is apt to forget the guardian in the master—to pass from the ruler to the despot—and, in the consciousness of mental superiority, to lose the virtues of magnanimity, without which, the superior sinks rapidly into the inferior. In due degree as we sink the affections, in our progress, do we not only lose our hold upon the race, but incur the danger of being no longer able to serve them. It is then that our toils grow selfish, and worthless, accordingly. We forget humanity in art. Systems take possession of our brains, as the appreciation of man passes out from our hearts; and, in making systematical our philosophies, we only torture the race to whose wants we vainly endeavour to apply them. We forget the vital condition upon which an individual

duty and existence are allotted to us—forget that we are evolved from the masses, and have our endowments, intellectually as well as politically, only because of our appointed uses, as the representatives of the stock at large. In the sense of personal elevation, we lose sight of the very condition upon which we receive it—the good of mankind—the true object of the relation between the governed and the governor.

Could this always be kept in mind, to what would it conduct us? To the household, surely! Here, in embryo, are all the interests of society. Here, too, we see them stripped of all their artifices. Here is nature, frank and artless, in *deshabille* because *at home*. The secret of good government is in establishing and acknowledging the home;—in making it grow and flourish—in seeing in the home the true guardian of the nation. The nation is but a community of homes, with the same *Genius Loci* set up for authority in each. To find out the native qualities of this Genius of Place, and to acknowledge them and make them safe and confident, is really the great and only business of statesmanship; and fortunate is he who, called to superintend the interests of a people, begins his study of their characteristics in the homeliest fireside of the virtuous. What should he study there? The heart, the social relations, the influence of the same lore upon different temperaments and endowments, tastes and objects,—harmonizing the elements that otherwise might appear in opposition, and forming the true cement which makes safe and strong the social edifice of state. Here will the lesson be before him ever, that the State is durable rather as a social than a political edifice; and in this distinction he finds the secret which will prevent him from such a cold and arbitrary conception of schemes and laws as seem to regard man only as a machine, representing millions of like machines, and not as an individual whose attributes are special, and who resembles his fellow chiefly in his desire of sympathy and his recognition of one universal law, in the need for love. Above all, he will discover, in this region of study, that man does not legislate for man alone, for the simple reason that man is not appointed to live alone. The philosopher sees three aspects in every household—the husband—the wife, and the child; and, in these, a close study shows him three other aspects—the patriarch, for the husband is scarcely such who is not the

father also to the wife—the angel, for the wife is scarcely such if she occupies not a higher rank than that of helpmeet—and the servant, for such is the child, who can only pass into the places of authority at last, by having been properly tutored in the delight and readiness to serve. Here, then, are the representatives of the three great securities of the social state, strength, reverence, loyalty, the one implying labour and authority, the other ministry and love, the third service and submission. And these involve all that is good and grateful, wise and necessary, in morals and industry, self-study and religion. Here are the sources of all the humanities—toil that is healthful and cheerful—love that is constant and watchful—obedience that seeks service, and is never so well satisfied as in being useful where its loyalty is due. Let these qualities and possessions fairly represent the household, and what is there that the nation cannot do? It is a nation born for conquest—a chosen nation—with the paternal wings of God spread over it always for protection, and his eye forever guiding it onward, in security and strength, to the daily increase of power.

Suppose such a nation to have provoked the hostility or to have incurred the jealousy and hatred of a rival nation, and what wondrous energies could she command, even at a word, to encounter the iron legions of the invader! Her dwellings will seldom suffer outrage. Her sires, in possession of inborn strength and dignities, to which the love of women and the loyalty of children have alike ministered without ceasing, swell with indignant sensibilities, which nothing can subdue, at the very consciousness of outrage. The son, trained to service and obedience, strengthened by industry and elevated by a sense of parental approbation, possesses a well-tempered enthusiasm, which renders him eager for the encounter and irresistible in the strife; whilst the wife, who has ministered with love and duty, who has been the domestic angel of the sire and the maternal angel of the son, now clothes herself in still loftier attributes of strength and virtue, which suffers the courage of neither to falter, and warms them with an impulse which finds its birth among the very highest virtues. It is at such a period of doubt and peril that she rises to a rank of immeasurable dignity, and puts on aspects at once of counsel and devotion. She is no longer the mere woman, the dependant, seeking simply to minis-

ter, in the common walks of duty, as the wife and mother. The new necessities of the social state elevates the moral characteristics of the citizen, in increasing his responsibilities. She shares these with her husband and her son. She has always shared their existence, and now is sharing their necessities. She begins to assert the higher virtues of her own individuality. She has not been insensible to the history of her people. She has *felt* their trials. They have passed into her heart, as a part of its vitality, and her pride in what has been done by the past has prompted lessons to her progeny, which are at the bottom of all the achievements of the future. She has taught the boy at the knee of the achievements of the maternal grandsire. He has listened to a thousand details of early adventure among the Indians, of desperate hand-to-hand fight, and perils passed, which, but for God's favour,—giving courage and strengthening confidence,—could never have been overcome. *She* has been the one to remember and repeat the ancient ballads which recorded the achievements of her people, and the ear of the boy has drunk in greedily, from her lips, as she sung him to his slumbers, a thousand impulses of courage and enthusiasm, which never go out from his heart—which *give him* a heart, and make him a thing of courage and resistance, having no fear, whenever events shall recur like those which found a hero in his grandsire. It is the domestic histories which the mother finds it most easy to remember, and which she loves most to repeat. But these domestic histories are really so many keys and clues to the history of the nation. The one is suggestive of the other. What—could we look back to the domestic world of the old thirteen States at the dawn of the revolution—what—had the homestead histories of that time, in our region, been faithfully chronicled, fully and not in doubtful fragments, as we possess them now,—what grateful and improving spectacles might we behold of the maternal lessonings bestowed upon the young, in preparation for the conflict! We should have heard the mother recalling the first sad struggles of her grandsire, as he crossed the dreary waste of ocean to subdue the wilderness to the wants of humanity. She would depict the trials of this destiny, and its final conquest, the adventurer supported only by his own courage, strength of heart and body, and the sanction and approbation of God. She would show the insatiate ambition of

the foreign despot, who would seek to wrest from him the small fruits of his hardly earned possessions. Of the power which threatened his security she would speak in equal indignation and apprehension, thus informing her pupil equally in caution and in courage ; and, thus teaching, she would send him forth in tears, but with words of cheer and stout encouragement, reminding him of that grandsire whose deeds it had been her favourite pleasure to relate in earlier years. And what schooling could so well as this inform the manhood of the youth—could so stimulate his courage—could so warm his virtues—could make him so confident of God's favour, thus blessed by the counsel and the parting exhortations of a mother who had seen and felt so much !

Thus, too, she warms the heart of her nearer associate. The husband of her bosom is a man of strength. He has been the patriarch in her abodes. He has preserved her from common dangers. He has always shown himself a man beside her. He has kept foes and poverty alike from the door. He is the sire of her children. He has given them none but brave and noble lessons, and he now prepares to take them under his wing and show them how to achieve their first blows in battle. But his hair is white—his arms have no longer the vigour of their youth. The wife has no misgivings of his heart—only of his strength. She now summons her children to private council. She depicts the feebleness of their father ; she counsels them not to allow his confidence to deceive himself or them, but to become *his* protector, as he has hitherto been theirs. And then she sends them forth, or perhaps attends them, unwilling that they alone should seek for toil and danger, she alone in the enjoyment of security and repose. There, again, she proves the ministering angel of the household, and exhibits a strength, a courage and a variety of resource, which no one had deemed her to possess, and of which she herself had never conjectured the possession until the day of unknown exigency and trial. She stimulates their adventure and enterprise, but without forgetting their moral. Her counsels, which remind them of what is expected by their country, do not forget what is demanded by their God. She prescribes the Bible as their companion. She places the sacred volume in their bosoms—some favourite copy, in which she has written their names and her blessings.

Could we go back, sufficiently far in this scrutiny—had the record been sufficiently well preserved—we should probably discover that, almost unconsciously to herself, she was preparing them for the struggle. The mother of the household has been no indifferent or insensible spectator of public affairs. In our country, it is not usual for her to mingle in discussions, especially of a political character; but she is not heedless of the progress of the argument. She has an interest which is sleepless and unceasing in whatever concerns her family; and she watches, with increasing anxiety, those growing specks of danger which gather on the horizon of her country, to which the fingers of masculine apprehension point with indignation and misgiving. Silently and gradually she prepares against their approach. Sterner cares attend her in her domestic duties. Severer requisitions upon self, abridge her enjoyments, as she anticipates the future. War brings with it a gloomy train of harpies, even more terrible than itself. The good mother provides against the wants of the future by lessening gradually the unnecessary expenditures of the family; and the thousand daily details of duty which are the result of this calm, firm, manly principle of precaution, contribute to strengthen her resolves, and to elevate her spirit. The policy is not lost upon those around her, and the man, always confident, will smile and jest at precautions, which it is only a superior wisdom that adopts. Insensibly thus, day by day, will she train her young spartans to the trial—to the endurance of privation—cold, hunger, toil—no less than the danger and the brunt of battle.

But the examples are numerous in our country, and in that fearful first period of strife which tried the souls of our people, when she exhibited qualities, which, if not higher than these, were yet more brilliant and perhaps impressive. She made society tributary to Revolution, as did the famous women, beloved of the Girondins, at the period most full of delusive promises for France. She brought the graces, the tastes and the affections to the succour of patriotism, and where she could not charm and beguile the adversary to the side of the country, she overwhelmed him with her satire, and repelled him by her scorn. She was not unequal to the argument; and her wit and beauty made the most of it. She made loyalty to the soil a condition of society. She taught patri-

otism as the proper creed of love. She made resolution stern in its support, and stimulated courage and ambition by her smiles. Her converts were in due proportion with her admirers, and to desire and deserve her favor, it became necessary to belong to her party. It is not possible to compute the amount of her influence, or to trace, at this day, the thousand persuasions which she brought to the enterprise in that. The whigs found her an admirably in preparing the people for the strife; in reconciling them to its privations, and in marshalling them into the ranks of action. Perhaps, it would be safe to assert that, in no country, nor in any period of revolution, did the sex exhibit so deep, so warm, and so imposing an influence. There was one reason in particular why this should be the case,—and here we are brought to one of the errors—few, indeed, which the author of the interesting work before us has committed. She tells us, in her introduction, that the leading spirits of our Revolution derived the sources of their power from the sentiment pervading the great mass of the people. This is a great mistake, and one which is too commonly made in our recent histories. The great mass of the people had really very little sympathy with the movement of 1776. It was neither caused by their dissatisfaction with the existing condition of things, nor did they help it forward by their exertions and self-sacrifice. They felt few of the wrongs which caused the revolution. British taxation gave them little annoyance. On the contrary, it relieved them from some of their cares, and sheltered them with its protection. It is time that the error should be exploded which insisted on this as the impelling influence which led the American people to shake off the power of the foreigner. The tax was a popular pretext, which served to influence, in some degree, the commercial and manufacturing classes. *The movement originated with the native intellect of the country.* It had its birth among the educated and wealthy classes. It was the result of convictions which might be considered instincts, and with which the masses had little sympathy. It arose from the consciousness of strength and right in the native mind, which Britain had subjected to denial and *non user*. It was a revolt of the domestic genius, eager for employment, and restive under the foreign domination, when its own endowments were quite equal to its own responsibilities. The loyalty of the American for the Guelph

dynasty was diminished duly with his education and resources. This rendered the struggle so hazardous and so prolonged. This was the source and secret of the civil war which prevailed, in greater or less degree, in all the colonies. The higher classes stood comparatively alone. The sympathies of the uneducated were not with them. The latter openly charged the *movement* upon the *ambition* of the other; and this was the accusation of all the provincial governors against the revolutionary party in the several provinces. The people were hostile to the war, in due degree as they were jealous of the superiority of their immediate neighbours. They preferred the remote superior in preference to him whose wealth and education were forever vexing their self-esteem. But for this, the contest, urged feebly as it was, by Great Britain, with inferior and inefficient officers, would have been terminated in two years instead of seven. Had the people everywhere sympathized with their leading minds there would have been scarcely any struggle, particularly after the alliance with France and Spain. But the mother country derived its stimulus to perseverance entirely from its American auxiliaries, and these were generally the least wealthy, the least educated and least intellectual of the people;—but, in one-half of the States, if not in all, they were nearly if not quite as numerous as those who originated and maintained the contest for independence.

This fact being understood, it being unquestionable that the great work of the revolution had devolved on the best educated and most wealthy of the native Americans, it became inevitable that the spirit which governed it had the fairest chances for the support of society. In other words, the highest tones of society were in unison with the action of the *movement* party; and this fact shows us to what an extent the influence of woman must have participated in the event. For where could she be so well informed of the principles and objects of the controversy—how else could she feel them—what other lessons could have tutored her nobler instincts for the appreciation of the condition to which the intellect of the country aspired? It is only where education prevails, where the tastes are refined, where the sensibilities are warmed, where the affections and emotions are duly ministered to, as the excellent attributes of man's condition, that woman rises into an estate of influence and authority. It is only in such a

condition that she will presume to exercise a sway over the minds of a circle, and seek to impel its action in seasons of difficulty and extremity. In all other situations she is a subordinate, descending in grade in due degree with the absence of grace, polish, freedom and civilization in society. Here, only, is she the recognized minister to high ambitions, and sensibilities that aim at the attainment of objects which address themselves only to the affections of the noble, aspiring nature. Here, only, will her education and acquisition permit and encourage her to become a counsellor—to take part in affairs that extend beyond the household, and to mingle in interests which, at ordinary periods and in humbler circles, are supposed to be totally beyond the province of the sex. No doubt the influences of such a circle extend, to a certain degree, to other classes which surround it, and into which, by reason of local affinities, its power necessarily penetrates. As the humble neighbour will sympathize with the superior, whose virtues he has learned to acknowledge and to love, so the endowments of the educated woman, tempered by the gentle and persuasive virtues of benevolence and love, will make themselves felt and honoured by the poor and little-hoping of her own sex; and such as these will naturally sympathize with the cares and the struggles of those to whom they look with respect and veneration. And then shall we find good and great deeds, and a noble spirit of patriotism, in many instances emanating from among the poorest as well as the proudest circles of the country. But the fact which we allege remains unimpaired. The great movement of the revolution originated with the educated of the people, and did not greatly or favourably influence the desires or the feelings of the masses, full a moiety of which was decidedly and bitterly hostile to a spirit with which they did not sympathize, and in which they beheld little more than the exhibition of an insatiate desire for power on the part of an ambition on which they had already learned to look with equal dislike and suspicion. We repeat, accordingly, that, as the struggle for independence belonged chiefly to the educated circles, so the women of these circles necessarily took a larger part in the proceeding than ordinarily attends the revolutions of a nation. The higher classes could, and did, influence the humbler, whenever the local circumstances encouraged or permitted it. Wherever the society had become stable, this was

usually the case. In the communities long established, where the various classes had been accustomed to meet and mingle, where they knew each other instinctively, and had learned to respect and confide in one another, the proofs are abundant that they worked harmoniously together to the end, the humbler looking to the higher for counsel and aid; the higher receiving from the humbler the natural tribute of loyalty, that had its roots in the domestic and social affections. Of course we are to understand that there were circles in which no wealth was to be found, which were invariably true to the revolution and earnestly devoted to the cause. This was commonly the case in communities which were wholly of Irish origin, and with most of the Presbyterian settlements, where these were not of the Scotch of the ever memorable '45. But our case concerns not these. The points which we make are invincible: first, that the revolution chiefly originated with the educated aristocracy of the country, and that this fact necessarily implied such a position for its women, as to leave it probable, as the facts seem to show, that they took a more active part in the movement than is commonly the case at such periods in other countries. We may add that, in one respect, it was the misfortune of the nation that the movement was so much the creature of the higher classes; still more that these classes did not take the proper pains always, or proceed in the proper manner, to enlist the sympathies of the humbler. Their very wealth and education seemed to rebuke and keep at distance the pretensions of classes less favourably placed; and they themselves but too frequently aimed to govern rather by dictation than by love. A less elevated condition of aristocracy, and a larger degree of conciliation on the part of the leading minds of the country, might greatly have abridged the length and severity of the conflict.

With the progress of the contest, under its actual privations, the spirit of the American women, who had lent their souls to its support, underwent no abatement. In the siege of cities and the defence of dwellings, dismissing all feminine fears, they sought every opportunity of making themselves useful to the champions of the good cause. They prepared clothes and bandages, melted the bullets, served as spies, and conveyed intelligence, under constant privation and in frequent peril to themselves. They tended the sick and wounded, were the sisters of mercy in hos-

pital and prison ship, shutting their eyes upon the outward world and all its persuasions, and giving themselves up wholly to the cause and the sufferings of those whom they loved. It was in vain that beauty and talent were solicited by the conqueror to appear at his high places of festival. They withstood the temptations which, in the gayer hours of fortune, are usually so persuasive with the sex. The crowded and bright saloon no longer had a charm for the spirit which had risen to the highest sense of social responsibilities. They denied the arts of the tempter—they defied his authority and anger. It was equally in vain that he lured and threatened, and those with whom his arts proved influential were at once driven into coventry by their nobler and firmer sisters. The latter cheerfully gave up the gaudy, but rapidly failing attractions of the ball room; having an eye on the nobler fame which follows from the grateful “well done” of posterity and country. How copious are our chronicles of the South in details illustrative of this patriotism. The venerable Major Garden\* has done little more than furnish samples of this history. Every little community, from the Potomac to the Savannah, may yield its thousand anecdotes of the self-denying patriotism, the deep devotion, the ardent activity, the firm courage, and the unwearying love with which our women gave themselves up to the cause upon which their countrymen had staked life, fortune and sacred honour.

It was a happy thought which suggested to the compiler of the three pleasant volumes before us, to supply, as well as might now be done, the deficiencies of this history. Unfortunately, with all the industry of talent and patriotism, the work can only imperfectly be done. The period is past, or is rapidly passing, when these details of tradition can be obtained; and what are available serve rather to provoke an anxiety for what we cannot now possess, than to satisfy us with what is in our keeping. There has been a criminal neglect among our old families, of the written correspondence, the memoranda and the diaries of the revolutionary period. Boasting, and with becoming pride, of their ancestors, our people have but too commonly deserved the censure of the historian for that vanity which, while it makes the boast, has failed to pro-

\* Garden's Anecdotes, First and Second Series.

vide the monument; and a strict justice must declare that, where the descendant has failed to preserve and take due care of the memorials of his family, it betrays a melancholy evidence of his own degeneracy and decay. But the diligence which works, under the influence of patriotism and love, may achieve many things—may discover many hidden treasures—may still rescue from time many valuable possessions: and the work of our author we regard rather as the pioneer of other volumes, than as exhausting the quarries into which she has so successfully penetrated. She will add to these volumes, and her example will be followed by others.\* They will address themselves to the task with the ardor of such a feeling as possessed “Old Mortality,” and by extending their inquiries into the ancient settlements, personally visiting ancient families and places, ransacking old stores of manuscript and parchment, and waking up half-slumbering memories, will enrich themselves with resources which shall yet unfold ample pages of delight, and noble lessons for the education of the future. What has been done by Mrs. Ellet has been done with much ability and success. The work has been properly undertaken by a female. She can best enter into those quiet details of the household, the small lurking hopes, affections, sympathies, which inform the peculiar nature of the sex, and warm it to great endurance and great performances. She can better appreciate the delicacy, the tact, the grace, the ingenuity, the purity, which constitutes, in particular, the character of woman, and which are all discoverable in traits of conduct and expression which the masculine writer would wholly overlook, unless evolved in connexion with striking and impressive action. Thus far, we have every reason to be satisfied with the performance of our author.

\* The Sketches of North-Carolina, by the Rev. W. Henry Foote, deserve honourable mention in this connexion. Though prepared from a narrow point of view they are yet useful, and may provoke other researches. They contain much suggestive material. It would not become us to forget, while on this subject, the labours, still continued, of the venerable Judge O'Neill, of South-Carolina; of the no less venerable Joseph Johnson, M.D., of the same State, whose researches in our domestic history are equally valuable and various; nor must we pass without due acknowledgment the efforts of the Hon. Benj. F. Perry, of Greenville, South-Carolina, who has done much to gather the unwritten histories of our forest country. The duty before these gentlemen, and others, also busy in this ample field of study and exploration, is to digest these materials into a complete whole, while yet the feeling, which first prompted them to these researches, is yet stirring warmly in their bosoms.

The volumes before us contain, besides a well written and interesting introduction, notices of one hundred and seventy women of the revolution, who were distinguished by their virtues, their character, and their direct agency in the struggle. These notices are, in many instances, biographies, giving complete lives of the subject; but, in the greater number, they are sketches only, embodying anecdotes of their conduct at particular periods in their career. Our author has sought for them in all parts of the Union, not merely in the old thirteen States, but sometimes in the territories, as in the case of Kentucky, denominated the "dark and bloody ground," at the very time of the revolutionary conflict. It does not appear that she has been equally successful in prosecuting her researches throughout the States. It is something of a commentary, indeed, upon the large pretensions set up of late by the New-England historians, who have not tarried sufficiently long at Jericho for the growth of their beards, but who would claim the whole revolution to have been the work of "the Saints" of Yankeedom purely—that, but nineteen of these biographies or sketches are afforded by the New-England States; New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania furnish thirty-six; while the researches of the author—who is a Northern lady by birth, and education, and residence—in the Southern States constitute fully two-thirds of her three volumes. Assuming that she designs to prosecute her inquiries, she owes it to Maryland, Pennsylvania and Delaware, which were among the most patriotic States of the revolution, to extend her inquiries into these regions. Georgia, too, deserves and would reward research; and to Virginia, as one of the chief maternal States of the nation, it is due that her resources be explored, in deference to her power and performances in the revolution, her great statesmen, and the high tone which distinguished her society. South-Carolina and North-Carolina contain thousands more of such memorials as these volumes contain, which only need the help of the domestic historian, and from which a body of literature may be compiled, at once quite as valuable, and much more grateful to the reader than all the historical collections of all the States. It is not doubted that Massachusetts, a State of peculiar sectional temper, of large intellect, and, even in the revolution, in possession of a good educational establishment, would

amply and admirably compensate the diligent inquirer, who would find it not difficult to assign its volume to each of the old Thirteen. Nor would the peninsula of Florida, the place of refuge for the Southern loyalists and their families, the place of captivity for so many of the most noble of the Southern whigs, fail to afford considerable materials of interest and value. But we need not indicate more closely the regions in which this sort of research might be urged with profit. Let us confine ourselves to what is before us, and especially to its most valuable portion,—that which illustrates the contributions made by female virtue and patriotism to the revolution, in the Southern section of the Union. We need not go beyond this, assured that our Northern neighbours will never suffer judgment by default, in consequence of any bashfulness or backwardness in the assertion of their claims.

The wife and mother of Washington have properly a conspicuous place in this collection. Of these, Mrs. Ellet gives us two graceful and interesting biographies, affording us all the facts which are now available, and all, perhaps, which are necessary to a just appreciation of their character. The great performance by which the mother of Washington was mostly distinguished lies in the domestic education of her son. From her he acquired the dignity and simplicity of his character, his veneration, his love of truth, his patience, and all the virtues which sublimed his courage and rendered his performances successful. Her family name was Ball. She lived to the age of eighty-five, and, to the last, appeared among her visitors clad in the homespun of her own manufacture. Of the wife of Washington the history is well known. She was a Dandridge, but was the widow of Col. Curtis when she married the great American chief. She was young, rich and beautiful when she won his eye. Her abilities were considerable; she conversed with spirit, thought with caution and wrote with judgment. Her equanimity and cheerfulness were conspicuous under all circumstances. She lived till 1802, and died at the age of 71. In the intervals of the campaign, during the revolution, she lived with Washington in the camp, possessed his inmost confidence, and, no doubt, contributed to strengthen his character by the noblest virtues, the firmness and the integrity and sweetness of her own.

A chapter is given by our author to Elizabeth Clay, the mother of the great statesman. She was born in Hanover, Virginia, in 1750. Her husband, John Clay, was a preacher of the Baptist denomination. She was eminent for her piety, her energy and industry. Marrying a second time, she removed with her husband to Kentucky, leaving her son, Henry, at school in Virginia, when he was but thirteen years of age. She died in 1827, having survived most of her children. Our author includes in her collection one single other subject from Virginia. She owes it to the "Mother of States" to enlarge her chronicle. We pass to North-Carolina. Twelve chapters are gathered from the traditionary memoirs of the "Old North State." That of Elizabeth Steele, who furnished Greene with a couple of bags of money, at a moment of his greatest necessity, is probably familiar to all our readers. It may be found in *Garden* and in most of the *Lives of Greene*. Of Mary Slocumb, of Wayne County, N. C., we have an interesting chapter. She managed her husband's plantation while he was in the army of the Americans. Tarleton quartered his troops upon her plantation, and her spirited dialogues with the famous British partisan are given at some, but not a fatiguing length. It was at this time that she received a visit from her husband, whose ignorance of the presence of the enemy led him almost into their clutches. His escape affords the author an opportunity for an exciting passage, which we are half tempted to copy, for the benefit of our readers, but dare not—the length of the chapter discourages our desire. It is enough for the future romancer, who would seek for a heroine, to know that Mary Slocumb was one of the bravest-hearted women in the world—a sort of *Di Vernon*—a good shot, a fearless rider, of great coolness in the moment of danger, and of desperate intrepidity. A brief paragraph devoted to Esther Wake, represents her as a politician, one who exercised large influence in State affairs. But she and her sister, Lady Tryon, were both loyalists. They helped to sustain Governor Tryon when his power was on the wane. It is honourable to the people of North-Carolina that they valued Esther Wake in spite of her politics. When it was proposed, after the revolution, to alter the name of Wake county, the proposition was rejected by acclamation. Thus, says our author very prettily, "the county in which the city of Raleigh

is located is consecrated to the memory of beauty and virtue."

Margaret Gaston was the mother of the distinguished Judge Gaston, and deserves to be celebrated as such. She had rare virtues of her own. She was of English birth, a catholic, and was educated in France in a convent. In visiting her brothers, who had emigrated to America, she married Dr. Gaston, a Huguenot. He was one of the most zealous patriots of North-Carolina, and took an active part in the revolution. He was butchered by the tories in her arms. The noble training which the young widow gave her children, with some sweet anecdotes, furnish the materials chiefly of the chapter which is devoted to her name. To this succeeds that of one already known to fame. Flora McDonald is celebrated as the fearless damsel who contributed to the successful escape of Charles Edward, the Pretender to the throne of England, after the terrible battle of Culloden, which prostrated his strength and fortunes. Her agency in this escape is elaborately written by our author. Flora removed to North-Carolina in 1775. Her kinsman, Donald McDonald, became a general of the loyalists in the war which followed. She herself espoused the royal cause; since, curiously enough, the Scottish Highlanders, who hated the House of Hanover when in England, very generally proved devoted to it when they were transferred to America. They had paid too many of the penalties of disobedience at home to peril anything in behalf of a doubtful cause in America; and, in fact, the very virtues of loyalty, which made them faithful to the House of Stuart, made them cling to the now established throne of that family by which it had been superseded. The new affinities of Flora became as unfortunate as the old. The Highlanders found a new Culloden at the battle of Moore's Creek, in North-Carolina, and Flora became a fugitive and an outlaw in America, as she had been in Scotland, after a variety of fortunes, quite as eventful as the past, which afford our author the materials for a very interesting narrative. Flora returned to her native country, where she died in 1790. Her residence, destroyed by fire, stood upon the spot now occupied by the town of Fayetteville.

Mrs. Willie Jones, Mrs. Allen Jones, and Mrs. Nicholas Long, also of North-Carolina, derived some of their pro-

minence from their husbands, who were all active and influential workers in the great cause of American independence. They shared the toils and sympathized with the patriotism of their lords. They were women of education, taste and intelligence. One of them has been long since known for the sarcastic witticism with which she replied to the sneering remark of Tarleton in regard to Col. Washington. "He would like to see that officer." "You might have had that pleasure," was the answer, "had you looked behind you at the battle of Cowpens."

There are but two chapters given to Georgia, at that time the youngest, the feeblest and most exposed State of the confederacy. We shall give these chapters at length, preferring not to abridge the narratives of our author. The first of these relates to Mrs. Spalding. It illustrates the calm, dignified virtues of one who represented society in its higher classes.

"A tribute is due to the fortitude of those who suffered when the war swept with violence over Georgia. After Colonel Campbell took possession of Savannah, in 1778, the whole country was overrun with irregular marauders, wilder and more ruthless than the Cossacks of the Don. As many of the inhabitants as could retire from the storm did so, awaiting a happier time to renew the struggle. One of those who had sought refuge in Florida was Mr. Spalding, whose establishments were on the river St. John's. He had the whole Indian trade, from the Altamaha to the Apalachicola. His property, with his pursuits, was destroyed by the war; yet his heart was ever with his countrymen, and the home he had prepared for his wife was the refuge of every American prisoner in Florida. The first Assembly that met in Savannah recalled him and restored his lands, but could not give him back his business nor secure the debts due; while his British creditors, with their demands for accumulated interest, pressed upon the remnant of his fortune. Under these adverse circumstances, and distressed on account of the losses of her father and brothers, who had taken arms in the American cause, Mrs. Spalding performed her arduous duties with a true woman's fidelity and tenderness. She followed her husband with her child when flight became necessary, and twice during the war traversed the two hundred miles between Savannah and St. John's River in an open boat, with only black servants on board, when the whole country was a desert, without a house to shelter her and her infant son. The first of these occasions was when she visited her father and brothers while prisoners in Savannah; the second, when, in 1782, she went to congratulate her brothers and uncle on their victory. This lady was the daughter of Colonel William McIntosh,

and the niece of General Lachlan McIntosh. Major Spalding, of Georgia, is her son.

"Mrs. Spalding's health was seriously impaired by the anxieties endured during the struggle, and many years afterwards it was deemed necessary for her to try the climate of Europe. In January, 1800, she, with her son and his wife, left Savannah in a British ship of twenty guns, with fifty men, built in all points to resemble a sloop of war, without the appearance of a cargo. When they had been out about fifteen days the captain sent one morning, at daylight, to request the presence of two of his gentleman passengers on deck. A large ship, painted black and showing twelve guns on a side, was seen to windward, running across their course. She was obviously a French privateer. The captain announced that there was no hope of outsailing her should their course be altered; nor would there be hope in a conflict, as those ships usually carried one hundred and fifty men. Yet he judged that if no effort were made to shun the privateer the appearance of his ship might deter from an attack. The gentlemen were of the same opinion. Mr. Spalding, heart sick at thought of the perilous situation of his wife and mother, and unwilling to trust himself with an interview till the crisis was over, requested the captain to go below and make what preparation he could for their security. After a few minutes' absence the captain returned to describe a most touching scene. Mrs. Spalding had placed her daughter-in-law and the other inmates of the cabin, for safety, in the two state-rooms, filling the berths with the cots and bedding from the outer cabin. She had then taken her own station beside the scuttle which led from the outer cabin to the magazine, with two buckets of water. Having noticed that the two cabin boys were heedless, she had determined herself to keep watch over the magazine. She did so till the danger was past. The captain took in his light sails, hoisted his boarding nettings, opened his ports and stood on upon his course. The privateer waited till the ship was within a mile, then fired a gun to windward and stood on her way. This ruse preserved the ship. The incident may serve to show the spirit of this matron, who also bore her high part in the perils of the revolution."

The other chapter is illustrative of the masculine spirit of a brave, fierce, old lady of a humbler rank in society. It belongs to another section of the same State, where the politer influences of life had then only in part made their appearance.

"At the commencement of the Revolutionary war, a large district in the State of Georgia, extending in one direction from Newson's Ponds to Cherokee Corner, near Athens, and in the other, from the Savannah River to Ogeechee River and Shoulderbone, had been

already organized into a county, which received the name of Wilkes, in honour of the distinguished English politician. At the commencement of hostilities, so great a majority of the people of this county espoused the whig cause that it received from the tories the name of the 'Hornets' Nest.' In a portion of this district, near Dye's and Webb's ferries, on Broad River, now in Elbert County, was a stream known as 'War-woman's Creek'—a name derived from the character of an individual who lived near the entrance of the stream into the river.

"This person was Nancy Hart, a woman entirely uneducated and ignorant of all the conventional civilities of life, but a zealous lover of liberty and of the 'liberty boys,' as she called the whigs. She had a husband, whom she denominated a 'poor stick,' because he did not take a decided and active part with the defenders of his country, although she could not conscientiously charge him with the least partiality to the tories. This vulgar and illiterate, but hospitable and valorous female patriot, could boast no share of beauty—a fact she would herself have readily acknowledged had she ever enjoyed an opportunity of looking in a mirror. She was cross-eyed, had a broad, angular mouth, was ungainly in figure, rude in speech and awkward in manners; but having a woman's heart for her friends, though that of a tigress or a Katrine Montour for the enemies of her country. She was well known to the tories, who stood somewhat in fear of her vengeance for any grievance or aggressive act, though they let pass no opportunity of teasing and annoying her when they could do so with impunity.

"On the occasion of an excursion from the British camp at Augusta, a party of loyalists penetrated into the interior, and having savagely massacred Colonel Dooly in bed in his own house, proceeded up the country, with the design of perpetrating further atrocities. On their way, a detachment of five from the party diverged to the east, and crossed Broad River, to examine the neighbourhood and pay a visit to their old acquaintance, Nancy Hart. When they arrived at her cabin they unceremoniously entered it, although receiving from her no welcome but a scowl, and informed her that they had come to learn the truth of a story in circulation, that she had secreted a noted rebel from a company of 'king's men' who were pursuing him, and who, but for her interference, would have caught and hung him. Nancy undauntedly avowed her agency in the fugitive's escape. She had, she said, at first heard the tramp of a horse, and then saw a man on horseback approaching her cabin at his utmost speed. As soon as she recognized him to be a whig flying from pursuit she let down the bars in front of the cabin and motioned him to pass through both doors, front and rear, of her single-roomed house, to take to the swamp and secure himself as well as he could. This he did without loss of time, and she then

put up the bars, entered the cabin, closed the doors, and went about her usual employments. Presently some tories rode up to the bars, calling vociferously for her. She muffled up her head and face, and opening the door, inquired why they disturbed a sick, lone woman. They said they had traced a man they wanted to catch near her house, and asked if any one on horseback had passed that way. She answered no—but she saw some one on a sorrel horse turn out of the path into the woods, some two or three hundred yards back. ‘That must be the fellow!’ said the tories; and asking her direction as to the way he took, they turned about and went off, ‘*well fooled,*’ concluded Nancy, ‘in an opposite direction to that of my whig boy; when, if they had not been so lofty minded, but had looked on the ground inside the bars, they would have seen his horse’s tracks up to that door, as plain as you can see the tracks on this here floor, and out of t’other door down the path to the swamp.’

“This bold story did not much please the tory party, but they would not wreak their vengeance upon the woman who so unscrupulously avowed the cheat she had put upon the pursuers of a rebel. They contented themselves with ordering her to prepare them something to eat. She replied that she never fed traitors and king’s men if she could help it, the villains having put it out of her power to feed even her own family and friends, by stealing and killing all her poultry and pigs, ‘except that one old gobbler you see in the yard.’ ‘Well, and *that* you shall cook for us,’ said one who appeared to be the leader of the party, and raising his musket he shot down the turkey, which another of them brought into the house and handed to Mrs. Hart, to be cleaned and cooked without delay. She stormed and swore awhile—for Nancy occasionally swore—but seeming at last disposed to make a virtue of necessity, began with alacrity the arrangements for cooking, assisted by her daughter, a little girl of ten years old, and sometimes by one of the party, with whom she seemed to be in a tolerably good humour, occasionally exchanging rude jests with him. The tories, pleased with her freedom, invited her to partake of the liquor they had brought with them—an invitation which was accepted with jocose thanks.

“The spring—of which every settlement has one near by—was just at the edge of the swamp, and a short distance within the swamp was hid among the trees a high snag-topped stump, on which was placed a conch-shell. This rude trumpet was used by the family to convey information, by variations in its notes, to Mr. Hart and his neighbours, who might be at work in a field, or ‘clearing,’ just beyond the swamp, to let them know that the ‘Britishers’ or tories were about, that the master was wanted at the cabin, or that he was to keep close, or ‘make tracks’ for another swamp. Pending the operation of cooking the turkey, Nancy had sent her daughter Sukey to the spring for water, with directions to blow the conch for her

father in such a way as should inform him there were tories in the cabin, and that he was to 'keep close,' with his three neighbours who were with him, until he should again hear the conch.

"The party had become merry over their jug, and sat down to feast upon the slaughtered gobbler. They had cautiously stacked their arms where they were in view and within reach, and Mrs. Hart, assiduous in her attentions upon the table and to her guests, occasionally passed between the men and their muskets. Water was called for, and our heroine having contrived that there should be none in the cabin, Sukey was a second time despatched to the spring, with instructions to blow such a signal on the conch as should call up Mr. Hart and his neighbours immediately. Meanwhile, Nancy had managed, by slipping out one of the pieces of pine which formed a 'chinking' between the logs of a cabin, to open a space through which she was able to pass to the outside two of the five guns. She was detected in the act of putting out the third. The whole party sprang to their feet, when, quick as thought, Nancy brought the piece she held to her shoulder, declaring she would kill the first man who approached her. All were terror-struck, for Nancy's obliquity of sight caused each to imagine himself her destined victim. At length one of them made a movement to advance upon her, and, true to her threat, she fired and shot him dead! Seizing another musket, she levelled it instantly, keeping the others at bay. By this time Sukey had returned from the spring, and taking up the remaining gun she carried it out of the house, saying to her mother, 'Daddy and them will soon be here.' This information much increased the alarm of the tories, who perceived the importance of recovering their arms immediately; but each one hesitated, in the confident belief that Mrs. Hart had one eye, at least, on him for a mark. They proposed a general rush. No time was to be lost by the bold woman;—she fired again, and brought down another of the enemy. Sukey had another musket in readiness, which her mother took, and posting herself in the doorway called upon the party to surrender 'their d—— tory carcasses to a whig woman.' They agreed to surrender, and proposed to 'shake hands upon the strength of it.' But the victor, unwilling to trust their word, kept them in their places for a few minutes, till her husband and his neighbours came up to the door. They were about to shoot down the tories, but Mrs. Hart stopped them, saying they had surrendered to *her*; and her spirit being up to boiling heat, she swore that 'shooting was too good for them.' This hint was enough; the dead man was dragged out of the house, and the wounded tory and the others were bound, taken out beyond the bars and hung. The tree upon which they were suspended was shown in 1828, by one who lived in those bloody times, and who also pointed out the spot once occupied by Mrs. Hart's cabin, accompanying the mention of her

name with the emphatic remark : 'Poor Nancy ! she was a honey of a patriot, but the devil of a wife !'

The spirit and interest of this little memoir needs no comment.

We pass now to the heroines of South-Carolina. These have long since been known to fame. Their distinctions were acknowledged during the progress of the Revolution, and many of the noble women of that State have already sate to the painter and the poet, as they have done to the Historian. Of Sarah Reeve Gibbes, Eliza Wilkinson, Rebecca Motte, Mrs. Brewton, Sabina Elliott and others, of the same family, we have memories, sketches and anecdotes almost without number. They have been grateful subjects for the admiration and study of posterity, some of them combining the graces and beauties of Aspasia, with the high virtues of the mother of the Gracchi. We are not permitted to do more than accord to these, as we pass, the tribute of our unfeigned and grateful admiration. The industry of Mrs. Ellet has added to this fair list of fine women,—a collection such as might afford to some of our native poets, "a dream of fair women," which might prove more ennobling to song than those chosen for his muse, by the luscious Tennyson. We can only give the names of these, detaching one or more instances for the reader, as samples of the rest. Here are sketches or anecdotes of Martha Bratton, of York District, a fine Roman portrait which the true woman will love to study ; of Jane Thomas, of Fairforest River, who rode sixty miles in one day to warn the Americans of the approach of the loyalists ; a copious and highly interesting narrative.—Isabella Sims, Mrs. Otterson, and Nancy Jackson, of the same region, afford pleasing anecdotes of devotion and patriotism ;—Dorcas Richardson, of Clarendon, occupies worthily an entire chapter ;—Elizabeth, Grace, and Rachel Martin, of Ninety-Six, furnish some remarkable instances of valor as well as patriotic endurance. The two eldest, disguised in their husbands' garments, and well armed, actually succeeded in capturing a British party. Dicey Langston, of Laurens District, furnishes a lovely specimen of maidenly devotion, with masculine firmness and enterprise ;—Mrs. Dillard, of Spartanburg, was a heroine of like mould and performance. Of Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Beckham, and Mrs. Brevard, there are interesting

anecdotes; and a paragraph is properly assigned to the mother of Andrew Jackson, who died by the wayside, returning from Charleston, whither she had gone to carry clothing to one of her sons, then in a British prison ship. To the virtues, the patriotism, and strength of character of Behethland Foote Butler, the mother of Pierce and Pickens Butler, and allied with so much that is precious in Carolina history, a chapter is fitly given; and we note with pleasure the several anecdotes which belong to the names of Hall, Shubrick, Heyward, Izard, Geiger, and Gaunt. That of Emily Geiger, of Orangeburg, is in proof of equal intelligence and patriotic devotion on the part of a young damsel, scarcely in her teens.

"At the time General Greene retreated before Lord Rawdon from Ninety-Six, when he had passed Broad River he was very desirous to send an order to General Sumter, then on the Wateree, to join him, that they might attack Rawdon, who had divided his force. But the country to be passed through was, for many miles, full of blood-thirsty Tories, and it was a difficult matter to find a man willing to undertake so dangerous a mission. At length a young girl—Emily Geiger—presented herself to General Greene, proposing to act as his messenger, and the General, both surprised and delighted, closed with her proposal. He accordingly wrote a letter and gave it to her, at the same time communicating the contents verbally, to be told to Sumter in case of accident. Emily was young, but as to her person or adventures on the way, we have no further information, except that she was mounted on horseback, upon a side-saddle, and on the second day of her journey was intercepted by Lord Rawdon's scouts. Coming from the direction of Greene's army, and not being able to tell an untruth without blushing, she was shut up, and the officer in command having the modesty not to search her at the time, he sent for an old tory matron as more fitting for the purpose. Emily was not wanting in expedients, and as soon as the door was closed she ate up the letter, piece by piece. After a while the matron arrived. Upon searching carefully, nothing was found of a suspicious nature about the prisoner, and she would disclose nothing. Suspicion being thus allayed, the officer commanding the scouts suffered Emily to depart whither she said she was bound. She took a route somewhat circuitous to avoid further detection, and soon after struck into the road to Sumter's camp, where she arrived in safety. She told her adventure, and delivered Greene's verbal message to Sumter, who in consequence soon joined the main army at Orangeburg. Emily Geiger afterwards married a rich planter on the Congaree. She has been dead thirty-five years, but it is trusted her name will descend to posterity among those of the patriotic females of the revolution."

Here are other specimens of the virtues of strong courage, and a noble will, overcoming the ordinary weaknesses of the sex.

"A man named Hubbs, who had served with the bloody tory and renegade, Cunningham, in South-Carolina, was an 'outlier' during the war. At one time he proposed, with two confederates, to rob an old man of Quaker habits—Israel Gaunt—who was reputed to be in the possession of money. The three rode up one evening to the house and asked lodging, which was refused. Hubbs rode to the kitchen door, in which Mrs. Gaunt was standing, and asked for water. He sprang in while she turned to get the water, and as she handed it to him she saw his arms. Her husband, informed of this, secured the doors. Hubbs presented a pistol at him; but his deadly purpose was frustrated by the old man's daughter, Hannah. She threw up the weapon, and, being of masculine proportions and strength, grappled with and threw him on the floor, where she held him, though wounded by his spurs, in spite of his desperate struggles, till he was disabled by her father's blows. Gaunt was wounded through the window by Hubbs' companions, and another ball grazed his heroic daughter just above the eye; but both escaped without further injury. Hannah afterwards married a man named Mooney. The gentleman who relates the foregoing incident has often seen her, and describes her as one of the kindest and most benevolent of women. She died about the age of fifty, and her grandson, a worthy and excellent man, is now living in the village of Newberry.

"The same company of marauders, with Moultrie, another of Cunningham's gang, visited Andrew Lee's house, at Lee's Ferry, Saluda River, for the purpose of plunder. Moultrie succeeded in effecting an entrance into the house. Lee seized and held him, and they fell together on a bed, when he called to his wife, Nancy, to strike him on the head with an axe. Her first blow, in her agitation, fell on her husband's hand; but she repeated it and stunned Moultrie, who fell on the floor insensible. Lee, with his negroes and dogs, then drove away the other robbers, and on his return secured Moultrie, who was afterwards hanged in Ninety-Six."

The third volume of these biographies, just issued from the press, affords us no less than fifteen subjects from the domestic history of South-Carolina, out of forty-four which form the collection. These are all highly interesting portraits of character, accompanied with details which greatly serve to illustrate a portion of our history in the upper country, which our historians have but too greatly neglected. We have no space, however, for any thing beyond a mere register of the names of these noble women. Katharine Steele affords an exciting chapter. She

was a model of firmness, courage and patriotism ; Nancy Green, Esther Walker, Mary McClure, were of the same region, the Catawba Country, and owned hearts and heads of the same moral strength and sympathies. Isabella Ferguson was a Chester woman of wonderful vivacity and spirit ; Mary Johnston was of Chester also ; so were Jane Boyd, Jane Gaston, Sarah McCalla, Mary Adair, Mary Nixon, Mary Smiley, Isabella Wylie, and Jane White ; each of whom affords material for a graceful chapter. Rebecca Pickens, wife of the General, was a Calhoun, a very noble woman, and, with her biography, the share of South-Carolina women, in this volume, terminates. But an Appendix contains a narrative of the surprise of General Sumter, by Tarleton, at Fishing Creek, and as our historians have generally contented themselves with briefly stating this fact, and giving no details, we propose to extract the account before us, premising that Mrs. Ellet has foreborne to tell us from what source it was derived. It was evidently drawn originally from the lips of one who had witnessed something of the transaction ; and may have been derived from several, at second or third hand.

“ After the fall of Charleston, May 12th, 1780, the British overran the State, establishing posts at Georgetown, Camden, Rocky Mount, Ninety-Six and Augusta, with others on the line from those to Charleston, to serve as places for rest, or to keep open their communication. The province was thus, to all appearance, conquered, the people generally having submitted ; but a few resolute spirits, scattered over the country, could not be subdued by the severest measures. The ‘outlyers,’ gathered under the command of Pickens and Williams, did service, while, in the upper country, the battles described were fought, and Marion harrassed the enemy from the recesses of his swamps. This was the state of the war during May, June, July and August ; the patriots endeavouring to supply their lack of numbers by laborious service and rapid marches. The news of the approach of Gates gave a new impulse to their zeal, and brought recruits to the standard of Sumter, enabling him to commence an aggressive warfare. By August 13th Gen. Gates rested at Clermont, thirteen miles from Camden. The mistake he committed in sending four hundred regulars to aid Sumter in the taking of Carey Fort was productive of a train of disasters. Had he, instead, ordered Sumter with his riflemen to join him, he might have advanced on Camden and fought the battle before aid arrived from Georgetown ; or had he still delayed, and commenced the night march when he did, such an addition to his force, and of such men,

might have turned his defeat into a splendid victory. Sumter's attack on the convoy and Carey Fort was crowned with success, and with his three hundred prisoners, and forty four wagons loaded with munitions of war, he hastened to join Gen. Gates, on the way receiving the news of his defeat. Encumbered with prisoners and baggage wagons—many of the regulars and country militia being on foot—his march on the retreat was slow, though kept up during the nights of the 16th and 17th August. It was not more than forty miles above Camden that he pitched his camp on the ill-fated morning of the 18th. (See Katharine Steel, page 101.)

"A strong guard could have disputed the passage from Fishing Creek up the valley, for half a mile from the place where the road passed on the ridge. The enemy could only have kept the road in file, and a few discharges of artillery would have demolished them. Had they taken the open field, lying a few hundred yards from the camp, they must have passed in column over parts of the ground—the ravines narrowing one pass into a mere strip of land. General Sumter had occupied this very ground on the night following his attack on Rocky Mount, having chosen it as a stronghold, in the expectation that the British, reinforced from Hanging Rock, would attack him. They did, in fact, march for this purpose; but the creek was too much swollen by the heavy rains to be crossed. This strong military position was guarded by the Catawba on the east, and the creek on the west, with ravines in front and rear, and on either hand a narrow strip of ground affording the only space for occupation; while at the place of encampment the ground was so spread out that he could have used his whole force, or if driven from that position could have taken a similar one at almost every hundred yards distance on the ridge, for miles up the river. Its great natural advantages, therefore, justified his selection. When his army halted and struck their tents, the guard, being mounted, repaired to their posts, Major Crowford, of the Waxhaws, being the officer in command. The men in camp who had no duty to do, and were not too hungry, were soon fast asleep in their tents, having had no rest for two nights. Some were engaged in slaughtering beeves, and every few moments the crack of a rifle might be heard, while those awake would call out 'Beef!' to one another. The sentinels posted down the road towards the ford of the creek were marching up and down the line appointed, while others of the guard made for the river, desirous of a bath, as the weather was oppressively warm, and intending to be back at the station in time to take their turn. It is said that Major Crowford gave them permission to go; in any case, it is likely that these forest hunters, unaccustomed to military discipline, would have exercised their own discretion. Just as the army halted, Sarah Featherston, a young woman of a tory family, passed the road. Many of Sumter's men gave her the credit of having informed Tarleton of their situation, and some thought she had

guided the British up the creek to what was called McKown's ford. This, however, she did not do, for they came up the road from the stream. The sentinels did their duty, delivering their fire in turn; but there was no guard to oppose the advance of the enemy. Each dragoon had a foot soldier posted near him, and these dismounted near the camp. In front, a short distance from the tents, Mrs. Pray, of Fairfield District, was seated upon a log feeding her two children. Her husband had gone into North-Carolina, after Gates' defeat, to join his force, and she having to leave home because her neighbours were loyalists, thought it safest to travel with the army. She had with her a negro boy and two horses. As she sat upon the log, the British dragoons charged past her, and she would have been run over, had not the log been large and furnished with branches, so that they were obliged to pass round it. She sat still, her eyes fixed on the terrible spectacle, and saw the defenceless or slumbering men shot down or cut to pieces, till she turned sickening from the scene of massacre. She saw a few of the regulars rallying behind the wagons and returning the fire, and presently the bullets whistling near brought her to her recollection. Slipping down from the log, she pulled the children after her, and kept them close by her side till the firing ceased. When the British left the ground they took her servant and horses, and she was left with her children, alone with the dead and wounded. Next day she went with the little ones, who were crying for food, to the house of Nat Rives, a tory living in the neighbourhood, to beg some food for them. He coolly told her there was the peach orchard, and she might take what she wanted; it was good enough for a rebel. This Rives afterwards accompanied Mrs. Johnston to the ground. When the British made their onset on the camp, Mrs. Pray's brother, John Starke, mounted his horse and made for the river. Plunging in, he reached an island, and spurred his horse from a high bank into deep water, rising in a few moments and effecting thus his escape to the opposite shore. The dragoons had pursued several of the men into the river, and were shooting and stabbing them. Starke, indignant at the sight, rose from his saddle to call the attention of the enemy, and made them a gesture of defiance. They were nearer than he calculated, and their fire wounded him severely in the thigh. Some of the whigs who had escaped across the river procured a cart and carried him to his mother's house, where he lay helpless a long time, exposed to ill usage from the tories, whom in after life he could never forgive.

"At the time of the surprise, it is supposed that between one and two hundred young men were bathing in the river. The dragoons, pursuing those who fled, came in among them, and an indiscriminate slaughter ensued. One William Reeves had his hair cut with a bullet, and was so stunned he would have been drowned, had not George Weir dragged him upon a rock. John Nesbit, Richard

Wright and Stephen White were making for the opposite bank, when White called out that he was shot. His companions dragged him to a rock, and then hid themselves till the British had left the river. When they came back they could find nothing of White, nor was it ever known what became of him. Many of the soldiers stood on the east bank of the river, with no covering from the burning sun. Some of them went to the house of McMeans, whose wife gave them all her husband's clothes, and even exhausted her own wardrobe, so that more than one of the survivors of that disastrous day went home in petticoats. Ben Rowan, 'the boxer of the army,' heard the firing of the sentinels in the direction of the creek, but supposed it to be the killing of beeves a little further from the camp. The men had just brought in some of the meat, and were cooking before the tents. Ben, on his way to the next tent, had in his hand a piece of buckskin, of which he meant to have a pair of moccasins made for his blistered feet. He was startled by the enemy's broadside, and seeing in an instant that all was lost, ran for safety to the place where the three hundred prisoners were under guard. They were shouting for joy and flinging up their hats, when with his Herculean strength he forced himself a pathway through and over them. Just as he got through them, he saw a loose horse grazing, and flung himself upon the animal without saddle or bridle, slapping first with one hand and then with the other to direct his course. The horse went off at a brisk pace through the woods, and Ben made good his escape, to be an actor in every subsequent battle of the South. Joel McClemore, as he ran through the camp, picked up a rifle, not knowing if it were loaded or not. He was presently pursued by a dragoon, and after dodging from tree to tree for some time got near the fence and succeeded in crossing it. It then occurred to him that the open field was not so safe as the woods in case of continued pursuit, and turning round, he said to the dragoon in his Virginia vernacular, 'I'll eat fire if you cross that fence but I'll shoot you!' The dragoon put spurs to his horse, and as he leaped Joel drew trigger at a venture. The gun went off, and the man fell, while the horse leaped the fence. Joel lost no time in mounting, and thus escaped with a fine horse, holster and pistols. William Nesbit was in his tent asleep at the first alarm, but taking a horse from one of the wagons escaped up the river, and was with the foremost at McDonald's ford. On another part of the field the brave Capt. Pagan was rallying his men, among whom were the brothers Gill; he was shot and fell down the hill, while his company scattered. Archibald Gill, though but a stripling, showed so much indignation at what he witnessed at this defeat that he was afterwards called 'mad Archy.' A few regulars, who contended for a time against overpowering numbers, were forced to yield. Gen. Sumter was saved in the manner already mentioned. Near the spot where James Johnston was wounded after killing one

of the British dragoons, John Reynolds shot another and secured his horse. Everywhere up the river and creek the woods were filled with men flying for their lives, while some who escaped butchery were driven back to the camp by the troopers.

"The prisoners were placed under a strong guard, having to do without dinner as well as breakfast, with the prospect of the gibbet before many, who had taken British protection, when they should reach Camden. Among these were Col. Thomas Taylor, (distinguished afterwards in the war,) and his brother, Capt. John Taylor. Tarleton remained master of the field of slaughter, for it could not be called a battle. By his order the wagons for which they could not find horses were collected together and consumed, with such articles as could not conveniently be taken away. Long before sunset the British commenced their march towards Camden, leaving the dead unburied and the wounded, who could not be removed, to perish. The march was continued several hours after dark. Thomas Taylor advised those among the prisoners who expected no mercy to effect their escape, and showed them how this was to be done. The guard could not long keep on the edge of the road, but must march in the front and rear of the prisoners; they were to get as near the centre as they could, drop off on the side, and lie down till they were passed. Many escaped in this way. It was near midnight when Tarleton halted to encamp on the bank of Wateree creek. While the men were reposing, Col. Taylor watched his opportunity and proposed to his brother and a Mr. Lake to attempt escape, by jumping down a steep bank, fifteen or twenty feet in height, sliding gently into the water and swimming down the stream. The feat was accomplished, though it was very dark, and in leaping down they fell one over the other. Col. Taylor profited by the lesson of this surprise at the Fishdam, Nov. 7th, when the same corps of Tarleton, under Major Wemyss, attempted to steal a march on Sumter's army at dead of night, and were repulsed with much loss.

"The scattered men of Sumter's army, with one accord, made their way to Charlotte, as if their destination had been previously appointed. Those who went home stayed only long enough to procure such articles of clothing as they had lost, and went on. They might be seen the next day upon every road leading towards Charlotte. Sumter himself went on the same night, and Capt. Steel, as already mentioned, returned to the battle ground.

"Capt. Berry, who, with some of his men, had escaped after the defeat of Gen. Gates on the night of the 17th, wandered up the river as far as George Wade's house. Wade, who came home in the night, gave him three hundred pounds of flour for his soldiers, and informed him that Gen. Sumter would be on the other side of the river next morning. Berry crossed the next day with his command, and had not been an hour in camp before the surprise took place, in which he was captured; thus leaving one disastrous field to meet misfortune in another."

With these samples, we conclude our selections. We are not prepared to say that they do full justice to the manner or matter of our author. They are quite too limited to do so. It is in the more elaborate notices, where the mind of the writer gets fairly under weigh, that she shows the grace, felicity, good sense, and general spirit of her productions. But, we aim at nothing more than to provoke curiosity and invite attention to this highly-useful and entertaining collation, at once honorable to the female character of the country and valuable as constituting no inferior portion of our history. As we have already said, it will pave the way for other volumes, and by other writers. We trust, however, that Mrs. Ellet, who has succeeded in fixing the public curiosity upon herself, will not give way entirely to the new gleaners in these profitable and pleasant fields of search. Though not expected to reap them entirely herself, there are yet many sheaves which she can most fitly gather—many other volumes, perhaps, which will be doubly worthy as companions to these before us. Nor must other workers in this goodly vineyard be discouraged when they regard the success which has followed her exertions. They will each, if they devote themselves to familiar sections of country, possess one advantage over all competitors, in the appreciation of the *genius loci*—in the knowledge of details, scenery, and the social characteristics. These qualities will make amends for many deficiencies of the writer. But, the work must not be delayed. Old memories are rapidly failing us. The oldest inhabitant will soon mutter over these matters, even as a dream, scarcely as a reality, which it afflicts him to recall, yet which he would not entirely lose. We must fix these dream-like memories now, or never. We, who are in possession of all the fruits of that fearful struggle of our sires, and the mothers of our sires, owe it to the old, noble workers of the past, man and woman, to put on record the history of their achievements. The truly patriotic mind—which is the only truly grateful—will mourn, with frequent self-chiding, the treasures of history which we have suffered, and are suffering, daily, to escape us. Nobody, more than the writer of this article, can more deeply regret the indifference which has made him heedless, until too late, of what he might have secured for his posterity. He had his lessons at the knees of those who were young specta-

tors in the grand panorama of our Revolution. Their souls were imbued with its events, as with one great and sole-absorbing history. This was their favourite topic ; and each had details of the local struggle, which were as interesting as they were certainly veracious. How the boy brooded over these narratives !—and, how strange, that, to the man, they should appear only as bright glimpses of a wing hurrying through the sun-light, and leaving no traces of its pathway through the thin empire of air ! There was scarcely a personage, British or American, Whig or Loyalist—scarcely an event, mournful or glorious—scarcely a deed, grand or savage—occurring in the history of the low country of South-Carolina, which has not been conned, for his benefit, at the writer's fireside, by venerable friends and loving kinswomen, now voiceless in the dust. How the world—always “too much with us,” as Wordsworth emphatically teaches—has obliterated these histories—not stricken out their broad features, their general characteristics, their breadth and depth and shadow—all of which necessarily become fused in the mind and absorbed in its permanent convictions—but spoiled it of those inferior but important constituents—the dates, the names, the details—without which, no valuable record of events can possibly be made. He has been taught to see the first kindlings of the torch of revolution, borne, by eager and enthusiastic hands, throughout the country, and warming the multitudes to passion wherever they were carried. He has seen the first gatherings of the rude militia, under their young and gallant, but inexperienced leaders. He has been shown the summary punishment of the treacherous spy, or the faithless tory ; and, as the strife grew, and great clouds of war rolled towards the shore, he has seen the citizens thronging the wharves to behold the first wrestle of the young country, at Moultrie's fortress, with the powerful, insolent monarch whom it had ventured to defy. The vicissitudes that followed this victory were not forgotten ; and he was shown, step by step, the progress of the invader to the conquest of the city, and, finally, of the State. Nor was he suffered to hear this narrative with a cold and peevish attention. It was made life-like to his imagination by personal histories, which appealed to his nearest affections and fondest sympathies. The venerable narrator spoke of his grand-sire, or her own. The old man, then in the vigour of his

youth, was to be seen, day and night, at the lines of Charleston, armed with the rifle, which past experience had rendered a fatal implement in his hands. From the beleaguered city, he had sent his wife and child, at the first approaches of the enemy ; but the woman belonged to a Spartan school, and found it easier to brave the enemy than the safety of the solitude, embittered by the ceaseless anxiety which left her doubtful of his fate. In an open row-boat, she descends Cooper river, from its sources ; and, with muffled oars, passes, at midnight, though in the midst of a fearful cannonade, through the thronging barges of the British. The roar of the incessant cannon—the wild flight and explosion of the bursting bombs—lighted up, as with a sulphurous thunderstorm, the gloomy empire of the night. The random shot sullenly plunged about them into the water, as, dropping with the tide, they moved noiselessly along the river, concealed only by the dense atmosphere of smoke which shadowed the scene, lightened only, at moments, by the meteoric flight of shot or shell. How vivid was all this picture to our eyes, unfolded by the native art of that brave old grand-dame ! And, how flowed the tear, as she described the soldier's glad surprise in the unlooked-for embraces of his fearless wife ! What a picture then followed of the wreck which presented itself every where in the beleaguered city ! How the streets were torn up to form banks of earth before the most exposed dwellings : how the women and children found refuge in the damp and gloomy recesses of vault and cellar. We still see the narrator, a little girl, stealing forth with her mother, at intervals of the cannonade, to gather parsley for the porridge, at the bottom of the garden—flying back, with all speed, as the batteries from James Island, or the British galleys, once more opened their fire on the beleaguered city. A mournful spectacle of conflagration and famine succeeds, and the place ceases to be tenable. We are shown the capitulation—we see the old grandsire flinging down his rifle in the pile, and, turning away, hardly reaches his dwelling before the pile explodes in thunder, rending and riving all within reach of the explosion. The captivity that follows is equally pregnant with a personal interest. We see the old grandsire put in chains, and hurried, with forty others, to the prisons of St. Augustine, as a hostage for the good behaviour of his comrades. The scene

changes, and the persons. Other kinsmen have their fortunes shown in colours similarly glowing. One brave ancestor was in the brigade of Marion. We see him on a scout, environed by the *Black Dragoons*. He leaves his horse, and seeks to bury himself in the forest. He ascends a tree and shrouds himself in the branches. They discover him, and he is brought down, wounded with a heavy sabre-cut over the brows. Brought to the gates of Charleston, he asks of the Scotch officer commanding, that his further escort to prison shall be a white one. "Hoot awa', ye d——d ribbel! A black guard's too good for ye!" He had reason to be satisfied. Thus far, the negro escort had been more courteous than the superior. And thus he is conducted to the provost, where he lies, cold, lone, suffering, for many weary months. How many thousand such histories, with details sufficiently ample for the reader's curiosity—not mere glimpses and generalities, such as these—may be gathered by loving patriotism from still lingering memories of the past, and made precious possessions to the future artist and historian! What glorious histories may be gathered of man's valour and woman's devotion—man's daring and woman's endurance—man's passionate love of country, and the fidelity and love with which woman recompenses all! How impressively, with such chronicles well studied and preserved, should we learn how much society contributes to government, and how idle is that system of the statesman which frames theories and laws for a people, yet disdains to borrow his lessons from the fireside—there, where the true nature alone speaks with a perfect freedom, and, in revealing the full measure of its attachments, reveals the necessities which alone constitutes the care of society.

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## ART. III.—SENTIMENTAL PROSE FICTION.

1. *Les Confidences* ; par M. A. DE LAMARTINE. New-York : D. Appleton et Compagnie. 1849.
2. *Confidential Disclosures, or Memoirs of my Youth* ; by ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Translated from the French, by EUGENE PLUNKETT. New-York : D. Appleton & Co. 1849.
3. *Raphaël : Pages de la Vingtième* ; par M. A. DE LAMARTINE. New-York : D. Appleton et Compagnie. 1849.
4. *Raphael, or pages of the Book of Life at twenty* ; by ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. New-York : Harper & Brothers. 1849.

THE fiction of prose sentiment has never been very popular with the English or American reader. By this description we mean to distinguish all that class of prose fictions, which depend rather upon the expression of sentiment and emotion, than the delineation of character, or the narration of events—in which the expression of mere sentiment predominates, either with, or without, the shows of passion, and to the almost exclusion of a dramatic progress, one event evolving another, and the whole leading to an appropriate denouement. In this species of composition, the fiction is found in the ingenuity in which the sentiments are brought to exhibit the phases of an inner life,—the emotions of the heart, the play of the fancy, or the morbid exercises of a passion, otherwise inert, being the true actors in the history ; which almost excludes the collision of other agents, and seeks no support from the relation of groups, or the attrition of rival individuals. Here, the success is due wholly to the happy expression of appropriate thoughts, the graceful enunciation of sentiments suited to the character that speaks or suffers, the descriptions of lovely scenery, or of the emotions of those who gaze upon it,—all strung together upon the slenderest thread of narrative, just sufficient to enable the progress to go on, without tasking the will, the courage, or the performance, in any wise of any of the agents. The standards of such works really belong to poetry. They are didactic and contemplative, and the beauty of the utterance, the grace, delicacy and fitness of the sentiment expressed, and the harmony of parts, constitute the chief, nay, the only essentials necessary to success. It is not

denied that a work written with sole reference to these standards may be of legitimate design, and may commend itself to the most grateful appreciation. The delineation of the inner life of a being, who has otherwise no life—who achieves nothing for himself or for his race—may afford the most admirable studies for psychology and art. The moral analyst may find a profound satisfaction, in noting the sufferings of an abnormal moral condition, and gather instruction from the monotonous record of such a prisoner of care, as Sterne describes, making the daily notch upon his stick, as the sole memorial of the otherwise unnoted transitions of his life. We may, in such a study, trace the progress of a passion that never seeks its nutriment, yet groans over its denial,—of a fancy that broods, yet never ventures to take wing—of a sentiment that fully awakens the desire, yet without prompting the will to a single effort for its attainment. And all such studies are curious and would interest, in fictitious narrative, as in real life, were they only truthful. But this is the difficulty, this the doubt, that usually disturbs the cogitations of the reader. Hence, the grand difference between a passion that speaks and acts, and one which merely broods and muses. Couple the sentiment with action, and all men may readily judge of its propriety and truth. The daily experience affords us sufficient standards by which to measure the skill or fidelity of that artist who undertakes to delineate for us the living and the acting nature. But how shall he, and how shall we, determine upon that which lives, dies, and makes no sign, whether of suffering or enjoyment. To imagine the secret nature of such a being, and to describe it successfully, requires a rare insight; and our conviction of the possession of this insight, by an author, must depend upon his exhibition of the happiest art, and the most profound analysis of the moral nature as we know it to exist. The slightest departure from the proprieties—the slightest defect in the symmetry of personification, draws down upon the artist a general distrust of his performance. We can discern the defect in the portraiture of that portion of his subject which we know, and we readily conjecture all the rest. It follows from this that the psychological painter is required to conduct the spectator to the survey of his discoveries, step by step, by a process rigidly inductive. First, he shows us the man as he exists exteriorly,

until we are satisfied to go forward under his guidance. He promises us a solution of what is mysterious or anomalous in his character. But, to be interested in his subject, it must be apparent, not only that the object of study is human, but that he has special claims upon our consideration. His humanity must exhibit itself in a form at once pleasing and impressive. He has beauty of person, with a rare melancholy to increase it ; or he is deformed of person, with rare virtues to relieve deformity ; or he has genius of a kind to fascinate, which overcomes all defects of person. There must be something to compel the interest, at first, which the author promises in the end to satisfy. This conceded, he may show us much or little that is absolute and unquestionable in the case of the individual ; but what he shows us must conduct to what is *vraisemblable* in character, and the future developments must all conform to the vague outline which we have seen at the beginning. The development that follows must be grateful either to our tastes or to our curiosity. It must exhibit the probable depths of that soul, which we ourselves could behold only in shadow. And, in this portraiture, it will not suffice to show us the depths, formless and void, as the world at the dawning of creation. We require to make absolute discoveries, such as will satisfy those sympathies which have been awakened by the condition of a fellow creature, suffering from unknown disorders of the soul, which, if we cannot alleviate, we may at least commiserate and love. His griefs must have arisen from sorrows such as we ourselves can share,—such as we feel might have fallen to our lot, had this not been cast in brighter regions, by a more indulgent fate. He may be a man of weaknesses and vices, but he must not suffer any forfeiture of his manhood. He must have the will to perform and the courage to endure ; though you show him thwarted in every effort at performance by a capricious destiny, and enduring all the agonies of a trial which he vainly seeks to oppose,—which binds him hand and foot in spite of every struggle, and leaves him nothing but tears of blood, and groans of a savage impatience, to attest the degree of his sufferings, and the strength and courage of that soul which would combat them bravely if it could. Such were all the victims of the fates in the Greek Drama. Prometheus might be impatient in the struggle with his ruthless and imperial en-

emy; but we feel and know that the soul of the Titan yields nothing, even when chained in adamant upon the rock. We feel that he has the resolution equally of manhood and despair, and that it is the hostility of fate only which baffles his efforts at escape and vengeance.

In such a history, then, where we behold nothing but extreme suffering and stern endurance—where the action seems totally at an end, and enuring in its consequences only to the victim—it is asking a great deal of the reader, when we demand his patient and sympathizing attention through a protracted history embodying mere complaint, and at best the meditations of an intense egotism. Such is always to a greater or lesser extent the characteristic of works of this description; and hence the auto-biographical form which they commonly assume. Discarding the action wholly, it is necessary not only to make the meditations of the egoist acceptable to the common sympathies, but to invest them with a certain degree of novelty. If he calls us to listen to his sorrows, he must show that they are genuine—that they are not induced merely by his weaknesses—that they spring from a fate with which he has exerted his utmost manhood to contend,—and that he now entreats us to such meditations as should belong to one under such circumstances. His reflections must be at once truthful and harmonious. His complaints must possess the essentials of sublimity, though this may be drawn from the sources of the humblest resignation; and if he still breathes the language of defiance, it must be in such impressive thunders, as make the very rock heave, to which his tyrannic fate has fastened him forever. Mere groans and grumblings, a puling propensity to whine and sigh, no matter who is the listener, is fatal to the sympathies which the sufferer desires to elicit. He must not forfeit his manhood in captivity or under the torture, lest the pity which the spectator feels at his sufferings is forgotten in the scorn which loathes his imbecility.

If, adopting a different phase, our egoist throws aside, and rejects entirely the idea of appealing to our sympathies by a display of his sorrows, and proceeds to compel our consideration to the operations of his thoughts rather than his feelings, our requisitions are even less indulgent. We demand that these thoughts shall be in harmony, not merely with his, but with the general condition of hu-

manity—that they shall not be jaundiced or begrimed by his humours or his melancholy—that they shall, nevertheless, possess characteristics of individuality which shall be sufficient to make them original—that they shall be equally profound and lucid, and coloured by a fancy and winged by an imagination, which give them at least a vital progress, in spite of the apathy in which he lives who utters them in our hearing. Nothing less than this can compensate the progress through a volume made up wholly of one's meditations. We must have new lights thrown upon the progress of reason, new fancies to freshen the flowers of sentiment, and bold and heaven-aiming wings for that contemplation, whose solitude is totally unpeopled by any earthly communion. These are hard, but necessary conditions. The world is full of that class of egotists, whose ambition and vanity are singularly disproportioned to their endowments—whose will and courage keep no sort of pace with their self-esteem,—and who are forever challenging your attention to griefs that accrue wholly from their weaknesses—to wrongs that exist wholly in their conceit, and to reflections that never rise beyond the dignity of common-place. To be required to listen to the revelations of such persons is not to be tolerated; and the egotism that challenges our attention to the developments of a peculiar nature, must show us not simply an individual idiosyncrasy, but one whose vitality and grace will conduct us gratefully forward, warming our fancies, and moving our thoughts with the most impressive imaginations. If we are to behold no action to excite our impulses, we must have thoughts to compel our meditations—if we are not to see, with mingled emotions of doubt, and fear, and hope, the caprices of fortune in its play with those with whom a generous nature requires us to sympathize, we must be compensated by sentiments which speak freshly to our souls, and be refreshed by that milder atmosphere of fiction which gratefully harmonizes the twin, but opposing provinces of the real and the ideal. We must see nature, and beauty, though these be in pictures of still life only, and be awakened to a consciousness of pleasure, though this be drawn chiefly from the plaint of a wounded bird, seeking its refuge in the solitude.

The English and the American people, as we have said before, have never shown themselves partial to the fic-

tion of prose sentiment. It does not appeal, in regard to either people, to the national character or training. That character is eminently practical. Its great test is utility. By this test it determines the merits of all art and fiction, insisting upon common sense as the basis of fancy as certainly as of philosophy. We must not be understood, in speaking thus of utility, as the moral guage by which the Anglo-Norman family regulates even its imaginative labors, as employing the word in its baser signification; but as referring to that higher sense which recognizes the soul of man, as the first great element of his composition, for which a human form yields but a tabernacle, and mortal necessities but an ordeal, rather than employments and a life. In this higher sense, the soul depends upon the fancy, and the imagination, as essential to its continued struggles after an ideal, which the heart entertains, fondly and passionately, however vaguely, and which continually prompts its desire after other and higher fields of existence. Standards of utility having this requisition, may properly be applied to all such works of imagination as those which we discuss. We require them to answer to our want as human beings, of mixed earth and spirit; having a human necessity before us, which, however lowly, is the absolute essential to any higher or more hopeful condition. We cannot suffer the mortal to shake off his cares of earth, his crown of thorns, and deliver himself to a land of dream and vapour, however richly it may be colored by the hues of the evening sun,—however spiritual it may appear in the delicious drapery of the moonlight and the stars. We insist that he shall stoop to his toils, and bend to his yoke, as is required of the most lowly among us; and are not prepared to forgive his defection, even should he be able to show us how fleet and how graceful may be his flight to regions in which he shakes off the responsibility which is so certainly our own.

All the successful literature of England, even where its machinery is purely imaginative, as in the *Faerie Queene* of Spenser, or the *Comus*, for example, of Milton, is of this earnest utilitarian character. It is shown that there is work to be done, sorrows to be endured, strifes to be encountered, and enemies to be circumvented; and those writings which fail in, or forbear these essentials—so wonderfully characteristic of a christian faith

and people,—fail to take any sure hold of the national memory and taste, unless in the shape of mere moral precept, embodied either in the form of didactic poetry, or in the simple, unaffected prose essay. And the work to be done must be a human work,—with equal will and courage, not reluctantly as the bondman goes to his labor, but heartily, with the fervent impulse of a genuine manhood;—and the sorrows to be endured, not fanciful sorrows,—the griefs of vanity or indolence;—and the enemies to be encountered must be such as might assail any of us—common adversaries—and not the creatures of egotism, that conjures up phantoms out of conceit, and wastes life in the combat with its own miserable shadow upon the walls of its chamber. We have no sympathies for a life without a purpose, for griefs that exist only in the imagination, for sorrows which toil and performance may readily alleviate, or for affections, born of the basest selfishness, that expect the whole race of man to become interested in a passion, as wanting in dignity as in strength, that only speaks when it should strive, and pines and pines only, where, if it exercised a proper manhood, it would resolutely perform.

It is not designed by this to speak lightly, or to disparage in any degree the claims of speculative or contemplative literature; nor is it meant to insist that all lives shall be necessarily lives of action. We recognize a large interest in that class of persons who devote their lives to thought, and who thus furnish the keys to those who would open the great avenues to all adventure. The world is full of minds which reconcile us in their cases to a condition of monachism; and we bow with reverence and proper regard to those great masters, who, in their cells and monasteries, have explored the mysteries of nature, and been permitted to lift the veil of that maternal Deity, in whose womb lie the secrets of yet coming ages. The great master of being has providently decreed the utmost latitude, and accorded the greatest variety of offices to the labours of the human intellect, and he who toils in his vocation, and in accordance with his endowment, is necessarily a legitimate worker in the great business of human progress. To penetrate and to explore, though in the domains of thought purely, is adventure, is toil, is suffering, privation, and commonly great self-sacrifice; and all these toils and sufferings conduct the race

to the enjoyment usually of the largest human utility. The exercise of the fancy and the imagination, as they blend the hopes of humanity with its toils and sorrows, and wing the spirit to elevations that enables it to command more perfectly the broad fields of being, is in the highest degree a necessary and desirable exercise of mind; and even where they labour at nothing more than to soften thought with sentiment, and solace care with grateful, but passing emotions, we are still tolerant of the humble, but pleasing purpose, and give our sympathies to that minister to the momentary moods of humanity, which shows itself able to work in no higher rank. In British literature, the essayist is of this description. In this department of polite letters, taste found its legitimate province. Here sentiment was at home, claiming only the passing moment, and gently insinuating her lessons, in those pauses of the conflict, where the combatant required relief for his exhaustion, or sympathy for his hurts. To this province chiefly did the British author confine the utterance of sentiment; his contemplations usually being of a sedate description, fancy being employed to render the philosophy persuasive, and the thought belonging to that milder school of study, which rather beguiled the reader into a pleasant musing, than provoked his mind into the more laborious researches of art and science. But, even in this province it was the sentiment that was exercised, not sentimentality. There were no fine spun affectations of psychology, no monotonous musings in the sickly domain of a fantastic egotism. You were not challenged to a sympathy with sorrows that were not founded in real wrongs done to humanity, nor was any lesson taught inconsistent with the great duties which belong to the race, and the encounter with which can alone give dignity to heroism. To please was certainly the object,—to persuade the process—but in aiming at this object, and in the employment of this process, the essayist insinuated his truths of morality, and taste and sentiment, so as always to give strength to the heart, and urge the courage into conduct and performance.

We have been seduced into this train of reflection, by a the perusal of the several volumes, the titles of which precede this paper. Of Alphonse de Lamartine, the world has recently heard, through a medium much more emphatic, if less durable, than that of literature. For a brief

season, we have beheld him at the head of national affairs, and in the midst of a terrible revolution. For a time, deceived by the manly exterior which he presented to the strife, and which was due as much to an inordinate self-esteem as to any real endowments of intelligence and statesmanship, the world was disposed to regard him as the true pilot who should direct the storm. For our own part, we had, at no moment, any expectation that this would be the case, or that he would long continue to sustain the imposing attitude in which he first appeared, at the first falling apart of the pillars which sustained the throne of Louis Philippe. A tolerable knowledge of Lamartine, derived from his previous career, never allowed us, for a moment, to anticipate from his powers the exercise of that calm, cool, far-reaching and firm authority which is requisite to the statesman at all periods, and trebly so where the people to be governed is one of a temper so mercurial as the French; and this, too, at a period of a wild and desperate excitement. His writings, whether in prose, or verse, had never displayed that peculiar sagacity—that practical significance—that social condescension—those traits of temper, character, and direct common sense, which are essentially necessary to the public man. His characteristics were rather a brilliant and sparkling fancy than a powerful and far-stretching imagination—instead of deep thoughts and profound philosophies, he had usually given us bright and glowing sentiments and opinions, which seemed designed rather to surprise and startle than persuade or satisfy. As a political writer, his theories were crude and shallow, while his estimates of men (for which, see his Girondins) made us sometimes wonder at the laxity of his principles, and the levity with which he could sometimes fasten his sympathies upon a character, the developments of which have revolted all mankind besides. As temporary ruler of France, we read his speeches without any change of opinion—without any increase of hope. Plausible and pretty, his sentiments had no body, no basis, no practical uses—were sentiments, only, such as have but too commonly satisfied the statesmen of France, if not the people. His fall did not surprise us, distinguished as had been his brief political career, by a strange battling between persons and parties, at the expense of all consistency, and to the equal peril of his own and country's safety. We could give

him credit for integrity—for an amiable and generous temper—for noble and grateful sentiments and virtues, which adorn public life and show loveably in the pages of the poet and romancer ; but, we look in vain for that statesmanship which should bring order out of chaos—pour oil upon the troubled waters of society, and establish, upon a firm basis, the affrighted deities of law and government. We cannot refer to a single public act, during his career, which would entitle him to the credit of a thoughtful and judicious ruler : not one which could show that he had duly studied the necessities of his people, and was prepared to apply emollient or remedy to their condition. There was some cleverness in the various enigmatic speeches by which he contrived to shuffle off the responsibilities of foreign war, and to evade the applications of foreign envoys for French succour as well as sympathy ; but it was scarcely so clever so to generalize in regard to the voluntary obligations which France was to assume to other countries, as the propagandist of *Liberté et Egalité*, as to lead to the expectation that these favours were to be bestowed. In brief, M. Lamartine may be admitted to have made very pretty orations, during his career, which had nothing in them. He either spoke too much, or too little, for statesmanship, and his performances, at no time, have borne the slightest relation to his promises.

To return to his writings, and once more to illustrate the measure of a British judgment, in its exactions of utility from authorship. Supposing that Lamartine had never appeared, as a writer, until the epoch of his ascent into political authority, and had then sent forth this work, “*Raphaël*,” it would have, at once, been fatal to his reputation as a statesman. Not that it is a fictitious narrative. By no means. Not because it expresses false political doctrines—for it really embodies no doctrines—but, because of its purposeless and imbecile sentimentality. Such a work would have been argued to be inconsistent, utterly, with the calm wisdom of a statesman and a philosopher ; it would hardly be tolerated in a young novelist, about to try his “’prentice han’” in fiction. There would be no cavil at an effort to embody a just picture of the career of a youth of sentiment—morbid and unnatural, if you please—and pursuing a worthless life, such as is here described ; but, that any writer, of sense and years,

should gravely set himself down to perpetuate the silly fancies—the wishy-washy, but fantastic commonplaces—the whining egotism and morbid sentimentality of such a person—should elaborate them and ornament them, with as much pains-taking as the child, three years old, employs in furbishing the flaxen curls of its doll of alabaster—is utterly beyond patience or calculation. When to this is added the more serious charge, that, in the delineation of such a life, he dwells upon its details with enthusiasm—pourtrays weaknesses without seeming to recognize them as such—follies, without offering rebuke or expostulation—neglect of duties, without exhortation to amendment—and, really, the most wretched meannesses, on the part of his subject, without declaring his detestation of them—without seeming to see that they are such—the complaint which taste and judgment make, with regard to the proprieties of the performance, give way to the severer censures of a vexed morality. It is thus, without making the passions his theme at all, that an author may be immoral. Let him but gloze sweetly the sentiment that persuades to luxurious repose—to a passionless apathy—and the rest follows. The old arch-image, in the Castle of Indolence, had but to sing, at the entrance of his palace, the delights of Indolence, and all who listened to his song became as thoroughly the slaves of vice as if they had been asked, at the first, to give loose to all their passions.

“Raphaël” was the name given to a youth by his friends, in sport, and because of his great resemblance to a portrait of the great painter in the Barberino Gallery. According to our author, Raphael was made unhappy by his intense love of the beautiful. He might have been a great painter, or a great poet, or a great musician—but, he was nothing. He was too superb a genius ever to prove the fact of his possessions. Raphaël’s family was poor and proud—he, poor, proud and idle. With the necessity before him of industry and zeal, he addressed himself to no employment. With talents for every thing, he was too indolent to be any thing ; and, with sensibilities constantly on the alert, he had not the heart for any sympathies with the human family. He loved his mother, only, of all women, and “me,” says our author, “of all men.” When dying, he showed some symptoms of a better character, by teaching the children of his neighbour-

hood, sharing the wool of his sheep with the peasantry, and his bread crumbs with the swallows that harboured beneath his eaves. His life was chiefly spent in wandering. He loved to lie upon the hillside, and murmur with the stream, and his days were spent in these habits. In his wanderings, he encounters a young woman, who was lonely, like himself. This loneliness attracted his sympathies. She was a being after his own heart—a young woman, married to an old husband, from whom, under a plea of ill health, she is content to be absent. She and Raphaël contract an intimacy, which intimacy finally becomes love. A precious history of Platonism follows. They walk together and muse together—sigh together and weep together—but do no mischief. The details of this walking, musing, sighing, and weeping, occupies the better portion of the volume. They agree that they are mutually wretched, and find their happiness in the mutuality of their convictions. She tells him her story, and he requites her with his own; and it is remarkable how like the stories are. In brief, they were born both under a perverse star, that, having imbued them with sensibilities of the most exquisite sort, has doomed them to be exquisitely selfish. They see nobody worthy of their sympathies till they see one another. She has taken a husband only because she desired a father; and, though he has found no wife, who could have served the purposes of a mother, yet there is no reason to suppose that he would not have done so, had he been so fortunate in opportunity as herself. But, she gets sick *with* the old man, if not *of* him, and thus finds her way to the Savoy, where she meets our young Raphaël, who, though he loves his mother very much—beyond all other human beings—is never happy enough with her to remain at home. Our young couple confess their loves, frankly enough, after a fashion peculiarly French. But, she shocks him, terribly by avowing herself an infidel. Her idea of a God is very different from that of other people. Now, Raphaël, though he obeys none of God's laws, is not satisfied that so pretty a lambkin should stray from the proper fold, and he addresses himself to her conversion. The process is usually an easy one, where the language which the saint employs is from the dictionary of love; but the confession is made slowly. In the meanwhile, their twin passion puts on the most fantastic shapes. Their rooms

are separated from each other only by a thin partition, and they sigh to each other, through the walls, all night. "Go to bed," says she. "No; it's your turn," he replies; and so they purr at each other, until he exclaims, "Oh! why is this wall between us?" This is sufficiently intelligible; and she tells him that it need not be—that she will unbolt her door—that he may enter—that he will meet a passion full as ardent and fiery as his own; but, that her persuasion is that the result will be her death! And the amiable Platonist forbears the privilege accorded him. He is content to lie, for the rest of the night, before her door, beneath which they converse together—she having placed the cushions of her sofa on the opposite side, and taken her place upon them, in order to facilitate this proceeding. Here, he finally falls asleep, his hands clasped on his knees, and his cheek leaning against the wall. Things go in this friendly and innocent fashion for some time, disturbed only by some small causes of disquietude. Our hero is occasionally rendered unhappy, as he finds that it displeases her only to mention the name of God! She does not believe in such a person, and does not wish to be vexed with reference to the merely possible. His arguments in behalf of the Deity are a little less sublime than sentimental. It is a question whether she is finally convinced, or only persuaded to believe. At all events, the recognition of the Divine Master does not lessen the Platonic passion; and, if her scepticism undergoes modification from his lessons, her heart does not seem to have benefitted by the enlargement of her faith. In a short time after, she persuades him that it would be the happiest of all arrangements to commit suicide together. They agree upon the plan; and a sail on the neighbouring lake affords the desired opportunity. They tie themselves up together, and he prepares to plunge with her into the lake; but, he sees her turn pale, at the last moment, and he sensibly re-resolves upon the matter. They do not commit suicide, but continue to commit Platonism, only, until the commands of the old husband call the young wife to Paris. Separating, she gives him her teapot and two cups of blue and pink china—memorials of her attachment, which he always kept, from that moment, upon his mantlepiece. It was from this teapot, and these blue and pink saucers, that they were wont to quaff bohea at

midnight. He follows her to Paris; and, then, like a dutiful son, goes home to see his mother. The lovers correspond—meet again at Paris—separate once more—and never meet again. Tidings of her death reach him, at a time when he expects to see her; and the catastrophe is at length concluded by his despondency and death, as a miserable recluse.

Such is the slender thread of story from which this volume is evolved. In the progress of this narrative of sentimentality, it is not denied that there are many redeeming traits of the poet, if not the philosopher—if, indeed, the two characters can rightly be separated. Certainly, there are many sweet and delicate touches of the artist—many fine delineations of scenery—occasionally, a bit of gentle and delicate reflection, and, sometimes, though much more rarely, a passage of shrewd remark and wholesome meditation. But, the monotonous recurrence of the same traits, scenes, and meditations, overpower you with weariness. The moral atmosphere is impure and conventional. The egotism is oppressive, and particularly disgusting in the case of persons who show themselves equally ungrateful to society and Providence—who abuse the privileges they both enjoy, while declaring themselves full of loathing towards their benefactors. At the very time that our hero is most sublimed with fine sentiment, he is draining the little hoarded treasure of his mother—consuming the pittance—all of which is essential to the support of herself and family—in the selfishness of his nature; totally regardless of her sorrows, privations and toils, by means of which his profligacy and passion are maintained, at the expense of duties the most sacred, and affections that should have been held precious beyond life itself. In going to Paris, for the further indulgence of his Platonic passion, he strips the mother of her last jewel, yielded willingly, but with many tears and some reproaches. Her love, which is unsentimental enough, is yet wholly unselfish. Upon his, loaded as it is with voluminous sensibilities, we are tempted to borrow our commentary from Sir Peter Teazle, and cry aloud, “Oh! d—n your sentiments!” Such, at all events, will be the usual language of British criticism on the character of a favourite hero, who professes the possession of a heart—and, such a heart!—yet lives like a prince, with the spirit of a pauper, and drains the resources of a poor and struggling fa-

mily that he may exist a genteel vagabond. The morality of this fiction is scarcely any better than that of George Sand. It is less regardless of the decencies, but not purer; and, for its piety, as little may be said. It is one of the types of a bad school—one with which France has been cursed since the days of Jean Jacques, and which is at the bottom of most of her misfortunes—a type which regards the Deity as an auxiliary only to good taste, and religion as a thing upon which fancy may expatiate, wholly regardless of the heart.

“*Les Confidences*,” or “*Confidential Disclosures*,” purport to be the memoirs of the author’s youth. The work is written is an autobiography. We are not sure that the author deals ingenuously with us when he makes this statement. The colouring is sometimes so warm as to make us doubt. At all events, though in the same style, and somewhat in the same vein as the preceding, it is yet free from most of its objectionable features. We have no complaints to make of outraged decencies, and the tone is higher and nobler. The narrative is also more interesting, the material infinitely more various, and an occasional episode relieves gratefully the uniform and sometimes monotonous details. Such, for example, is the story of “*Grasiella*,” which, though deficient in originality, is yet told with a charm and a grace—a sweetness and a truth of feeling—that make us regret that its author had not more frequently varied his narratives in the same happy manner. But, our purpose is not to review this work at present. It constitutes but one instalment of a series, for the conclusion of which we are perfectly content to wait.

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## ART. IV.—TUCKERMAN'S ESSAYS AND ESSAYISTS.

1. *Characteristics of Literature, Illustrated by the Genius of Distinguished Men.* By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, author of "The Italian Sketch Book," "Isabel, or a Pilgrimage through Sicily," "Thoughts on the Poets," &c. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1849.
2. *The Optimist.* By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. "That I may show the whole world that we ought to value little joys more than great ones; the night-gown more than the dress-coat; that Plutus' heaps are worth less than his handfuls; and not great, but little goodhops, can make us happy. You perceive, my drift is, that man may become a little tailor-bird, which, not amid the crashing boughs of the storm-tossed, roaring, immeasurable tree of life, but, upon one of its leaves, sews itself a nest together, and there lies snug."—*Jean Paul.* New-York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1850.

THE Essay, so famous in the days of Steele and Addison, constitutes but a small portion of the literature of the present time. The mental characteristics of our period are essentially different from those of their day and season, and demand a more stimulating, if not a more wholesome diet. The Essay belongs to a contemplative, rather than an active era. It is not permitted to an age of steam to pause and muse upon the mere forms of a season—the passing moods and fashions of society—the frivolous customs, the temporary tastes, the humours, or even the moral phases of a nice convention, or of ordinary life. These, in all periods, have usually furnished the topics for that class of writers whom we have, by common consent, recognized as the Essayists. They were such as delighted the genius of the fanciful but phlegmatic Addison, and the sweet and spontaneous Goldsmith; such as gave provocation to the dogmatic temper of Johnson, and roused to satire the lively faculties of Steele. That class of wits seem pretty much to have "died out" with the dynasty which beheld them in their best perfection; and wit itself, under the accepted definition of their time—when it signified rather a happy variety of resource than a spicy capacity for repartee—is no longer a commodity to be esteemed by ours. The Addison period seems to have been an interregnum, in which there was really

no crowned monarch of the Muse. Pope, Gay, and Somerville, in verse, fail to supply the vacancy occasioned by the absence of Milton, Cowley, Butler, and Dryden. In the Drama, the writers of the Queen Anne period, with Congreve, Lillo and Farquhar at their head, compare unhappily with Dryden, Otway and Lee, of the preceding age; and Addison, Steel, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Budgell, as Essayists, with all their merits as graceful limners of society, fall immeasurably short of the power, the freshness, the enthusiasm, and richer thought which distinguished the writings, in this department, of Milton, Fuller, Walton, Cowley, Dryden, and a dozen others. The difference was due to the decline of that intense mood in the nation which usually marks a people engaged in a zealous and earnest progress. It was a season of pause and rest, when, after long and violent struggles, the nation needed a temporary repose before recuperation. Zeal was no longer in harness, and Patriotism had grown too phlegmatic to be roused to passion for any cause. The Genius of Britain, under the chilling authority of a sovereign, cold and tasteless, like William the Third, or peevish and feeble, like Anne—achieving no foreign conquests, and busy only in exhausting strifes at home—was querulous rather than earnest; and, where it strove successfully, strove rather in beaten paths than in any enterprises which could open or discover new. Originality had its perils at such a season, or was in bonds by purchase. The genius of the nation was too much in the market, and the poet but too commonly perished in the pensioner. There is an intimate relation between the political virtues of a people and the literature which they most cherish; and the weaknesses which distinguish the reign of Anne—in a prince, the worst sort of vices—had no precious fruits to boast of, in literature, such as marked a very different soul and spirit in the nation by whose fierce courage and determined will a Stuart was brought to the block, and a Cromwell to the throne. Nor do we fail to perceive a character altogether superior in the English literature of a subsequent period, corresponding with the new-born energies of the people, as displayed in their foreign enterprises, their arts, arms, and the progress of discovery. Compare the writers, during the period of the two first Georges, with those who illustrated the career of the two preceding monarchs.

How superiour do they show, in courage, in force, in depth and freshness! These are quite as indicative of the political as of the intellectual history of the nation. The temperament of a people accords the true tone of the national writer, whatever may be the extent and the direction of his genius.

The class of writings generally understood when we speak of the Essay, indicates rather the manners than the morals of a literature. As we have said, it belongs to the contemplative rather than the creative in art. It shows grace, taste, and talent, rather than originality; and, when most encouraged by a people, illustrates a period when the graces and refinements of society stand rather in proof of its past than of its present performances. This is not the case in our day. The world has grown something more passionate: is, certainly, more restless and impatient; and, we think, much more adventurous and performing. It is, decidedly, more in earnest; and this declares equally, perhaps, for a greater degree of strength and a less degree of finish. It sympathizes little with the quiet repose—the soothing harmonies—the graceful amenities—the gentle enthusiasm—which furnish the chief materials of the Essay writer. Literature has assumed a more original aspect. It is a thing of more various flight, and more sleepless energies. It is now, as in earlier periods, required to perform the duties of the pioneer rather than the critic—to work rather than counsel—and this, as a natural result of the fields newly opened to enterprise, and the new *status* which the race has acquired under the encouraging auspices of gradually liberalizing institutions. Literature is now, perhaps, more than ever, associated with the great business of life. It becomes an active auxiliar, if not an actual leader, in the current toils of politics and statesmanship. History, under its new necessities, has assumed a higher rank, and shares the honours with Philosophy. The Essayist no longer contents himself with amusing his reader, or with insinuating his lessons, through the medium of fanciful allegory, or picturesque analysis. He takes upon him the toils of the preacher, and his language is rather that of the prophet than the phlegmatic. Instead of the quiet, contemplative chapters of Addison and Mackenzie, we have the passionate and daring speculations of Wilson and Carlyle. In place of the easy, unobtrusive numbers of Goldsmith—

rilling on in beguiling murmurs, like a clear, sylvan brooklet, prattling through green leaves and over polished pebbles—we have the fierce rush of Brougham, the sweeping, grasping volume of Macauley, or the deep, antique waters of Talfourd. Even where we do happen, in present times, upon the genuine Essayist, fashioned somewhat, though still faintly, after the days of Addison and Mackenzie—as in the instances of Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt—there is still such a difference in the degree of intensity which marks their writings—there is so much more real earnestness of purpose—so much deeper insight—so much stronger sympathy with the working condition of humanity—that, while we acknowledge their legitimacy as the representatives of a former class, they yet force upon us the conviction of a contrast, which, perhaps, we are yet slow to recognize as a proof of any superiority over their predecessors. We behold these day-workers of the present in very different attitudes from those of the times of Addison. They do not retire to green groves, or silent attics, meditating the scene only as spectators—which was the self-assumed condition of those to whom they are likened—but, stripped to the buff, and wrestling in the ring themselves. They assert no privilege to stand aloof while the conflict is in progress—the mere bottle-holders, or, at best, the eulogists of the rival parties. This constitutes the radical difference between the writers of the two periods. The one wrote as simple lookers-on, and having no interest in the affair, except as spectators; the others write as persons who feel all the enthusiasm of the combat, and who carry away from the field its bruises no less than its honours. It may be admitted, perhaps, that the elder Essayists were more calm and impartial observers. It is, doubtless, greatly to the credit of their temper, the position which they occupied; and, so far as they could be expected to sympathize with the actors and events, as spectators merely, it is, doubtless, quite true that we may more confidently rely upon their reports. But, in this consists the difficulty. Could they sufficiently sympathise with the struggle in which they did not share? They belonged to the same race with the combatants. How are we to esteem that sympathy which looks composedly upon the fraternal conflict, only with the eye of the amateur, and apparently without interest in the result? In

truth, for that sort of talent, which was essential to the Essayist of the Queen Anne period, a rare degree of phlegm was as essential as good taste. A certain icy temperature of the blood is necessary to a department in which enthusiasm and energy are never permitted to impair manners or derange costume. To "catch the manners living as they rose" was a faculty which needed vigilance rather than enterprise—which demanded the refining rather than the creative finger, and the step of grace rather than the wing for flight. The Essayists, then, did not often perceive the necessities of society. They had but little relevancy with its cause or progress. They were pleased to behold its exterior only. This they could smooth and polish as they would. It seldom vexed their equanimity. It was not provocative of earnest fears and hopes, nor did it prompt to energetic or passionate exhortation. They smiled, or sneered, or praised, but seldom wept or grieved at what they saw; and, looking down upon the vast wilderness of London—its sinks, its stews, its dens of grief and anguish and destitution—they saw nothing of its sores. Their eyes could detect only the want of graces in the courtier, the arts and caprices of the *belle*, or the fetches or subtleties of the ingenious idler, whose policy employed life only in tasking society for his maintenance in profligacy. At best, a feeble and pointless criticism—faultless, perhaps, but wanting in strength and thoroughness—like that in which the great master, like Milton, was reviewed by the clever schoolmaster, like Addison—or, an Essay, neatly worded, which arrayed, in just connection, all the commonplaces of some starch morality. These were the themes which but too commonly satisfied the wits of a period when the nation was undistinguished by any really commanding genius, whether in literature or politics. We read their Essays, at this day, with the distressing consciousness, all the while, that we are in communion with the most cold-blooded persons in the world. The tone of their narratives of the struggle which they have witnessed from their "loopholes of retreat," bring to mind the description of that delicate fopling who approached Hotspur to demand his prisoners, when the hero was still raging across the field, covered with dust and blood. They wear the appearance of those well-dressed persons whom we are apt to see at some great conflagration; who stand aside, at a

safe distance, and cavil at the performance of those who strive, in smoke and uproar, to subdue the flame. We acknowledge their good taste and good breeding; but, we ask, "What the d—l do they here?" We feel that they are very clever persons, but never forgive them their want of blood. That they have a nice judgment, in many things, we are willing to allow; but we naturally inquire why they do not take a hand with us in arresting the common danger? Critics they are, no doubt; but, their lack of proper sympathy with the subject seems to estop their full claims to a proper judgment upon it. We deny that they can be good judges of a condition in which they allow nothing for the smoke which blinds all eyes but their own, and the danger which assails the performer, and from which, at no moment, do they themselves entertain any apprehensions.

Now, this must not be construed into a contemptuous censure of the department of the Essayists. It is meant only to indicate the humbler position which is their rank in relation to the other workers in an original literature, and to justify that inferior sympathy which, as a class, they seem to inspire among the race of readers generally. We are quite willing to accord them much of the praise which the author before us assigns to them, in one of his prefaces. To "point out and uphold the poetry of life,"—social and ordinary, we suppose, is meant—and to insist upon "the common resources of nature," are clearly within the obvious duties of the Essayist. To illustrate "the scope and gracefulness attainable through wise and kindly comments on society," and to furnish "an appreciative interpretation of the true and beautiful in experience," are performances, certainly, of very great profit and pleasure to society—perhaps, more peculiarly within the province of the Essayist than any other class of writers. We are not sure that we detect in their writings, generally, that "blended acuteness and *enthusiasm*" of which our author tells us, inasmuch as we are very doubtful of the degree in which they possess the latter quality. But, that they merit the title of "urbane philosophers," which he confers upon them, and that they are more available to the comprehension of readers than more recondite, speculative inquirers," we cheerfully accord. "They make apparent," he says, in a phraseology slightly vague and

stilted, "the compensatory elements of human existence; they indicate the best means of refining our senses and keeping alive our better instincts; they disperse, from familiar charms, the mists of custom, and subdue the unhealthy devotion to what is artificial and melo-dramatic, by refreshing the mind with the unperverted affinities of nature," &c. After some exaggerations in regard to the offices of the Essayists, and their province—of which, by the way, they only share, in degree, with all other writers—he adds, more temperately, "They quietly suggest available food for reflection, and appropriate objects for sympathy, and, accordingly, minister to enlargement of thought, elevation of taste, and delicacy of feeling." Nicety, perhaps, rather than "enlargement" of thought. But, substantially, we have little cause of quarrel with this definition. The province of the Essayists is even as it is described by our author. They are the philosophers of simple life and society. It is their business to do justice to the humble and subordinate. Tastes, manners, sympathies, culture, dress, homely affections, and the phases of convention—these are their natural topics. To see clearly in their walks—to decide justly upon ordinary things, according to ordinary standards—to indicate becoming tastes—to refine the defects of an untrained manner, and rebuke the excesses of a diseased society—to bring the fancy to play, with a soft and grateful light, about the domain of vulgar necessities, and to cheer the lowly with a hope, drawn from histories in which Providence has sent forth angels, with miraculous powers, unexpectedly to bring comfort to the couch of pain—these, which require art and talent rather than genius—thought and sentiment rather than inspiration—fancy rather than imagination—sensibility rather than power—and the capacity for surfaces rather than interior philosophies—these suffice to show how extensive, how useful, how grateful to society, may, and should be, the office of the Essayist, who, with all the endowments of intellect, possesses a heart for ever expanding with just emotions and generous susceptibilities. Such was Oliver Goldsmith, in a past period, and Charles Lamb, in our own: both possessing, in addition, a vein of mild and genial pleasantry, which has almost got to be assumed as the essential of the Essayist; and both, through this medium, and by the employment of

sudden contrasts, attaining some of their happiest effects in the delineation of the opposite moods of the pathetic and conventional.

A bird's eye view at the progress of the British Essayists, in different periods—showing us how completely they represent the characteristics of a time, its tastes and energies—will tend still more to illustrate their uses. We must leave the reader to note this progress for himself. Let him run over the list of prose writers of England during the reigns of Elizabeth, the first James, and the first Charles, and note how admirably the character of court and people are shadowed forth by the Essayists as well as Dramatists. These, far more decidedly than the statesmen of the times, and their histories, remain to teach us what they were, and in how much their social progress contributed to the world's moral capital. How suggestive are the names of Philip Sydney, Verulam, Hooker, Raleigh, James Howel, (one of the most delightful of English Essayists, and but little known,) Owen Feltham, John Selden, and Sir Thomas Brown! And, the next period is like unto it—forming a similar catalogue, worthy of eternal record: Milton, Cowley, Fuller, Barrow, Bunyan, Clarendon, Dryden, Temple, Wotton! We may trace a change—a halting—a falling off—at the close of this period, significant of the social degradation which was to follow: the fruits of the misrule of the reign of the second Charles—enuring with even more evil to a future period than to his own. With Defoe, Pope, Steele, Addison, and Wortley Montague—polished, witty, graceful, spirited—always entertaining, and always solicitous of the proprieties, equally of convention and of art—we are scarcely conscious of the vast transition which has been made from the former to the present period, until we look for the echo, in our souls, of that which has so pleasantly sounded in our ears. The next period in which history records a decided improvement in the condition of the English family—in the greater strength of the third estate, and characterized by the fiercest struggles for British liberty—affords us corresponding proofs of a sterner, a deeper, and a nobler purpose in the writings of the British Essayists—an improvement still more decided than that which might be seen in the parallel histories of the Poets during the same periods. Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Henry Mackenzie, Junius, Lowth, Moore, Smol-

lett, Gibbon, Hooke, Hume, &c.: compare these—their intensity—their earnestness of purpose—the variety and importance of their subjects—their greater research and care—their more comprehensive thought, if not purer wisdom—with the characteristics of the race immediately preceding them, and we discover the beginning of a new and wonderful progress, equally in letters and society, which, in fact, substantially changed the character of the Essayist, as an exponent of the new condition of things which his labour was to illustrate. He was no longer the organ of passing moods and mere social caprices—could no longer content himself with the lively sketches of conventional character, which before had employed rather his faculties of observation and his fancies than his thoughts and studies. The age had higher requisitions. It could no longer spare the time consumed in the merely sportive and frivolous; nay, had little leisure even for pleasant portraiture of a character at once agreeable to good morals and the offices of art. Hereafter, he was to address himself to the higher objects of the masses, gradually rising into a political estate, and to recognise their wants, however rudely urged, as quite worthy of notice, when taken into consideration in connection with their daily acquisitions of wealth and power. As a matter of course, under the new *régime*, the Essayists of the old school of British literature mostly disappeared. The literature of a people instinctively appreciates all the changes in society. Under each fresh impulse of the national heart the organs of its mind receive a new stimulus; and the voice that spoke only in flute-like accents, in its hours of drowse and apathy, is found to pour forth the clamours of the trumpet, when the auditor prepares to arm himself for the battle. In place of the musing and contemplative tribe, whose grace and sweetness—whose sportiveness and delicacy of fancy—had afforded the sufficient charm to the nation, at a period when its court and all the higher classes were under the corrupting influences of a Gallic dominion, the race of critics arose—writers who elevated the simple Essay into a higher rank in letters, securing for it greater authority and ascendancy. They grafted upon it new qualities of earnestness; and, instead of addressing it to the tastes and humours of the times, made their appeal, through this medium, to its ambition and its necessities. The Essay became an introduction to a stern

examination of the characteristics equally of books, of arts, of politics, and men. It compassed histories and biographies—it discussed the condition of States and the measures of cabinets—the interests as well as the humours and caprices of society. In place of the pleasant sketch, the fruit of a single sitting, in which little more was done than to pursue a favourite suggestion of the fancy, it delivered treatises which demanded earnest deliberation, close research, and a thought largely exercised in the topics which concern the absolute safety of society. The range was no less wide and various than thorough. “From grave to gay—from lively to severe,” they passed, with a rapidity which satisfied moods the most capricious. Instead of the single author, who, in serial publications, must needs be monotonous, or the small knot of two or three, having the same habits of thought and similar tastes, the Review subsidized the leading minds in remote sections, and thus secured for its objects a leading requisite—that of an infinite variety. The ancient Essayist was not so much superseded as absorbed. Still contributing to the so-much-desired variety, you might find his quaint fancies, his social sketches, and his picturesque delineations interwoven with topics legitimately associated, the severity of which they contributed to enliven; and, losing its externals, merely, the Essay took a higher rank, and grew into an authority as well as a companion—the natural result of the alliance with more ambitious associates. The Essayist might well become the critic, yet maintain every necessary essential of his former department. It was only his province that was enlarged. The criticism of recent periods—in its great increase of philosophy and force—in earnestness and power—was only the natural and full development of an endowment which was enfeebled, originally, by the inferior aims and achievements of society. Were Addison, now, a writer for the Edinburgh, you would see the most wonderful change in his manners and carriage. He would review Milton in a different spirit, though his phraseology might not be a whit improved. He would never, at least be permitted to display only the surfaces of his subject; and no degree of delicacy and grace of utterance—no purity of style—would be held an equivalent for frigidity of narrative, or a shallow accumulation of commonplace. Compare the poetry of Byron, Scott, and Shelley, with that of Hayley, Shenstone, and

Mickle, and you have no unfair comparison of the reviewers of modern times, in Great Britain, with the Essayists in the time of Anne and George the First. Grace, art, delicacy, and a gentle humour, with a pleasant surface-philosophy, but without thoroughness, marked the one; but it too much lacked the elements of insight, eagerness, intensity, and courage, which give force and freedom to the other. The critic grasped at loftier conceptions than the Essayist; cherished higher considerations of life, which were more important to humanity; opened new avenues to philosophy and history, and enlarged the boundaries of science and art. He elevated narrative by analysis and suggestion, and borrowed from the imaginative in order to wing the contemplative. He did more: He helped to furnish better notions of what virtue demanded, as well from the citizen as the statesman; and, in the very choice of his topics, he opened the eyes of readers to a more just appreciation of what was required of life. The triflings of the club-room gave place to the deliberations of a society resolved on work; and, instead of a conceited group of overgrown urchins, prattling over their petty sentimentalities and tidy humours—selfishly, and, in circles, religiously *tabooed* against the rest of the world—ambitious only of the reputation of men of wit about town—we have the same talent, properly employed, *pro bono publico*, in an arena free to all comers, and exercising itself with subjects at once necessary to the welfare of states, and grateful to all the best interests of a whole people? What has been the result of this change, in respect to public men? The answer to the question—we are speaking now of Great Britain—affords a sufficient commentary upon the suggestion already made, that the literature of a country, in its morals, must most certainly illustrate and keep pace with the moral of society. The public men of Great Britain have sensibly risen in the scale of character since the days of Pope and Bolingbroke; and the character of men of letters has risen, also, in a corresponding degree. Neither the one nor the other trades upon his talent, after the fashion of Swift and the wits of his period. The social requisitions, steadily increasing, have established standards more severely exacting, in respect to all the professions. Public men feel themselves bound by more rigid laws of duty; literary men have ceased to be the despicable retainers of court and faction; and

the pension, which, but a hundred years ago, was the price paid for the soul as well as service of the venal Essayist, or poet, is now, by the imperative decree of public opinion, accorded only to the unquestionable claims of an intellect, which, while it proves its power over the public mind, is never to be found in the public market. The pensions awarded, by the Crown of Great Britain, to Southey, Lamb, Wordsworth, and others, of our day, were bought by achievements wrought for the nation. No venal toils, undertaken for prince, or faction, could, at the present, as in past times, challenge their compensation from the public treasury.

We have no doubt that the changes wrought upon the essay, as it was known in the days of Addison, were all decided improvements. Indeed, we are free to say that no one familiar with the English Essayists of a still remoter period, would ever accord to that of Addison the palm of superiority, or even comparative excellence. The papers of Milton, Sidney, Fuller, Barrow, South, Dryden, and a host beside, all belonging to this category, are immeasurably superior in depth, strength and purpose, to any thing which we owe to the wits and fine writers of Queen Anne's period. There is more vigour of thought, more boldness of flight, and a style of more force and character, even though it may lack something of the harmony and polish. It is thought by many, who yet yield the question of general excellence, that, in mere point of style, the writers of the Addison class and times have the advantage over those that follow. But, even on this point, we may be permitted to entertain a doubt. There is a good deal of cant and bigotry in respect to this matter of style. At one time, within the memories of the present generation, we were required to build our faith upon Addison, and frame our periods wholly upon the model prescribed by his. Our teachers seem never to have had any misgivings upon the subject of individuality, nor to have been disturbed by any thought of what was due, in the way of original expression, to speculations, conceptions and fancies, entirely original. As for peculiarity of temperament, implying necessarily a peculiar type for language, that was a matter that demanded not a moment; and the man of ardent temper, full to overflow with daring and world-wide conceptions, eager to declare his object and impetuous in the pursuit of it, was to train his flight in the school of a phlegmatic. Mil-

ton himself was to be modified by Master Addison—Burgundy subdued by milk and water ; and, before Dryden could attempt his mighty march with his stately coursers, “ the long-resounding march and majesty divine,” he must hobble his steeds with neat steel fetters, of uniform size, such as Dryden himself ventured to put upon the horses of the Sun, when he undertook to rhyme the “Paradise.” Style is quite as arbitrary as the thought which takes it for a medium. The style belongs to the topic, and to the particular genius of the writer. The temperament, which affects the choice of subject, must necessarily determine also the mode of expression. Men of true ability have really no choice, and cannot have, in matters of style, where the subject matter belongs to the suggestion of a native mood or genius. Addison’s style belongs to the quiet temperament, easy good nature, gentlemanly tastes, and a smooth epicurean philosophy. For writers of this class it is probably the perfection of style. But, for writers of a more earnest nature, it will never answer. It would enfeeble the thought ; and the consciousness of a regularly recurring cadence, would be fatal to those freedoms of expression, which are natural to the utterance, where the matter urged is argumentative and passionate. We may admit that the style of the present day is more loose than in that of Addison, and perhaps more diffusive,—though that is very questionable. But, has it not gained in freedom, and variety, much more than it has lost in circumspectness and method ? Let us take an example, by way of illustrating this inquiry. Compare the copious abundance of Christopher North, in expression, as well as thought and fancy, with the best tuned of all the harmonious periods in Addison. Allow that the sentences of the latter, when isolated, are more correct and even more musical ; yet, restored to the paragraph, how monotonously do they read in comparison with the chapters of the modern. They may deserve the credit of greater simplicity, but how greatly do they fail in the compass, the frequent overflow, the vivacity and freedom, which give a nameless charm, and that “infinite variety which nothing seems to stale,” to the writings of the accomplished blackguard of Blackwood’s Magazine. In point of richness, raciness, excursiveness, depth and manliness, the space between them is immeasurable. To borrow a comparison from a sister department of letters, we may safely assert that the style of the Modern

Essayists, regarding such writers as Hazlitt, Wilson, Charles Lamb, and Talfourd, possesses a freshness in its very freedom, which the staid and cautious graces of Addison could never possibly attain. They employ a lyrical gush, and an abundance, in their variety, which have wonderfully enlarged the somewhat narrow boundaries, to which, in previous periods, (Milton, Sydney, and a few others to be excepted, who boldly carried the voice of poetry into the province of the humbler form of speech,) prose utterance had been quite too much confined.

We have already remarked passingly upon the great difference between the topics respectively chosen by the past and more recent writers of the Essay. The point is one that deserves a farther reference, as it denotes a more radical change in the thought and character of society, than belongs simply to the caprices of popular taste or the indulgence of its humours. The subjects of the *Spectator*, and other kindred publications of the same and subsequent periods, were quite too frequently of a character most ephemeral. We do not except from this category those essays which treated of morals, the principles of which were already well recognized, and which it was the object of the writer rather to dilate upon and to exemplify, than to introduce or establish ;—a labor which, of necessity, precluded, in great degree, the exercise of all originality. If the topic was not some virtue upon which it was the aim of the writer simply to insist, it was some passing habit, some silly temporary custom—a humour of the times—a borrowed fashion—or the portraiture of some well known character about town, who had made himself conspicuous for a simplicity or an impertinence. No doubt, these are all legitimate topics. That archery is praiseworthy which sends its shaft at the “folly as it flies ;”—and he is no less useful, *in degree*, who rids the land of its caterpillars, than the Hercules who perils life in assaults upon the hydra. But it is with allowance that our acknowledgments must be made. It is *in degree*, only, and after a long interval, that we recognize the claims of the minute benefactor, with those of him who takes upon himself the purging of the stables of Augeas, or the overthrow of the gigantic brood of public enemies. To divert and amuse, seems to have been the object mostly of the Essayists ; and if the style was pure and graceful,

the thoughts were apt to be puerile and tame. Our utilitarianism is of a sort readily to recognize the propriety of labours undertaken for the mere purpose of amusing and beguiling society of its cares; but this employment must derive its sanction from the understood fact that society is performing, struggling, and in earnest, at the same time. A frivolous condition of the public mind must not be tampered with by farther contributions to its improper moods and appetites; and even the moral essay, at such a period, affords too little of the necessary caustic to answer the purpose of the reformer. It is in the topic, usually, that we find the provocation for the thought; and if this be not of a sort addressed to the real and pressing necessities of a community, it is doubtful whether any lessons teaching mere amenities are not grievously misapplied. When the city is in danger of violent doom, the prophet must not discourse upon popular manners. Now, our Addisonian Essayists, their master at their head, with Steele, Tickell, Parnell, Budgell, *et id omne genus*, do not seem often to have chosen their topics with regard to the moral of English society in their day—though most grievously in need of it. Their chief care was the manners and externals—the outward carriage, the mere deportment of the fine lady and the citizen. The topic too frequently involved an apparent necessity for trifling, and flippancy very often obtruded itself upon the reader in the place of wit. The treatment of the subject, even where judiciously chosen, was not always appropriate to its real exactions; the writer usually seeming to fear, lest, in giving way to his topic, he should prove too profound for the reader or himself. But the fault lay too frequently in the choice of topic, and this misfortune arose from the deficiencies of society, rather than the Essayist. He took his text from the popular wish instead of its necessity, and this seldom offered sufficient provocation to study. It had no long train of relevant fancies and associations. It conducted to no depths of a fresh and encouraging philosophy. It lifted upon no wings of art to enlivening regions of joy and sun-shine. It was artful and ingenious without exercising any of the nobler offices of art. It seldom prompted invention. Its criticism was mostly of a French and *finicking* kind; pretty and precise; and that it was not pedantic, arose probably from the necessity of making it popular. It was never deep, and never thorough,

and its fancies were expended chiefly upon the merest conventionalities, which, in the nature of things, must die out in a brief season, without rendering it necessary to summon any executioner. It might bring us flowers, but if it did so, the poor things seem to have been drawn from the hot-house, not from the healthy fields of nature; and were arranged in the trim, prim, array of the Flemish gardener, so much esteemed in that period. The rows of box and the dwarf elms, and the parallel trees "nodding to each other," as sneered at by Pope—himself an artist too much of the same school—furnished our Essayists chiefly with their materials for rustic delineation, quite as much at the expense of art as nature—a labour in which a feeble fancy occasionally strove to make escape from the confines and confusion of a crowded city sphere.

Let us not be misunderstood. We thus rate much of the essayical writings of a time when the essay itself too disproportionately occupied the literature of the country; but we must not be construed to disparage the performance when devoted to its proper uses and written by the proper masters. No doubt the essay of the time, with all its deficiencies, had its uses for society. One objection is, that, while it belonged essentially to the time, it did not rise sufficiently above it—it did not seek the full exercise of its objects and attributes; the spirit of the writer too often yielding to the paralyzing control of society and of courts that had neither tone nor character, the influences of which seemed daily more and more successful in subjecting English mind to foreign dominion, and in emasculating the genius, if not the language, of the nation. The court was declining in power, and the people not yet in position; a courageous and patriotic talent would have darted between and taken the game out of the hands of the one, while preparing it for the hands of the other. But the patriotism of the essayist is not one likely to lead to martyrdom. His temperament involves no rashnesses. It is seldom sanguine. As a reformer, he aims at manners rather than morals, and you seldom find him where the storm is brewing. How much of this imbecility was due to the dependance of so many of the popular writers of the day upon the court—to the habit, so general among politicians, of buying up the clever pens of ready writers—may readily be conjectured. Our essayists, as hacks of party, had too little sympathy with their vocation ever

to seek its elevation; which could best be done only by bringing the full force of their endowments to bear upon their performances. Even as essayists, to which their tastes particularly inclined them, we find too much that is cool, frigid, phlegmatic;—they do not often seem to have written *con amore*. Yet Addison and Steele both had presentiments of what the essay might become. Their occasional critiques, and passing reviews of the old writers, are in earnest of those high purposes to which the department has subsequently been advanced. The critique on Milton, for example—to whose full appreciation Addison does not seem ever to have attained—is in proof of an effort, however moderate, to rise above the social atmosphere which he was compelled to breathe. This critique, and others in the same collection, are now absolutely valueless; so grievously do they fall below their subject; yet do they foreshadow the subsequent natural transition, by which the essayist has passed into the reviewer. How truly do these performances illustrate the feebleness and ignorance, the bad taste, and the emptiness of an age, which needed that Addison should teach what was due to Milton, and when such criticisms as that referred to were deemed adequate exponents of his claims.

But, though we see the essayist, in modern times, so generally superseded by the reviewer, his vocation is by no means ended. The essay is a distinct province of literature, quite as legitimate as any other. It is one which holds a proper place in the walks of authorship, and possesses certain claims to our respect and sympathy, which can never be wholly set aside for any other. Its charge is over the amenities, the graces, the tastes and *morale* of society, and it occupies a field which we should never leave in naked fallow. Its province is especially manners, and those smaller moods, which prevail in society in the absence of its enthusiasm, and during the pauses of its progress. Addison, in his dedication to Lord Somers, of the papers of the *Spectator*, speaks of them as “a work which endeavours to polish and cultivate human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either useful or ornamental to society.” The definition may be admitted, though by no means one with which the essayists have been always careful to comply. Perhaps that of Mr.

Tuckerman, in the second of the works named in our rubrick, will more explicitly declare what is due from the essayists, and what we have a right to expect at their hands. "They describe the genuine sources, both of pleasure and improvement, and eloquently indicate that minor philosophy which cultivates the original and spontaneous resources of human life; which gratefully recognizes natural laws, and seeks to observe them; and which practically maintains that truth is the most satisfactory nutriment for the mind, beauty for the imagination and love for the heart. They hold, as it were, the prism of sympathetic intelligence up to the common lights of day, and cause its warm and brilliant, though latent hues, to re-appear. They analyze daily life to discover truth, and celebrate the reign of beauty in order to kindle the spirit of love. . . . Comparatively humble as this species of literature may be, in the estimation of highly practical or absolutely scientific authors, the intended service is noble, and, if worthily fulfilled, inspires affectionate and endearing regard, as is proved by the household fame such writers enjoy."

This is said, by our author, of the labours of the optimist; but it is thus that he describes the essayist. He is measurably correct. The essayist is the household author—the delineator of daily and ordinary life. He is not creative, but he may be fanciful; and, with moderate art, he may bring the ideal to hallow and embalm the material, and elevate the commonplace. We cannot forego this class of writers—we cannot well spare them,—and we should be grievously distressed if their province should be left neglected for others of more pretension. In an age like ours, which is so fondly insisted upon as one entirely of progress, and in which we do certainly move with astonishing rapidity, though our advance may well admit of question, the quiet, gentle, persuasive form of composition which characterizes the essay,—in which doctrine is to be insinuated rather than taught, and by which error and imperfection are to be beguiled rather than rebuked—the essay will probably command a too limited circle of admirers. Its mild graces will appeal only to that class of persons—not actually forced into the ring—who prefer retiring to cool shades and secure retreats—away from the heat and bustle of the crowd; communing upon what they see, and musing in pleasant

reverie upon the struggles of that world, in whose vicissitudes they do not seem to share. They will naturally prefer to linger over those studies, in which the writer, like themselves, appears to look down from some secure loopholes of retreat, upon the progress of the distant masses, and studiously forbear to plunge into the restless moral whirlpools, which excite rather their terrors than their curiosity. A sufficient degree of human sympathy will enable them to look with pity upon the strifes which refuse to the combatants that peace which they are so fortunate as to enjoy; and their humanity will find sufficient exercise and aliment from those meditations which, erringly, prefer to strip man of his passions wholly, rather than be compelled to mourn over their perversion. In the essay of the optimist, students of this class will always be sure of a gentle philosophy, such as is always better pleased to show the race at play than at work; and may now and then, as the cloud and dust of the field disappears, under the influence of some blessed Sabbath of the century, be permitted to enjoy pleasant visions of the reign of Astrea restored to earth. Here, even while his subject treats of strife, his lessons shall be of repose. If he depicts the griefs of the world without, he contrasts them with the peace enjoyed within—a peace depending purely upon the whiteness in which he has kept his soul. If he paints the trials, toils and afflictions of the world, he studiously couples the narrative with gentle portraiture of a ministry forever watchful and busy in the affairs of man; superior to his passions; counselling him and restraining them, and always brimfull of promise, teaching sweet assurances of a dawn of better things and times. The essay, in his hands, is thus the fireside mentor. It is a form of composition of peculiar use and propriety in the domestic circle. It is usually brief, to be read and relished at a single sitting. Its style is clear, simple and unaffected; its arrangement uncomplex, and its matter varied in accordance with the caprice of passing events. The essayist, accordingly, furnishes a fit commentary for every changing mood of the family circle. He avoids topics of party or vexation, or, if he treats of these, it is only in such a mode as will quiet the anger of the rival champions. He gives sympathies rather than counsels—soothes the thought to meditation rather than exertion, and, in the employment of a mild tone and a

graceful fancy, makes the moral lovely, which the sterner censor, the critic, would only render harsh. He represents a class of writers whose tempers are placid, whose tastes shrink from the world's collision, whose habits are circumspect and shy, whose policy is conservative, who fear the mischances of progress too greatly to attempt it, and who are too well satisfied of the present ever to risk its securities upon a doubtful future; particularly as, in the language of Mr. Tuckerman, their study is "to make apparent the compensatory elements of human existence." They preserve the past, with a reverence which makes them love to pore over its chronicles; and seldom look to the future, whose forests they are unfitted to explore. They prefer reverie to discussion; and possess,—instead of imagination, which is always combative and adventurous,—a meek, submissive fancy, which proves itself the loveliest handmaid to persuasion. We should be sorry to see the essay die wholly out of the land, and are particularly pleased, at a time when the temper of the race is continually yearning for new fields of conquest, if a mild and graceful circle should still be found, in every community, to whom its gentle amenities shall still be precious;—who will prefer to linger over the treasury already won by art and arms, without yearning after newer acquisitions—who will give a secure place to the possessions already made secure;—who will still present these attractively to the public eye, and, at pauses in the strife, urge becomingly on its regards, the subdued temper, the moderate tone, the nice propriety, the pure fancies and the jealous tastes, which, beyond any other form of literary composition, the essay is best calculated to promote and preserve.

With these opinions, we rejoice to welcome every production of this class which issues from the American press. In our world, the essay is really more important, as an agent of civilization and refinement, than in any of the old States of Europe. If it suffered decline in England, because of the more impetuous impulses of the national temper, and the freshening stimulus of a new popular excitement, much more greatly do the same influences prevail, to its disparagement, in America, where all the tendencies are to an increasing restlessness, and where the necessities of the race are habitually hostile to repose. Here, we need repose, if only to afford opportu-

nity of meditation to the popular thought. Our people are passionate, rather than contemplative. The national mind is one of feverish urgency, sanguine, eager for action, restive under restraint and forever breaking away from place and form, in search of the rough collision which it too much loves. Its mission, at present, would seem to be conquest, not contemplation. Its training has rendered it eager in pursuit, hardened it for struggle, impelled it in the single direction which leads to the camp rather than the altar, and given it up to passions that goad it forever to performance, rather than to fancies that beguile it from the path. The nation is *living* the epic, that other generations perhaps will write. Its history is a wild romance. It bears the banner of civilization, though it reaps few of its sublimer fruits, and it will be a long season before it can possibly settle down into that quiet method, which will afford sufficient scope for taste, to interpose with her softer ministries, to refine the vigour which it now exhibits in excess. A nation forever in the dust of the highway, forever in the *melée*, with no interval for rest or recreation, is an imposing, but not always the most noble spectacle. It is a nation at war, and the muses, as we learn from the best authority, are but too apt to be silent at such periods. Happy, if, in the conflict, we can catch the beguiling music from other spheres, more in harmony with nature and the soul. Happy, if there be some among us, content to turn aside from the common progress, and modify its tendencies, and mollify its rages; who can sing us a song of quiet vallies, and teach more soothing harmonies, and unfold us thoughts of gentle beauty, and warm us with better affections than those which follow from the acquisition of provinces, or in the accumulation of the precious metals. In offices like these, the essayist claims kindred with the poet; and if not wholly prepared for the higher inspirations of the one, it is grateful, at least, if we can be won to listen by the more mortal, but still elevated persuasions of the other. The essayist, indeed, has this advantage over the poet, with an audience such as ours. While he teaches contemplation, and quietly improves the taste, his objects are obviously more practical. He ostensibly speaks to our ordinary necessities, cunningly interfusing with these occasional glimpses of fancy, of a yearning for better things, of a spiritual thirst, which, under his gradual offices, may prepare a partially ex-

hausted, if not a thirsting people, to turn aside to waters of a holier inspiration.

Among the very few writers who, in America, have addressed themselves to the essay, in preference to all other forms of literature, Mr. Tuckerman perhaps deserves the highest distinction. He has, more rigidly than any other, adhered to the particular character of the composition thus described. Without refusing to avail himself of the changes made upon the essay, he has contrived that these "graftings" shall not really alter the form of the production, but shall be tributary to it. He is not a critic, not a reviewer, not a lecturer, yet he employs the agencies of all these in the preferred character of the essayist. His field, speaking of America only, is one which exhibits few competitors. We have, perhaps, already shown good reason, referring to the impatient and restless character of the public mind, why this should be so. We can recall the names of but few who have in this wise distinguished themselves among us. Wirt was perhaps a better essayist than orator or lawyer. He will rise in this character. There has been much boast among us of Dennie, in former times, who appeared in the very first dawning of American letters; but, though a correct and pleasing writer, he has left no decided impression upon the public mind, and there was quite too little force in what he wrote to make his meditations effective. Irving and Paulding are both essay writers, and it is not improbable that future criticism will declare their works of this class to be among the most excellent of their performances. Some of the occasional papers of Dana have a profounder value than belongs generally to the essay; but these form no great portion of his literary labours. Of Jones we have had occasion to speak briefly and approvingly in preceding pages. Emerson is an able essayist, of a school too much on stilts, too ambitious of the mystical, to be always secure of the sensible and true. He is decidedly popular with the *transcendentalists*, if we may recognize, by a term so dignified, a rather inflated race, who presume somewhat upon the fact that their place of birth is a few degrees nearer the rising sun than ours. Emerson aims to be a reformer, after the fashion of Carlyle; and no doubt has large merits, which might be available to common and beneficial use if they were less clouded and embarrassed with his affectations of the

Delphic. We might name a few other writers, who have adopted this form of letters as their medium of communication with the rest of the world. But we can mention none, on our side of the Atlantic, whose claims as an essayist may be more favourably stated than those of the author immediately before us. The volumes named at the head of this article are the last which have been issued from his pen, and are probably among his best performances. They are certainly very fair samples of his style of writing and thinking, and afford us an excellent idea of his mind and character. The first of these volumes—"The Characteristics of Literature"—contains eleven papers,—the subjects of which are "Sir Thomas Browne," whom our author adopts as the model philosopher; "Shenstone," who is his *dilletante*; "Channing," his moralist; "Swift," his wit; "Roscoe," his philanthropist; "Lamb," his humourist; "Macaulay," his historian; "John Sterling," his idealist; "Burke," his rhetorician; "Aikenside," his scholar; and, in a review of the final memorials of Lamb and Keats, edited by Talfourd and Milnes, he discusses the biographer. This arrangement is rather an artificial one, since the discussion of the several characteristics is made to depend upon the peculiar qualities of the individuals discussed. These are not always the best, or the most striking samples of the class of writers who represent the subject under discussion. We should utterly deny, for example, that John Sterling should be a chosen sample of the idealist, though every poet must necessarily, to some degree, be such; and we should apprehend that some injustice might be done to the endowments of Burke, by employing his name to distinguish the class of simple rhetoricians. Not that Mr. Tuckerman commits any such injustice in his analyses, respectively, of these and other characters. He accords the fullest credit to the genius and the philosophy of Burke, and by no means overrates the pretensions of Sterling. It is one of the peculiar merits of Mr. Tuckerman, that his view is usually a singularly just one; and, with tastes exceedingly decided, and preferences, which are everywhere apparent for certain departments of writing, yet he comes to the judgment upon his subjects with a mind remarkably free from prejudice and bias, and fully informed upon, and quite accessible to, all the characteristics of the particular subject which he examines. His manner of writing unites the essayist of the old school

with the critic of the new. He is the analyst as well as essayist. He treats the system of the author and his performance together, and relieves happily the monotone of the essayist with the argumentative habit of the reviewer. Sometimes he narrates, at others muses and philosophizes, and then, descending to his author, he tests his performance by the suggested standards of his previous speculations. For this practice, there are few writers more capable than Mr. Tuckerman. He is a devotee to letters. His subjects are almost wholly literary. His mind lives in this realm as in an atmosphere of its own. He is extensively read in English classics, and has evidently drank freely of the fountains supplied by the British dramatists, an acquaintance with whom is absolutely necessary to all those who would realize the powers and compass of the language. In these studies, a general and sympathizing nature has taught him to look below the surface, and not suffer himself to be deceived by a rough outside or an unfamiliar manner. His tastes have fused within his own mind all the purer particles in theirs. He not only understands, but feels them; and his success, accordingly, is singularly striking in all those portions of his articles where his analysis takes the form of narrative, and sums up their qualities. He does not examine his subjects in detail. He realizes their wholeness, and gives their characteristics in a summary, which is entirely his own. The summary is made with the entireness of a charge to the jury, the argument keeping pace with the evidence, and the conclusion being made inevitable by the progress of the statement.

The admirer of the quaint, thoughtful and imaginative old philosopher, Sir Thomas Browne, will be perfectly satisfied with the just and appreciative estimate of Mr. Tuckerman. Without seeking to make a keen analysis of his subject,—without examining his philosophies closely, or taking any one of his numerous performances into nice consideration—he has classed together their most characteristic traits, and illustrated the features of his mind by a soft and pleasing general portraiture. A few brief, judicious extracts, here and there, suffice to exhibit his most prominent aspects, and enable us to give credence to the conclusions of our author, as he carries us forward, step by step, in a narrative at once thoughtful and attractive. His tastes, his fancies, his sympathies, his philoso-

phy, and the general scope of his mind, are all brought out to view, and the *tout ensemble* is one of a harmonious wholeness, which, to the reader already familiar with the writings of the old philosopher, leaves nothing to be desired, and nothing to be complained of;—to those to whom he is unknown, the essay of our author will prove a pleasant lure to his volumes, of which there is a beautiful modern edition.

The portrait of Shenstone is to the life. The general reflections of Mr. Tuckerman upon this feeble but amiable *dilettante* are at once well put and truthful. But, we pass to the paper on Channing—decidedly one of the best in the volume—showing a bolder style of thought, a more comprehensive criticism, and a degree of independence, as well as good sense, which prove Mr. Tuckerman to be capable of more adventurous efforts in the fields of psychological analysis. The purity, the coldness, the intense individuality of Channing—his tenacious egotism—his lack of geniality—his sympathy with the race, too frequently at the expense of the individual—are all portrayed with a skill and courage worthy of the highest credit; and we readily concur in the opinion that, while a determined individual will, which shaped out to Channing, almost at the beginning, a certain definite career, was the chief source of his great distinction, it was coupled with a lamentable immobility of character, which took all the geniality out of his nature; which deprived him, though a philanthropist, of almost all knowledge of his fellow man, and thus defeated one of the chief objects in his aim—the capacity to serve him with sympathy and succour him with truth.

Of Swift, Mr. Tuckerman's opinions are just and well detailed. His wit—his directness of purpose—his strength of will—his courage—his indefatigable energy—the native force of his genius—the absoluteness of his sense—are all allowed and insisted upon, in due relation with his cold selfishness of heart, and the earthy tendencies which rendered his character as base, probably, as any that ever commixed with Genius, without being sweetened by its sensibilities, or lifted by its wing. The portrait of Roscoe is a pleasant one, but one of mere eulogy throughout. It serves up the chief particulars in the career, personal and literary, of that amiable man and graceful historian; but, the author seems to have aimed more at a biographical

than a critical sketch ; and, in this, he was somewhat anticipated, and in a similar vein, by the well-known essay of Irving.

Charles Lamb evokes all the sympathies of our author. This paper, and that devoted to the final memorials of Lamb and Keats, should be read together. They furnish a graceful essay upon an Essayist, whose humour Mr. Tuckerman evidently feels warmly and appreciates fondly, though he does not seek to imitate it. He suffers none of Lamb's traits to escape him—lingers, with pleasure, upon his several attributes of pathos, sentiment, and humour, (in all of which he excelled) and has drawn such a portrait of his life and performances as must satisfy every admirer of the gentle and loveable Elia. In his estimate of Macaulay, Mr. Tuckerman concurs with most of the Reviewers, with this difference, that he joins issue with such of them as deny the philosophical faculty to the historian. On this point, Mr. Tuckerman happily remarks that Macaulay has "so arranged his facts, and related his story in so lucid and emphatic a manner, that the latent and general truths evolve themselves, to a reflective mind, more impressively than if set forth in an argumentative shape."

Of the prose writings of Sterling, we know nothing except from this paper of Mr. Tuckerman. His poetry—a good-sized volume—was published, not long since, in this country. It did not strike us as a very remarkable collection. We noticed some plaintive compositions, here and there an impressive or touching line, and an occasional elegy, that denoted a subdued yet earnest spirit, seeking, as it were, to soar, without absolutely taking flight. Mr. Tuckerman describes him as a writer whose life was incomplete ; with a mind appreciative rather than productive, and excelling in mental portraiture. We leave it to him to satisfy the reader in regard to his subject. Of Burke, we are told that "his mind was essentially speculative ; he delighted in curious observation ; his range of inquiry was broad and refined ; yet, to public affairs, he brought a calm, practical judgment, a sobriety of mood, a perception of the actual relation of things, and the absolute claims of an exigency, as if he had been wont to deal in matters of fact, and had drawn every lesson from stern experience." But, Mr. Tuckerman is better at a summary, or a portrait, than a defini-

tion, and his narrative would suffer misrepresentation by detaching from it any single sentences. His essay upon Burke's career and character affords as correct an idea, if not a sufficiently ample one, of that great master of argument as we may find any where. His paper on Aken-side is equally satisfactory. We think, however, that he overrates him, as a poet. The passages which he quotes, from the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, are not, in our opinion, greatly calculated to impress us with the vigour of his own; and, the continued neglect of this performance, at a period which prides itself upon the unwearied resuscitation of neglected but meritorious authors, would seem to show that neither the world nor modern criticism is prepared to sanction the high estimate which Mr. Tuckerman has set upon his muse. We can understand why our author should make this estimate of Akenside. He, also, was an Essayist. He belonged to the school of the moral-contemplative; and, possibly, had his "*Pleasures*" taken the form of the Essay, rather than the Poem, its claims would have been much more generally recognized than those of Addison.

We must confine ourselves to a single quotation, only, from this pleasant and instructive volume. We take the passage, almost at random, from the paper on Channing. It is a fair specimen of our author's modes of writing and thinking. It illustrates, equally, the philanthropy and egotism of Channing, which were inseparable from the nature of the man :

"The remark of one of the schoolfellows of Channing, when the latter was cited as an example—'it is easier for him to be good'—at once recognises a peculiar moral idiosyncrasy. We need but to glance over the records of biography to perceive that there is a distinct class of men who represent the saintly, as others do the heroic and poetical character. The retirement in which such natures ripen, was sought of old in the hermitage and convent; and now, as in the instance before us, in a kind of self-imposed monachism. It is, however, a serious question whether, after all, this is a healthful species of moral development. Let any human being, of strong will, live upon a fixed system of meditative retirement, and his passions will grow calm, his interest in outward life diminish, and, with the requisite temperament, he easily becomes rapt in spiritual ecstasies. When a man is endowed with remarkable conscientiousness and veneration, as well as gifts of mind, he seems ordained to promulgate truth and quicken in others the sentiments so active in him-

self. Such was the case with Dr. Channing. Yet, to us his memory is hallowed, because he was so 'clear in his great office,' rather than from an unreserved admiration of his personal example. As a moral rhetorician, his labours have reflected honour on his name and country; as a man—there were peculiarities arising from education, physical constitution, and tendencies of nature, which rendered him a very incomplete representative of humanity. No one more eloquently discoursed of philanthropy; but his interest in man, in the abstract, was no test of his ready sympathy with the individual. Indeed, we have observed one trait in modern philanthropists which has sometimes reconciled us to the culture of humbler virtues. They are, generally speaking, the last men to whom are confided personal griefs, or whose exclusive amity is sought. They generalize with the heart as well as the mind; burn with indignation at the wrongs inflicted on the natives of Africa, while often profoundly indifferent to the true welfare of one of their own household. How often some desolate human being, touched by their written appeals in behalf of a distant class of sufferers, is inspired with the confidence to make them the recipients of secret troubles—to seek from them counsel and encouragement in loneliness and doubt. A benevolent father of the Catholic church, by the mere claim of his vocation—a warm-hearted sailor, by the very candid generosity of his soul, or one of Nature's sisters of charity—encountered, as they are, in all the circles of life—were a surer ark of refuge. The views of the professed lover of his race are too expansive. His benevolence is purely speculative. His sympathy with man is like that which the mere botanist has for a flower, or the surgeon for a human form. It is rather professional than natural; and he who has sought a conference with such, in order to relieve his overcharged heart, finds his utterance choked, his tears frozen, and every hope of recognition die within him! In these remarks, we design no indiscriminate application to the revered subject of the memoir before us. He accomplished good enough in his own way—perhaps the only one in which his efficiency was certain; but we desire to repudiate the common notion that usefulness—in its highest sense—is confined to those broad fields of philanthropic enterprise which an influential class among us seems to regard as the only legitimate arena of benevolence. We remember, as if it were but yesterday, at the close of a winter's day, soon after Dr. Channing's return from Europe, when his slender form all at once appeared before a group of mourners—one of the families of his parish, who were bereaved, during his absence, of their dearest earthly friend. As he stood among them, in the twilight, and the flickering blaze revealed his high and placid brow—the eyes of one of those motherless children—(in whose mind his image was associated with the sweetest counsels of maternal tenderness, and

upon whom his priestly hand had been laid in baptism)—instinctively sought his face, with a penetrating glance—a silent appeal for some word of solace in that dark hour. At length he spoke—but it was to exclaim, ‘What a mysterious Providence!’ The scene had awakened a speculative reverie, and not one tear of commiseration. His mind was busy in the attempt to reconcile to itself a sad visitation; but his heart swelled not at the sight of the young band left alone to the perils of the world. And, when he rose to depart, and looked back upon them, it was only to remark, ‘I am going to my solitary home.’ His own family had not yet returned from their country residence. In a few days, at least, their presence would brighten his fireside; while those he left were destined for years to a home made solitary by death! This incident illustrates the truth we design to suggest—that the sympathetic and reflective character have distinct provinces of action; and that any one who, from the perusal of these interesting memoirs, should deem their subject a model to be practically adopted, with a view to attain the same moral results, would commit an egregious error. The truth is, the essence of Dr. Channing’s life appears in his writings. There he emitted the vital aura of his few days of health. There he embodied the energy of feeling which other and less distinguished men give to the offices of friendship and love. He found, at an early age, that he must decide between the free exercise of social habits and feelings and a sphere of utility based essentially upon contemplation. Had he possessed a greater mobility of character, power of adaptation, and facility of intercourse; especially, had the affections of his nature been as individual as his intellectual processes, he would instinctively have cultivated the social duties and sentiments, and recognised in them no small part of the grace and benignity of life. But, his ill-health, the stern influences of his early years, the habit, so remarkable in New-England, of regarding character at the two extremes of right and wrong, and suspecting all zest of life as intrinsically evil, led him to cherish will beyond sentiment, to feel, with singular force, the responsibility incident to the right of choice in action; and hence to lean towards stoicism and penance. It is true, that, as years advanced, the overstrained chords were a little relaxed, and he began to realize how much innocent delight is attainable through a receptive, truthful, genial spirit. He observed to one of his most intimate companions, as this softer experience dawned upon his mellow faculties, that, perhaps, he had made a grand mistake—perhaps, the most happy and satisfactory life was one passed in the free and earnest exercise of the affections and sympathies.”

With the Essay on the “Last Memorials of Lamb and Keats,” the volume closes. We have already briefly re-

ferred to this Essay, and can do no more. We have transgressed beyond our limits, and must content ourselves with a simple enumeration of the contents of "The Optimist"—the second under notice, and marked, as in the preceding instance, by nice analysis, great delicacy in discrimination, a gentle taste, harmonious style, and a pleasant, discursive vein of thought. The variety of this volume is not the least of its recommendations. This may be conjectured from the titles of the subjects chosen: "New England Philosophy"—a very sensible and searching paper, from which we shall contrive to appropriate an extract; "Travel;" "Music;" "Conversation;" "Art and Artists;" "Lyric Poetry;" "Social Life;" "Costume;" "Walking;" "A Chapter on Hands;" "New-York Colonists;" "Eye-Language;" "Humour;" "The Gold Fever;" "Profession of Literature;" "Hair;" "Presidential Inauguration;" "Weather;" "Manner;" "Flowers;" "Broad Views;" and "The Rationale of Love." Here is reading for a summer; and, the Optimist, seeking, every where, the greatest good in life, and the pleasantest prospects, will find, in the pages of this volume, a prevailing mood every way favourable to the object of his search. But, for our promised extract from the paper on New-England Philosophy. See how happily Mr. Tuckerman introduces his subject:

"In all communities, there is a pervading theory of life—a set of principles which guide the mass—a few permanent ideas that actuate society. The English, for example, driven by a humid atmosphere to look within doors for cheerful associations, gather about them, with profusion, the means of physical well-being. Continental visitors to Great Britain are astonished at the perfection of domestic machinery, and the ingenious devices to secure ease and warmth, and render the dwelling a castle and a home. They at once recognise in such arrangements the idea of Comfort as the chief element in the philosophy of life. People, on the other side of the channel, instead of concentrating their means of enjoyment, go abroad in search of them. The Parisian finds the glare of a public *café* more agreeable than the snug fire-side of a private room; he reads his gazette under the trees in a public garden, and finds no difficulty in making a companion of his neighbour at the theatre, piquing himself, all the while, more on being one of the French nation than for any individual qualities or possessions. By temperament and habit, he directly seeks Pastime, as the end of his existence. If we pass to Italy, we discover a passion for music,

great local pride in the fame of genius, universal taste and enthusiasm for imaginative excitement of all kinds, and realize how largely Art enters into their system of life. The Chinese trustfully refer you to 'Old Custom,' and the Turks to Fate, as the principles by which they regulate their being. It may be a fanciful notion, but I think the ordinary salutations of a people indicate, in a measure, their philosophy of living. The French greeting is, literally, 'How do you carry yourself?'—a query suggestive of egotism; that of the Italians, 'How do you stand?'—which breathes of an existence in the immediate, so characteristic of the South; while our favourite phrase is, 'How do you get along?'—at once calling up an external and distant goal—success."

We greatly regret that the length of this paper, and our own limits, forbid that we should give it entire. We must cut our Essay into bits. Here is a glimpse at American mistakes in training, illustrative of a subject already discussed in our commentary :

"Next to the danger of subserviency to society, the unhealthy prominence of the idea of thrift is the most baneful feature in our philosophy of life. That it should be prominent in a young and commercial republic is to be expected. The great error is that there is little desire to restrain its expression within due bounds. Let it have free scope on the exchange and in the mart, but let it not continually deform our fire-side discourse, and usurp the inner sanctuary of the soul. There, at least, let not all be 'base respects of thrift and none of love.' Pecuniary ability is the established criterion of the value of life; circumstances are almost deified; success is exclusively desired, or rather grossly misunderstood; for, if there be a single established principle of human well-being, it is that which defines the successful man as him who is true to himself—to his powers, tastes, and actual need. It is time we not only coldly acknowledged, but instinctively felt, that it is as barbaric to reverence wealth as to overload the limbs with ornament. The philosophy of life, with us, seems based on the faith that man lives by bread alone. Trade and politics completely overshadow literature and art. Invention exhausts itself upon machines and finance; our trophies may be found chiefly at the patent office. Yet, the real end of all these is to procure time; and, what is time, if unprovided with the resources which shall dignify and adorn it? 'Poetry,' says a beautiful writer, 'and the principle of self, of which money is the visible incarnation, are the God and Mammon of the world.'"

Here, we have a picture, the necessary result of our social training, and the inferior objects of national desire :

"The next feature in the prevalent theory of life, to which I would allude, is the want of serenity. In society, business, and education, there is a spirit of urgency, an artificial force, constantly exhibited, as opposed to true habits of mind as it is to real happiness. If enterprise hath her Carnival here, enjoyment often keeps Lent. We accustom ourselves to live in a continual bustle, and make, on all occasions, a parade of action, as if this were the true criterion of success—the only evidence of progress. We do not believe in the wise saying, that "it is an absolute, and, as it were, a divine perfection for a man to know how loyally to enjoy his being." There is a true epicurism—the luxury of an existence regulated by the natural wants and higher instincts of the individual—of which we are practically ignorant. Instead of meeting, in the frank simplicity and heartiness becoming republicans, at one another's firesides, in the full and frequent confidence of genuine social feeling, interchanging opinions, and enjoying the delights of sympathy, we deem it better to crowd our small apartments to suffocation—wander, for several hours, over a dwelling which has been disarranged from garret to cellar for the occasion—exchange a word or sign of recognition with some hundred acquaintances—and close the evening's pastime by partaking of an extravagant entertainment. Even the preparation for the conflict of life, to which the earlier years of existence are sacred, is marked by the same ostentatious urgency. The tender brain of infancy is fevered by the spirit of emulation. The child is incited at home by the ambitious views of his parents, and surrounded at school by a system of artificial machinery. Certificates of conduct and studies flutter weekly before his eyes, inspiring the same anxious foreboding that the thought of promissory notes is destined, in after life, to awaken—when the banks suspend specie payments. Then come periodical examinations and exhibitions, for which the pupil undergoes weeks of extra drilling, as if he could not be too early and too deeply impressed with the importance of display. How often is the sensitive New-England youth forced to sympathize in Tony Lumpkin's undutiful remonstrance to his mother's officious and mistaken kindness, which she justifies by the common plea, that it was all for the victim's good: 'I wish you'd let me and my good alone, then. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; and don't keep dinging it, dinging it into me so.' And, when he leaves the scene of education, whatever his calling, the same principle of 'affected dispatch,' as Lord Bacon calls it, must be acted upon. If he would succeed in business, he must identify himself with some popular movement, he must contrive to keep his name before the public, with the epithets, 'liberal and enterprising,' appended to it. A hint must now and then be given, in the papers, of his yearly sales, or the amount of hands he employs. Above all, he must keep up

in his own person an appearance of business. His rapid gait, hasty speech, and short salutations, must give the world assurance of a busy man. Mrs. Jameson, whose observation was artistic as well as sympathizing, observed, that American faces had an outward look. This extends even to American enjoyments, of which it may be said, as some traveller said of the English, 'they amuse themselves sadly after the manner of their country.' If, on the other hand, a professional life is adopted, the first thing necessary to success is, to do or seem to do something extraordinary. One must advocate some peculiar system, announce some startling novelty, or espouse some public cause, and let it be known, from Maine to Georgia, that he is ready to become a martyr in its behalf. In a word, this trait of our philosophy of life is almost universal. Scarcely a week passes without a celebration, by public dinners and eloquent harangues, of some popular event or local anniversary. The political atmosphere is never quiet, and the social spirit is ever and anon aroused by some bold doctrine or alleged discovery. Now, that there is much that is really desirable in such symptoms, it would be absurd to deny—that they constitute an unavoidable feature in our present stage of progress, is very evident. Still, it is of great importance that the individual should not be deceived or carried away by this universal semblance of activity. In older countries, we often see a graceful repose upon destiny, an absence of care respecting the future, and an instinctive trust like that in which a bird or flower lives; which, to say the least, leaves the mind free to please and be pleased, and renders far less prevailing than with us the idea of self-interest and morbid ambition. Such beings have the requisite sympathy to regard the individuality, and realize the fraternal relation, which make human society endearing. Let us not be so absorbed in the show of things, as to miss their essence and reality. There is no little danger, amid all this exhibition of force, this large promise of results, that we shall be drawn aside from our true position by the stream of multitude. The great duty which such artificial activity imposes upon the individual is to estimate calmly the real value of the objects for which so much sympathy is demanded. His obligations to his own nature are paramount to those which society so constantly urges."

We pass, hurriedly, over some pleasant passages, which we should greatly like to detach, but dare not, and fasten upon the following, in which the baneful practices of confounding the intellectual nature with the soul, and crushing the heart, in giving the crown and sceptre wholly to what we, vulgarly and improperly, esteem the reason, is justly dwelt upon:

"Another principle in the New-England philosophy of life, which

demands attention, is extreme devotion to reason. Franklin is still the personation of the American mind abroad—an honoured name, indeed, but one that serves only as a partial exponent of humanity: the type of the practical, not the ideal man—of useful science rather than the soul. In no other country could Poor Richard's sayings have attained such favour. Our only metaphysician who enjoys a European reputation is Edwards, whose celebrated work on the Will is devoted to a defence of the old popular theology. The pride of the cultivated New-Englander is that he is rational. The first lore instilled into his mind is in the shape of prudential maxims. The favourite term of approbation he bestows upon a woman is *sensible*, and there is nothing so congenial to his ambition as the reputation of talent. The natural consequence is, that his ideal of character is based almost wholly upon intellectual gifts and attainments. Every subject is viewed through the cold medium of expediency; all questions must be tried by the level light of the understanding, and the most hallowed associations and universal precedents wrested into the service of temporary and narrow objects. One of our most distinguished men, in a critique upon Othello—that unrivalled exposition of the power of love, and “jealousy, that doats but dooms, and murders yet adores”—declares the moral of the sublime drama to be an exposition of the evil consequences of amalgamation and runaway matches! In this tendency to seize upon the *rationale* of existence—to act upon what are called common-sense principles—there is, doubtless, much to approve. A community, thus characterized, possesses an essential element of advancement. But, when such a theory is exclusive—when it is reposed upon as broad and deep enough for the soul, and becomes, as it were, the standard of life and the mould of character, we are tempted to exclaim, with Charles Lamb, ‘Hang them!—I mean the cursed reasoning crew—those blights and blasts of all that is *human* in man or child.’ We do not appreciate feeling. We estimate knowledge far beyond sentiment. We reverence intellect, but look distrustfully upon enthusiasm; for, the love of excitement in which the formal lives of New-Englanders re-act, is not entitled to the name. We crusade, for the most part, against vices of appetite, which are often the overflowings of rich natures, linked with the most generous qualities, and, in most cases, only fatal when habitual and excessive. We do not realize that the moral evils that most effectually despoil the spirit of beauty are those of *calculation*, to which perverted intellect panders;—these are integral, not incidental. A lapse of integrity—an act of successful fraud, accomplished with consummate skill—is infinitely more detestable than the temporary abuse of any natural appetite; for, it argues the deliberate perversion of the higher faculties—a hopeless barrenness of noble feeling. I know that many will not consent to such a broad

distinction between the mind and the heart. Ideas, say they, are but feelings shaped into thought. But, such metaphysical niceties have nothing to do with our present purpose. Every one is conscious of a power within him, which reasons, judges, and infers, and other and far different capacities, whose office it is to awaken, impel, and fill him with emotions. Now, I think it cannot be denied that the reasoning powers are too frequently cultivated, with us, at the expense of those fine sensibilities and warm impulses which exist in every human breast. The sternness of our Puritan origin—the formality of our system of education—the reserve of our social intercourse—the calculating habits of our national character—all tend to repress in the young the earnest flow of their hearts; they early acquire a false shame at the expression of feeling, and come to regard the least manifestation of natural ardour as undignified and weak. And thus the saying of one of the commentators on our country is verified—our climate has no spring and our people no youth. One often recalls the exclamation of the afflicted parent, depicted by Shakspeare, to his officious consoler, ‘I prithee, peace!—I will be flesh and blood.’ The brave Marquis of Posa, in Schiller’s *Don Carlos*, in his bold and generous appeal to the cruel Philip, exclaims, ‘In your great system, suffer *souls* to ripen.’ One is inclined to urge the same plea upon those who are so active in their cares for the New-England *mind*. The cares of life and the scenes of competition into which the New-Englander is early introduced, will do enough to indurate and pervert the fountains of the heart. Let not our theory of life, our practical philosophy, second the process which circumstances already sufficiently insure. The vividness and strength of early impressions every one has realized. They colour our whole after lot. Now, it is remarkable that, acknowledged as this truth universally is, its actual influence upon education is so slight. The impression which the child receives will be indissolubly associated with all his future experience. Should it not, then, be more a matter of conscience with parents and teachers to minister to the happiness of childhood, to reverence its freedom, instead of following the example of the sagacious man who clipped the wings of his bees, and selected for them such flowers as *he* chose? Let us refrain from stamping any stern or dark impression upon the young heart, that it may meet the problem of life in a fresh and original spirit. The discipline to which we are subject in early life, however kindly intended, too often weaves shadows for our future lot, and sadly mars our spiritual destiny. Byron breaks off, in the midst of his glorious lay, inspired by classic scenes, to lament the forced teaching of his youth, which embittered the pages of Horace for ever to his taste; and how many New-Englanders, from a similar cause, have the painful

associations of a task connected with the best of books, and the gloomiest sense of restraint associated with the holiest of days! We laugh at the impatient child who daily digs up the seed to see if it has sprouted; and are content to supply good soil to the plant, and leave it to the free air, the soft dew, and the balmy sunshine. Why are we less just to the soul? To guard it from evil, and meet its wants, as far as we can, is indeed our duty; but a higher power has already ordained its capacities; to them we can neither add nor take away. Let us show our veneration for God's holy work, and leave it more to his smile and its own freedom.

"Another consequence of this exclusive faith in reason is, that it disposes us to repose entirely upon rules, to act too constantly upon arbitrary principles, till the mechanical triumphs over the spiritual, and mere habit usurps the place of the spontaneous. Now, I do not deny that rules have their utility; that, in a world of vicissitude, certain laws of action must be, to some extent, at least, adopted, and that fixed principles are the best security to virtue. But, this admission does not justify the dogged attachment to certain maxims which is so often boasted of as the distinction of New-England philosophy. Constant reference to precise rules indicates the novice. The artist, at first, is continually measuring; but, as his eye becomes practised, he confides in its accuracy. An instinct develops within him more certain than the dictum of science. And, thus, the soul outgrows maxims, and becomes spontaneously progressive and true. With many votaries of the rational system, I believe, the great idea of improvement consists in nothing more than adding to their stock of ideas. Some, indeed, do not even go thus far, but are chiefly anxious to abide by those they have already acquired. The direct tendency of this feature of the prevalent philosophy is to lead a man, particularly one of passive temperament, to entrench himself in a set of fixed laws—as if the goal of progress was reached—the great end of life achieved. He has established a certain theory of dietetics—a certain system of expense—has chosen a set of companions, and adopted a certain political and religious creed—and, now, all that remains for him is to abide by all these rules, and thus realize Burns's picture:

'O, ye douce folk, that live by rule,  
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,  
Compared wi' you—O, fool! fool! fool!  
How much unlike!  
Your hearts are just a standing pool,  
Your lives a dyke!'"

Here, we must stop. We have said and shown enough of Mr. Tuckerman, as an Essayist, to persuade the reader

to seek his volumes. We must now content ourselves with the hurried expression of our thanks to this graceful writer, for memories refreshed and fancies enlivened, in their recourse, under his conduct, to well-known and always-grateful fountains. Mr. Tuckerman, we need scarcely repeat, is a most agreeable and graceful Essayist. He is worthy to associate, honourably, with the ablest of his class. His style is not less pure than free—sometimes, a little too swelling, but never wanting in correctness: happily harmonious, and with periods always well-balanced, yet free from any laboured antithesis. As a critic, he is gentle and generous; as an Essayist, contemplative, excursive, sometimes highly felicitous, and frequently as forcible as fanciful. His thoughts, without being commonplace, are limpid always. His sentences ripple onwards in a sweet, clear, musical undertone—like some forest streamlet, usually in a subdued light, under the shadow of stately trees, with a bright sparkle, ever and anon, upon the waters, that relieves their progress from all monotony.

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ART. V.—LYELL'S SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

*A Second Visit to the United States of North America.*

By SIR CHARLES LYELL, F. R. S., &c. Two vols. 12mo.  
Harper & Brothers: New-York. 1849.

In the vast field of scientific adventure, laid open within the present century, there is no subject that has been presented to our notice of more deep and thrilling interest than the developments relating to the physical structure of this planet. To solve the philosophical problem of Creation, and duly comprehend the formation of matter, from the earliest period of unrecorded time, has, for ages, been the work of man. Until the present eventful era of scientific attainment, those investigations have been wrapt in the misty hues of Fancy, better suited to an age of superstition than the sober reality of practical argument. Now, the learned divine, and scientific naturalist, have entered the arena, and, from those abstract theories of Hutton and Werner, so opposite in their nature, a rational

system, founded on induction, has been established, constituting the elements of Geology. They have unfolded the dark scroll, whereon is written, in imperishable characters, the wonderful revolutions of the Past—standing as a perpetual monument of what has occurred in the history of the earth.

What subline reflections arise, when we refer back to those eventful cycles in the course of Time when this planet, in its transition state, at one epoch, was convulsed by the powerful agitation of conflicting elements, and, at another, reposing in the placid calm of a fixed, natural condition. It is, now, no mere speculative philosophy which leads us to infer the causes that have operated, at diversified periods, in the construction of matter, to fashion this earth, as a habitation for man. The investigations of Bakewell, of Shaw, and of Connybeare, have satisfactorily designated the superposition of its various strata; the ingenious mind of Cuvier pointed out the order of successive creations, their nature, and their habits; and the theological wisdom of Buckland duly appreciates this unity of design, in the great Original, as tending to a final cause.

From geological developments, in connection with the laws of nature, it may be inferred that, at a very remote period, this planet revolved, as a gaseous, or igneous body, through infinitude of space, until the all-wise Disposer of events designated its revolutions in the order of nature. Then, by cohesion, and attraction of molecular forces, a regular deposition ensued, which, by internal heat, formed the plutonic or granite rocks, constituting the primary crust of the earth, on which, from attrition and denudation, the metamorphic strata, of a highly chrySTALLINE texture, were deposited, by the agency of both fire and water conjointly.

It was during the transition state of this planet, when the Graywacke group, constituting the lowest of the fossiliferous strata, were deposited from water, and termed the aqueous rocks, that we have presented to us the dawn of organic life. Simple, and limited in their character, we there behold, as medals of a primeval creation, the impress of that grand Architect, who, through a series of ages, and diversified formations of successive improvement, attained the more elevated standard of animated nature. As we ascend in the order of geological struc-

ture, the carboniferous system, composed of the old red sandstone, the mountain limestone, and the coral formations, each, in regular order, greet the view. There, we perceive, for the first time in the progress of terrestrial events, that dry land had appeared above the surface of the great abyss; that the earth had teemed with a luxuriant growth of vegetation, ages since converted into coal.

In this instance of primordial organization, we have presented to us an evident manifestation of design in the supreme Director of events, when, at a remote period, assimilated to the present age, that important mineral in the wealth of nations would be required for the full perfection of art. What would be the condition, in a civilised and commercial point of view, of England, at the present time, deprived of that resource? Her mines and manufactures would long since have ceased to furnish their productions to the world, and that blooming social paradise would have sunk into a sterile waste upon the waters. Even in our own favoured land, where the impress of the axe has scarce resounded among her primeval groves, we find the benefits derived from this abundant article of fuel, in ocean navigation and commercial art, to supersede the use of the luxuriant growth of our virgin forests. Thus, we have displayed to us, in the early infancy of created matter, a wise provision of Nature, in adapting to the wants of man those means by which nation can compete with nation in the progress of science.

It was after that remarkable period in the history of our globe—the carboniferous formation—that we find the remains of those gigantic reptiles, the *Ichthyosaurus* and *Plesiosaurus*, from forty to seventy feet in length, inhabiting the waters of an ancient ocean; the *Iguanodon*, an enormous crocodile, sixty feet long, of amphibious character, alternately roaming on land and sea; while the *Pterodactyle*, half bird, half lizard, with the teeth of an alligator, darkened the air with its lengthened flights. These fossilized remains, in a perfect state of preservation, are found in the new sandstone group, consisting of conglomerate pebbles, argillaceous and silicious stratifications, variegated marls, and muschelkalk, a limestone of varying texture, but most frequently grey and compact. To this epoch belongs the deposition of those enormous beds of rock-salt, which are found many feet in thickness,

and now constitute an important article of commerce, supplying the wants of mankind in every portion of the civilised world.

In pursuing the order of geological chronology, we find a remarkable change, after the preceding era, to have taken place in the general character of inorganic matter. Our attention is now directed to vast beds of limestone, many thousand feet in thickness, which, from their peculiar appearance, have received the name of oolite, as resembling the eggs or roe of fish. At varying distances in superposition, we find stratifications of a calcareous free-stone, and bituminous shalé; and, in this group, is frequently comprehended the Lias formation, consisting of clay and sandy marl. In both are found the petrified skeletons of aquatic reptiles and amphibious animals, similar to those previously described, with the remains of birds, shell-fish, and several variety of gigantic testacea, among which, the *Gryphea* predominated. In many districts, so abundant has been the deposit of this enormous oyster as to constitute a distinct formation of gryphite limestone.

During this cycle of ages, from geological development, a large portion of the globe must have again been covered with water; for, we perceive the deposition, to a vast extent, must have been of marine origin, and the flora of a terrestrial world had almost entirely disappeared. But, during this tranquil period of oceanic duration, the progressive law of matter was effecting those important changes in the accumulation of such deposits as eventually would tend to the formation of a soil suitable for vegetable life.

After the oolitic formation, it is a plausible inference that there must have ensued, at various periods, an upheaving and depressing movement, from some powerful internal convulsion. Upon those vast beds of calcareous matter, we discover the chalk deposition, intermingled with flints, frequently resting upon a green sandstone, and, at varying distances, stratifications of calcareous marl, ferruginous sandstone, and silicious limestone, constituting, as a body, the cretaceous system of geological formation.

That some convulsion of nature did ensue, at that remarkable epoch, is evident from the remains of volcanic matter, and the impress of such action distributed through-

out the group. Independent of this, the gradual change which is presented from a calcareous to a cretaceous character of rock—for, chalk is evidently a carbonate of lime—proves that, at different times, the stratification has been elevated above the waters. We perceive this change to be gradually taking place in the limestone districts of our southern prairies, where chalk, from exposure to atmospheric vicissitude, is frequently presented on the surface. The theory of its deposition from thermal springs is inconsonant with reason, from its widely-displayed formation; but, be the cause what it may, one thing is evident; namely, this: from that period, a gradual change ensued in the constituent property of inorganic matter, constituting a soil.

In the tertiary formation of fossiliferous rocks we are presented with a more diversified operation in nature, than at any period that had preceded it. From their regular orders of progression, it has been divided into three departments:—the eocene, miocene and pliocene; but, in this latter we can distinctly recognize three formations, which have been termed the older, middle, and newer pliocene. These various depositions, at intervals of considerable duration, have been produced by opposite causes, constituting five subordinate series, in each of which we find the petrified remains of organic life peculiar to their respective formations. In the first, composed of clay and sand, the numerous fresh water shells of extinct species denote its lacustrine deposit, at an ancient period. The second, forming stratifications of calcareous and argillaceous beds, are thickly strown with marine animals, denoting again the action of the ocean. In the third, we find sand and clay loam, in superposition, presenting, with the marine testacea, innumerable skeletons of mammalian quadrupeds, the first of terrestrial animals, of that species known, and constituting an important era in natural history. The fourth, composed of limestone and conglomerate sandstones, contain sea-shells and fishes of extinct species, while, in the fifth or post-pliocene deposit, we again have land animals and shells of more recent origin.

During these diversified changes from sea to land, and the action of salt and fresh water in forming the deposits of each department, it would appear that the surface of our planet had been repeatedly agitated by some internal

convulsion. The immense deposition of volcanic matter, distributed throughout the series, prove that the eruptions have been both marine and terrestrial, and, in these convulsive throbs of nature, satisfactorily explain, when reasoning by analogy, how one portion of the globe may have been depressed and another elevated. It is only from similar operations within the record of history that we can form any adequate deduction as to the operating causes, on so vast a scale, which have tended to change and modify the condition of our mundane sphere. In one instance, we find, within a comparatively recent date, the gradual encroachment of the sea on land, and in another, the slow elevation of sandy soil above the waters. These opposite changes are evidently produced from upheaval in one section and depression of the earth's crust in another, by internal commotion of gaseous elements, such as we are wont to recognize from the effect of earthquakes. And again, we find comparatively sterile wastes converted into fertile soils by volcanic agency; while, in other regions of the earth, where a luxuriant vegetation once predominated, and populous villages covered the surface, the same action has blotted out all traces of their verdure. Similar changes, at a far distant period, have no doubt tended to those wonderful operations we witness throughout nature.

It was during the tertiary formation of aqueous rocks that those enormous quadrupeds, termed Pachydermata, or thick-skinned animals, as the Palæotherium, the Anoplotherium, Mastodon and Megatherium roamed over the extensive forests of an ancient world, as lords of creation. In the waters we find gigantic fishes and amphibious animals, as the extinct cetacean, Zeuglodon, and huge sharks, such as the world has never, since that period, witnessed, inhabiting the sea while the bulky form of the Dinotherium basked upon the shores of the lakes and estuaries that indented the land. These extinct animals, in a perfect state of preservation, have been exhumed from their ancient sepulchres, and, in their character and habits, positively prove to us the geographical distribution of land and water, at various epochs. When taken in connection with the diversified stratifications of rock, sand and marl, we have here presented to us the physical history of each era, truly defining the boundaries of land and water, as they had existed during the countless revolutions of the globe. In this unwritten history we have transmitted to

us, as by the revelation of Almighty will, through those powerful agents of his vengeance,—the earthquake and the torrent,—a record of the past. Not by traditionary legend, or in the lofty inspiration of song, have these facts relating to natural theology been made known; but they stand as perpetual monuments, graven as by the hand of God himself, in the dark mausoleum of nature's handicraft.

We have cursorily sketched some of the leading facts in geological chronology, not with the expectation that anything new would be elicited, but with a desire to exhibit what a boundless field of adventure the author of the work which heads this article had laid open before him for scientific research. With the known and admitted attainments of Sir Charles Lyell in geological investigation, something more than a mere diary of ordinary travel was anticipated from his visit, claimed to be professional, to the southern and western portion of the United States. It was not to his pen that the scientific world had reason to look for a repetition of that "bald, disjointed chat," of which we had a sufficient surfeit in the flippant opinion and amazing balderdash of such desultory people as Hall and Hamilton, Trollope and Dickens, *et id omne genus*; and we must confess to a grievous disappointment in finding his pages, in place of the profound truth and wise suggestion, the scientific search and the accumulation of authority in respect to discovery, a tedious array of dull and uninteresting details, from day to day—the slender tissue of most ordinary commonplaces, such as needed neither art nor science to set forth. If Sir Charles has written thus for the British public, he has been already anticipated by other writers, of more general cleverness, though of inferior scientific claims. If his work was meant for the American public, it is one of singular supererogation. In a country like ours, where the mass of the *natives* are migratory, where railcars and steamboats traverse almost every portion of the Union, there are very few individuals of the literary republic who have not travelled, again and again, the same ground over which he has gone. Its scenes and incidents have become familiar household words, and any error in judgment or vision of the itinerant is readily perceived and exposed. He could gain nothing by such delineations as he has here attempted, and was liable only to detection in numerous mistakes, and a consequent loss of credit and authority.

This was his risk. We must, however, do Sir Charles the justice of saying that he means fairly, and reports, as far as he has seen, with tolerable justice ; always excepting the national bias, which the wisest may be allowed to feel ; and the frequent error, in being compelled to judge from points of view the result of habits of thought and fixed standards of opinion, which are always apt to create and nurse a prejudice at the expense of a truth and a principle. Even in this respect, it is but just to state that there is less of British prejudice and hostility to our institutions, civil and domestic, in these two volumes, than has usually distinguished the reports of his travelling predecessors.

Regarded as a work of miscellaneous travel only,—and such really is its highest claim,—and the volumes before us offer but few attractions to the reader, and seldom rise into the rank of an authority. They do not amuse by their life and animation, nor do they impress by the profundity of their speculations or the closeness of their search. In these respects their contents are exceedingly meagre, and the slipshod haste which they everywhere exhibit, on the part of such a traveller, is a source of grievous disappointment to us, and of discredit to himself. The short-comings of Sir Charles are of two-fold annoyance. We were all anxiety to receive the report of so eminent an observer in relation to our geological characteristics in the southern portion of the confederacy—particularly as it is to him that American geology, at large, is so much indebted for development. It is one disappointment, that he gives us little or nothing on this subject. But the worst evil is yet to come. Confining his progress entirely to the postal route of travel, taking the *highway* instead of the *byway* for his line of investigation, and finding nothing, he necessarily creates the impression that there is nothing to be found—an impression greatly calculated to discourage further research. These volumes, so slight, so superficial, so little laboured, and so poorly supplied, if they have any authority at all, must virtually declare that in journeying “from Dan to Beersheba,” or to speak more literally, from Washington to New-Orleans, “all is barren !”

How unwise in itself, and how unjust to our country, is such a report, it will be our endeavour to show ; and deeply in the end, no doubt, will be the regrets of Sir Charles himself, that he has allowed the necessity of haste,

or the feeling of weariness, or a temporary lack of curiosity, to prevail over his mind, to the discredit of his own acquisitions, and the defeat, though for a season only, of the objects of science which he had in view. Minute investigations, in almost every portion of the Union, for many years past, has convinced us that a more fertile field for geological research cannot be found any where than in the Southern and Western States: To one who traverses the main stage route from city to city, but little of interest offers to gratify the eye. But when the tourist diverges from that beaten track, and enters the highland country, remote from the busy turmoil of men, there he will behold the development of former creations written on "the perpetual hills and everlasting mountains," there will he find displayed to his wondering gaze the various formations of inorganic matter, superimposed in the regular order of deposition, as developed by the august power of the Grand Architect.

One instance, among numerous others that might be referred to, in sustaining our objection to his *second visit*, "of meagreness in research," would apply to the valley of the Chattahoochee River, a geological survey of which we have just completed. From its junction with the Flint to the falls at Columbus,—the point at which Sir Charles Lyell crossed in his Southern tour,—both at its banks and in the elevated region on each side thereof, we have presented to us in bold relief, not only the primary, secondary and tertiary formations, lying in regular order of succession, but there is graphically developed the upheaval movement. In each of the stratifications, of which we counted upwards of a hundred, the organic deposit belonging to each group, the period of their formation, and the series of superposition, are all distinctly traceable.

From the marked outlines, by denudation along the river-bank, the tourist has presented to his view the oblique angle of upheaval in diversified strata, gradually ascending with the river's elevation, from the magnesian limestone, which constitutes its basis, of the secondary period, to the alluvial deposit upon the upper surface. As you recede from the bank, the Devonian, Silurian and Cambrian groups each present their distinctive characters, and on ascending the stream, the Metamorphic and Plutonic, rocks are clearly developed, constituting a *tout ensemble* unequalled in any portion of the world.

The travels of Sir Charles Lyell, in his second visit to the United States, form a strange medley of geological research, social and political economy, theological disquisition, zoological investigation, historical statistics, the domestic institution of slavery and Botany. The latter science is far more freely discussed than the first named, which only touches on isolated points, long since investigated by geologists, while the intermediate branches of human knowledge are as explicit in their detail as could be expected from a foreigner, travelling at railroad speed over the country. His views in regard to slavery are more liberal than those of other writers who have preceded him ; but, in the main, it is plainly to be seen that the principles of abolition or emancipation are ever uppermost in his mind, "disguise it as he may." Perhaps no traveller has ever been presented with as favourable opportunities of viewing our Southern institution, in all its varied phases, as Sir Charles Lyell, both from association while in this country, and the information to be drawn from facts in the region through which he travelled. His scientific attainments, enlarged views of moral and social ethics, with extensive travel and intercourse among every class of society, should have combined to constitute that element through which an impartial expression of opinion might have been elicited ; but, with that dimmed vision peculiar to his sect, we find him, everywhere throughout his work, a strenuous advocate for the abominable doctrine of amalgamation, which we can only excuse in such persons by the expression of the opinion, that it is one which, as in no way can it be brought home to their experience, so is it one which they really can never understand. They reason upon it as an abstract creature of the mind, rather than as a practical condition of society. They see it only in the mind, which can readily furnish plausible theories for matters purely ideal and abstract ; and not through the medium of human sensibilities, or the tastes, affinities and necessities of social life. But, in truth, we are not greatly concerned, so long as we maintain our own civilization, in setting right the speculative philosophies of the ingenious traveller. It is regret only, not vexation, that we feel when we find otherwise intelligent persons, like Sir Charles Lyell, quick, keen, wisely discriminating and highly endowed as a man of science, so fettered by the most enfeebling prejudices, when, for a moment, he leaves the peculiar field of his

successes, to discuss matters of moral and social philosophy. That he is not equal to his subject is sufficient reason why we should waste no more words upon it. Let us take a bird's eye view of his route of progress.

Commencing his tour, after landing in the United States, September, 1845, he visited the White Mountains in New-Hampshire, the rock of Plymouth, and returned to Boston, from whence he started; the whole route occupying less than a month, during which, embracing fully one-half of his first volume, nothing of interest is developed, except his speculations on the sea-serpent, which he believes to be a shark.\* From Boston he proceeded *en route* to Virginia, visiting the coal fields near Richmond, and from thence through North and South-Carolina, to Georgia; the whole comprising one hundred and fifty pages of ordinary speculation, of little interest, on local manners and customs. We note some misstatements, involving absurdities, in what the traveller relates of Charleston. Take an example:

"A few years ago a ship from Massachusetts touched at Charleston, having some free blacks on board, the steward and cook being of the number. On their landing they were immediately put into jail, by virtue of a law of South-Carolina, not of very old standing. The government of Massachusetts, in a state of great indignation, sent a lawyer to investigate the case and remonstrate. This agent took up his abode at the Charleston Hotel, where we are now comfortably established. A few days after his arrival, the hotel was

\* Since perusing this paper, we have had some new lights cast upon this wonder of the great deep, which would prove it to be no wonder at all, and would seem as greatly to discredit the speculations of Sir Charles, by which he degrades the supposed sea serpent into a shark, as of those who insist upon the integrity of the snake. A pair of whales, with their young, following in regular succession, and appearing along the shores of South-Carolina, answer all the description of the sea serpent, as seen at Nahant and other places down east. But, either the people of Beaufort, S. C., to whom they showed themselves, were more courageous or less cunning than the Yankees. They did not long allow their visitors to keep up the delusion. They armed themselves with gun and grapnel, lance and harpoon, and assailed the intruders, front and rear, in desperate combat, actually, with rusty lances, and in little canoes, rushing upon the whale, ripping him with cold iron and rending him with canister shot. A most audacious assault, from which the assailants made perilous escape! But they succeeded in taking the seal from the mystery; and the seasnake will now probably subside into a pair of whales, with their calves, tumbling along the shore in Indian order. Had the Beaufort people taken their cue from the Yankees, kept up the delusion, and built hotels along the shores where the supposed snake was wont to show himself, what a fine harvest of profit would have accrued to them from curious visitors! But we greatly lack the pennywise policy of our Eastern brethren.

surrounded, to the terror of all the inmates, by a mob of 'gentlemen,' who were resolved to seize the New-England envoy. There is no saying to what extremities they might have proceeded, had not the lawyer's daughter, a spirited girl, refused to leave the hotel. The excitement lasted five days, and almost every Northern man in Charleston was made to feel himself in personal danger. At length, by the courage and energy of some of the leading citizens, Mr. H—— was enabled to escape, and then the most marked attentions were offered to the young lady, his daughter, by the families of the very men who had thought it right, 'on principle,' to get up this riot. The same law has given rise to some very awkward disputes with the captains of English vessels, whose coloured sailors have, in like manner, been imprisoned. To obtain redress for the injury, in such cases, is impossible. The Federal Government is too weak to enforce its authority, and the sovereign State is sheltered under the ægis of the grand confederacy."

In answer to this, which our traveller probably picked up from Yankee authorities in Boston—though he might have found some of the same brood to have told him, though under earnest exhortations to secrecy, the same thing in Charleston,—we must premise by saying that the law in question is perhaps of twenty or thirty years standing—that Massachusetts has long been aware of it—that her shipping has been constantly, during that period, liable to its operations—that Mr. Hoar was sent out by Massachusetts as a resident attorney, to attend to all this class of cases, and not with regard to any particular instance—that while the people of Charleston freely expressed their indignation, the hotel was never beleaguered, as described by our author—that the fact that Lawyer Hoar *had* his daughter with him, and not because of her proving so admirable a heroine, was his sufficient security—that none of the Northern men in Charleston felt any apprehensions—and that the Massachusetts attorney left the city promptly, under the peremptory orders of the Legislature, then in session. Mr. Hoar was not ambitious of martyrdom, though he endeavoured to make a very pretty case of danger out of it, when he returned to Boston; his narrative amusing the people of Charleston, and affording a fresh commentary upon the ease with which New-England history may be manufactured for home glorification. We have not Mr. Hoar's narrative before us, but if we recollect rightly, the most threatening demonstration of violence which he witnessed in Charleston was in his

passage one day through the streets, at the corner of one of which a fierce-looking savage cock'd his beaver or bit his thumb at him, muttering mysterious monosyllables, which the terrified envoy construed to mean "tomahawk and scalping-knife," at least. Even, according to his own showing, he did not stop to inquire, in the spirit of the retainers of the rival houses of Montague and Capulet, "Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?" Had he only pluck'd up courage enough, he would probably have been greatly relieved by the query of his supposed enemy, to his better informed companion: "Is the law on our side, if I say ay?" The whole story is a monstrous exaggeration and absurdity; and Sir Charles's bias is in no case more fully shown than when he prefers to receive and record such one-sided statements, from one of the parties only. Any decent citizen of Charleston could have set him right on the subject. His concluding sentence, above quoted, requires one correction. The sovereign State is not sheltered, but assailed, "under the ægis of the grand confederacy." If she had no ægis of her own, in her own strength and that of her sister States of the South, she would be without shelter of any sort.

While our hand is in, we may note one or more points besides, in which the bald, surface character of our author's survey, and his reference to false authorities, leaves him a prey to errors, which a little reflection might have prevented. Here is a small paragraph, for example:

"I asked a *New-England Merchant*, who is here, why the city of Charleston did not increase, having such a noble harbour? He said, 'There have been several great fires, and the rich are absentees for half the year, flying from malaria. Besides, you will find that large cities do not grow in slave States as in the North. Few, if any of the ships now in this harbour, belong to merchants of Charleston.'"

Now, why did Sir Charles seek his information from a New-Englander rather than a native? Who, seeking for knowledge with regard to London, would think to ask one of its French or Dutch residents? The consequence is, that the answer he receives betrays the New-England prejudices and confirms the traveller in his own. What have the fires to do with the decay of a city, unless, when the house is burned, the citizen departs forever? That the city is rebuilt, and that it is improved by every fire, are facts known to the humblest in Charleston. The rich of

Charleston are not very numerous, but so far from flying from malaria, those do so only who are not natives—our New-England merchant, for example. The natives, in fact, resort to the city during the summer, to escape from the malaria of the rich savannah country which lies adjacent. “Large cities do not grow in *slave* States, as in the North.” Now, Sir Charles Lyell should not have needed that this New-England merchant should have taught him to pervert a simple law by the suggestion of a false occasion for it. Large cities never grow in countries purely agricultural, which South-Carolina has been from the earliest period. If the entire wealth of the country were not invested in agriculture, but a portion assigned to commerce and manufactures, the city would inevitably grow large, whether there were slaves in the country or not. The Southern people have simply yielded up to the Northern people the exclusive control of those departments of business, which makes the large city, preferring the more grateful, the wholesome, purer, and more virtuous occupation of agriculture. That the ships in the harbour of Charleston belong to foreigners is due to the same cause. We do not deem it necessary to do more than refer to the dishonest discriminations exercised by Congress, at the expense of the South, in its tariffs of protection, as an additional reason for the decline of Southern and the building up of Northern cities.

But we must not linger. We could appropriate an entire paper to the correction of our author's blunders in Charleston and Savannah alone, the fruit of his inferior capacity for moral and social analysis, and of the wretched, selfish, bigoted sources to which he has so frequently resorted for his information. But we have neither space nor inclination for such small sport. Our author passes from Charleston to Savannah, to which, and its neighbourhood, he devotes a couple of his best and most interesting chapters, and where, as in Charleston, he sees enough in favour of slavery, and justly portraying as well the nature as the condition of the negro, to have cured him of his false philanthropy, if the case had been within the reach of remedy. But, shading his eyes as well as he can against the light, he hurries on his progress, rather to overcome time and space than to use either his eyes or his understanding. From Savannah, taking a hand car, he proceeded on the Union rail-road, briefly

examining the geological features of the intermediate country, and from thence proceeded by stage and steamboat to Mobile, occasionally stopping on the route to gather marine fossils, but in no instance commenting on its geological structure or fossil deposits, except in regard to the petrified remains in Clarke County, Ala., which he pronounces to be an extinct cetacean Zeuglodon. In this instance, he diverges from the main route to visit the coal fields near Tuscaloosa, and, on his return, proceeded by steamboat, *via* New-Orleans, Cincinnati and New-York, again to Boston, the whole progress comprising a period of less than six months, and of but little satisfactory development.

We have thus briefly reviewed his route in order to show how extensive was the field of observation laid open to his view ; for in no part of the world can newer scenes and more engrossing interest be exhibited, than in the Chatahooche, Alabama, and Mississippi vallies. Yet, throughout this extent of varied geological structure, we find him but slightly referring to the plutonic formation around Columbus, Ga.; the cretaceous strata at Montgomery ; the fossil shells of Claiborne ; the delta of the father of waters ; the buried forest at Port Hudson, and the extinct animal remains near Natchez. It is equally to be regretted that the season of the year—the winter months—which he had selected for his tour of observation was unfavorable for geological research, as he justly remarks, the high stage of water in the rivers at that period precluding those investigations, as to the underlying stratifications, which are fraught with so much interest in revealing their true characters.

This regret is unqualified, from the fact that any opinion in geology—we confine ourselves to this head—coming from Sir Charles Lyell, is of deep interest to science ; and it is in no spirit of hypercriticism that we record our disappointment, and opinion, as to the demerits of his work ; for with him it has rather been an error of omission, than of commission. We venerate him for the interest he has taken in the natural history of this planet, and have perused his former productions with great pleasure ; but in this instance, the reader will agree with us that it is meagre of incident in a scientific point of view, but a dull diary of travel, totally inconsonant with the character of the author as a scholar and man of letters, and

utterly devoid of that interest so much required for the true basis of geological science, which the world demanded from his established character.

We must, however, in justice, refer to one sentiment included in his work, which is so apposite in its application to every community, that to give it a broader circulation than it is apprehended will be attained through his "Travels," we cannot forbear quoting *in extenso*. When referring to the effect of sectarian dogmatism in repressing geological studies, and the opinions founded thereon, he cites the instance of a young man employed as a geologist in the State survey of Pennsylvania, who was desirous of becoming a minister in the Presbyterian church.

"On being examined, previous to ordination, he was unable to give satisfactory answers to questions respecting the plenary inspiration of Scripture, because he considered such a tenet, when applied to the first book of Genesis, as inconsistent with discoveries now universally admitted, respecting the high antiquities of the earth, and the existence of living beings on the globe long anterior to man."

He was rejected, and a discussion arose in the church, whether what is essential to the faith of a christian, should require an immediate acknowledgement of complete inspiration, as necessary to a fair interpretation of scripture. That the most enlightened churches have yielded this moot point, is evident from the fact that the establishment of the true theory of astronomy satisfied the Protestant world, at least, that the bible was never intended as a revelation of physical science. In the learned commentary on the holy scriptures, by the venerable Bishop Gleig, the admission is granted that, from geological discoveries of organic remains, distributed throughout vast strata of rocks, many thousand feet in depth, there must have been numerous creations, at diversified periods, anterior to man. His language is very emphatic, as he remarks: "There is nothing to be found in the holy scriptures forbidding us to suppose they are the ruins of a former world in a chaotic state, of which, Moses informs us, God formed the present system. His history, as far as it comes down to us, is the history of *the present earth*, and of the primeval ancestors of its present inhabitants; and one of the most ingenious and scientific of Geologists—Cuvier—has clearly proven that

the human race cannot be more ancient, than it appears to be in the writings of the Hebrew lawgivers. I cannot therefore oppose the existence of a former earth, as inconsistent with the cosmography of Moses, or indeed with any portion of the holy writ." The Rev. Dr. Buckland, an eminent geologist, in his "Bridgewater Treatise," observes, when referring to former creations: "It is the same hand writing that we read, the same system and contrivance that we trace, the same unity of object, and relation to final causes, which we see maintained throughout, and constantly proclaiming the unity of a Divine Original."

Sir Charles Lyell, in alluding to the domain of physical science, in the present work, states, that "No doubt it is most true, within the last forty-five years many distinguished writers and dignitaries of the English Church, have expressed their belief very openly in regard to the earth's antiquity, and the leading truths established by geology. "The Records of Creation," published in 1818, by the present Archbishop of Canterbury—Dr. Sumner,—the writings of the present Dean of Westminster—Dr. Buckland,—those of the Dean of Llandaff—Dr. Conybeare,—and of the Woodwardian Professor of Cambridge—the Rev. A. Sedgwick,—might be adduced in confirmation. All of these, indeed, have been cited by the first teachers of geology in America, especially in the "orthodox universities" of New-England, as countenancing the adoption of their new theories; and I have often heard scientific men in America, express their gratitude to the English Churchmen, for the protection which their high authority afforded them against popular prejudices at a critical moment, when many of the State Legislatures were deliberating whether they should or should not appropriate large sums of the public money to the promotion of geological surveys. The point, however, under discussion, in the Congregationalist church, to which I have previously alluded, is in reality a different one, and of the utmost importance; for it is no less than to determine, not whether a minister may publish books or essays declaratory of his own individual views, respecting the bearing of physical science on certain portions of scripture, but whether he may, without reproach or charge of indiscretion, freely and cordially expound to all whom he addresses, rich and poor, from the pulpit, those

truths on which few well informed men now any longer entertain a doubt. Until such permission be fairly granted, the initiated may, as we well know, go on for ages embracing one creed, while the multitude holds fast to another, and looks with suspicion and distrust on the philosopher who unreservedly makes known the most legitimate deductions from facts. Such, in truth, is the present condition of things throughout christendom; the millions being left in the same darkness respecting the antiquity of the globe, and the successive races of animals and plants which inhabited it before the creation of man, as they were in the middle ages; or rather, each new generation being allowed to grow up with, or to derive from Genesis, ideas directly hostile to the conclusions universally received by all who have studied the earth's autobiography. Not merely the multitude, but many of those who are called learned, still continue, while beholding with delight the external beauty of the rocks and mountains, to gaze on them as Virgil's hero admired his shield of divine workmanship, without dreaming of its historical import:

"Dona parentis  
Miratur, rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet."

This principle, engrafted on human nature, has long, and still continues to sway the world; preferring to believe, in their ignorance of those grand truths which constitute the immutable law of nature, that "'tis folly to be wise." If demonstrated facts are laid open before them, which are clearly sustained by philosophical deductions, they are too apt to reflect on the expounder with bitter persecution, arraigning him of impiety, and often of infidelity, if his views, in regard to creative wisdom, differ in the least from a literal and strict interpretation of the Mosaic narrative. These commentators, in their rigidity of construction, forget that, in the infinite conception of the Supreme Architect, "the beginning is but the end," and that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years;" thus, in this denunciation of revealed facts, they are self arraigned before the tribunal of letters, for denying the nature and positive law of the great Jehovah. It is this record, written upon those tablets of stone, which, for countless ages, have been buried within the dark mausoleum of Nature, that gives to it an authenticity which no ingenious argument of

the sceptic will ever be able to controvert. They are given to our keeping, as memorials of the Past; and, to the profound observer, the impression intuitively arises that "such was the order of Nature, and it has not been otherwise ordained."

The history of those natural events, which have disclosed to us the vestiges of an extinct creation, together with the changes this earth has undergone, in order to bring the rude mass to its present fair state, is graphically described by Mrs. Somerville, in her *Physical Geography*, where, in conclusion, she remarks: "Who shall define the period of those mornings and evenings when God saw that his work was good? And, who shall declare the time allotted to the human race, when the generations of the most insignificant insect existed for unnumbered ages? These stupendous changes may be but cycles of time in those great laws of the universe, where all is variable but the laws themselves, and He who has ordained them."

Although man is unable correctly to define the precise arrangement of Nature's boundless operations; to trace out the innumerable divisions of the animal and vegetable kingdom, which have existed and flourished in former ages of the world; yet, sufficient has been developed to convince us that there has been a general law of adaptation for all created matter. The question which naturally arises, whether God, being omnipotent, could not have created and disposed of those ancient remains, at one period, admits of no shadow of doubt; but, when we reason from cause to effect, as presented in a study of the laws of Nature, there is sufficient evidence to believe that some specific design existed, from the beginning, which only could have originated in Supreme Wisdom, to accomplish this progressive order of creation. From the slow accumulation of matter, within the record of history, it is beyond the probability of reason to suppose that those vestiges of primeval creation, now exposed to view by various internal convulsions, could have been formed and have existed at the same period, and was then consigned to oblivion by *one* universal deluge. The comparatively short period of time the waters prevailed upon the earth, as described in the Mosaic narrative, forbids this conclusion; and our only alternative is to assign to the earth a very high antiquity.

That dogmatism, worthy only of a Puritanical age.

which has so long predominated, should, at this enlightened era, be expunged from the scholastic mind, since the Holy Scriptures do not declare the time of primeval creation. Instead of bringing us into collision with the Bible, or its inspired precepts, the study of geology furnishes to man the noblest conceptions of Omnipotence in the circle of human knowledge. In that false notion of policy, which so long has been exercised by ecclesiastical bodies in suppressing the results of scientific discoveries, for fear of exciting the prejudices of the illiterate, we behold a well-known weakness of human nature. It is not from ignorance of the reading masses that these ill-judged results ensue—that the unlettered are denied that knowledge which they are entitled to possess—but a fear, on the part of both laity and clergy, that they may derange the minds of the ignorant. Certain principles have been, for ages, inculcated—growing with their advancing years; and, it matters not whether error has been discovered in these precepts; the same routine must be indoctrinated, through fear of unsettling their opinions as to the whole. This practice, at least, has been pursued in regard to biblical research, as connected with scientific investigation; and the period has now arrived for a radical improvement.

The remarks of Sir Charles Lyell, on this subject, are so very apposite as to deserve their adoption here:

“This method of dealing with the most sacred subjects may thus be illustrated: A few tares have grown up among the wheat; you must not pull them up, or you will loosen the soil and expose the roots of the good grain, and then all may wither. Moreover, you must go on sowing the seed of the same tares in the mind of the rising generation; for, you cannot open the eyes of the children without undeceiving and alarming their parents. Now, the perpetuation of error among the many is only one part of the mischief of this want of good faith; for, it is also an abandonment, by the few, of the high ground on which their religion ought to stand—namely: its truth. It accustoms the teacher to regard his religion, in its relation to the millions, as a mere piece of machinery—like a police, for preserving order, or enabling one class of men to govern another.”

We have thus impartially examined this work of Sir Charles Lyell—not for what it is, but what it ought to be—carefully sifting the gold from the dross; and, it is in no spirit of hypercriticism that we find the latter most abun-

dant. If a work on geology, it would have been highly prized by scientific men. As a diary of travels, it is useless; at least, to us; and we will close these remarks by the warning which he himself quotes from the poet Wordsworth:

“And for presumptuous wrongs atone;  
Authentic words be given, or none.”

C A. W.

#### ART. VI.—PHYSICAL HISTORY OF THE JEWISH RACE.

1. *Palestine—Description Géographique, historique, et archéologique*; par S. MUNK, employée au département des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Royale. Paris. 1845.”
2. “*A history of the Hebrew Monarchy from the administration of Samuel, to the Babylonish captivity.*” (Anonymous.) London. 1847.”
2. “*Christian Researches in Asia, with notices of the translation of the Scripture into the Oriental languages*; by the Rev. CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN, D.D., late Vice-Provost of the College of Fort William in Bengal. Cambridge. 1811.”

THE title of Munk's work is a sufficient indication of its comprehensiveness. Placed, as he is, in “*la Bibliothèque Royale*,” the finest library in the world,—with all the facilities around him which could be desired, and enjoying a reputation as a linguist of the highest order, much was expected from him; and the manner in which this work has been received by the *savans* of Europe, would seem to show that their expectations have been fully realized. The following extract will exhibit the spirit which has guided him in his labours:

“Simple historien, nous traiterons l'histoire des Hébreux, leurs institutions, leurs religion, et leurs monuments littéraires sous un point de vue purement rationnel. Notre rôle ne sera ni celui de théologien qui ne voit que le dogme, ni celui du sceptique philosophe, pour lequel le doute lui-même est un dogme non moins étroit. Notre but sera de rechercher la vérité historique, l'enchaînement naturel des faits, sans nous préoccuper des conséquences

qui peuvent en résulter, soit pour le théologien ou pour le philosophe. Selon nous, l'idée divine, déposée dans la Bible, les sentimens grands et généreux que respirent les paroles des prophètes, sont placés hors des atteintes de la critique, et l'examen des faits ne saurait jamais nuire au vrai sentiment religieux."

The second work of our caption, on the "*Hebrew Monarchy*," is conceived in a similar spirit. While the author "desires his book to carry on its front his most intense conviction, that pure and undefiled religion is the noblest, the most blessed, the most valuable of God's countless gifts," he yet marches steadily forward in search of historical truth, with a courage that shrinks not from questions the most embarrassing, and with a calmness, talent, and learning, quite rare in England, where "if the Hebrew history has hitherto been nearly a sealed book, it is because all the academical and clerical teachers of it, are compelled to sign thirty-nine Articles of Religion before assuming their office."

Our present design, and the space allotted to us, will permit us, here, to do little more than recommend these two works to those who are really thirsting for knowledge on these absorbing subjects. They will prompt study and satisfy investigation.

The work of Buchanan was remarkable in its day, and deserves to be valued in ours. It is full of important historical facts, which can never lose their value, and which he has done much towards rescuing from oblivion. We shall use them freely,—and we make the declaration *in limine*—wherever the necessity shall require in our argument. Let us now pass to our immediate subject, which is kindred with that of these volumes—though not exactly the same—the Physical History of the Jewish Race.

What a mingled crowd of associations cluster around the very name of Judea!—and with what a feeling of solemn and painful interest does the mind travel back through four thousand years over the dark pages of Jewish history, to the epoch of Abraham, the patriarch, who formed a covenant with Jehovah? There is an attraction about all antiquity; but what a different chord is struck within us when the name of Judea is pronounced, along with the names of her cotemporaries,—Egypt, Persia, India, Greece and Rome!

The Israelites are emphatically an extraordinary people. It is true that they were never, as a nation, able to achieve

the highest point, even of the civilization of their day ; but this arose from their isolated position, their repeated civil wars with, and the oppression by, foreign powers, which prevented the cultivation of letters at home, and the exchange of ideas with other nations. Yet the history of Judea, as a nation, and the history of her oppressed and scattered people since, throughout the world, attest the fact that, in intellect, they must be ranked among the first of the human family. In every nation, since the destruction of the Temple by Titus, and the dispersion of the Jews—under all forms of government—in the extremest oppression and misery—their Caucasian heads have never lost their size and proportions, and they have never failed to show their full measure of intellect, a sufficient proof that, a truly great race, when unadulterated, can never sink to the level of an inferior one.

Though, as remarked, the Israelites as a nation, never achieved the highest point of civilization, yet it is to them that we owe those great impulses that have led to the boasted civilization of the present day. What would *now* be the condition of Europe, had Moses or Christ never appeared on the earth? The crusades were wars of opinion—of faith—of religion—wars between Christianity and Mahometanism. \* The tide of Mahometanism, which rolled with almost resistless force from Asia westward, well nigh engulfed Europe itself ; and if it had done so, what would be the condition of Europe now ? But there were strong arms and stout hearts to roll the current back, and the line between the two faiths, is the boundary between civilization and barbarism. Christ taught love to all mankind, peace on earth and good will to man—Mahomet carried the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other ; and his followers claim the right to murder and plunder all but the faithful. Time and experience have fully solved the question as to their relative influences on the march of civilization.

The history of the Jews affords many instructive lessons to the philosopher, and we propose now to examine it in relation to a question of deep interest, and practical importance, viz. : what light does it shed on the question of the common origin of the human species ? Our space is limited, and we will proceed at once to the point.

\* NOTE.—See Guizot's *History of Civilization*.

It is conceded, all things being equal, that those races of men, or animals, which are least mixed with others, preserve best their original types; and we shall therefore hasten to the examination of the following propositions, which we hold to be true, however much they may be questioned.

1st. That, from the time of the Patriarch, Abraham, to the present, the Jewish race has preserved its blood more pure than any other of antiquity; and that, consequently, its original type *ought to be* the same now as then.

2d. That the original type brought by Abraham from Mesopotamia, four thousand years ago, *has been* substantially handed down to the descendants of the present day.

3d. That, although the Jewish race has been subjected, during this immense extent of time, to every possible variety of moral and physical influences, in the four quarters of the earth, yet, in *no instance* has it lost its own type, or approximated to that of other races.

4th. That, if this race has thus preserved its type unchanged, for four thousand years, and under all known influences which could change a race, it follows, as a corollary, that no physical causes exist which can transform one race into another, as the negro into the white man.

It would seem wonderful, even amongst the many wonders of the nineteenth century, if it should be made to appear that such questions as these, questions which have baffled bygone ages, should have been reserved to be solved at this late; yet, true it is, that *we now* possess *data* far more complete for writing the physical history of mankind, than existed in the time of Herodotus, in the fifth century, B. C., or at any subsequent period. Even Moses, whose epoch was 1500 years B. C., and who, we are told in Holy Writ, "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," is now a comparatively modern *historical* authority. If we are to believe such authorities as Champollion, Rosellini, Lepsius, Bunsen, Birch, Pauthier, &c., (and who will read and doubt them?) the long silent monuments of Egypt are now speaking for the history of generations which preceded Moses some 2000 years. Nineveh and Babylon, too, are just waking from their sleep, and unfolding the wonders so dimly shadowed forth in the Old Testament.

But, as many of the authorities alluded to might be questioned by those who have not kept pace with the researches of modern arcæhologists, we shall endeavor to place them

summarily before our readers. We commence with the history of the Hebrews, as laid down in the book of Genesis, which will be found amply sufficient for the establishment of our first proposition.

There has been much diversity of opinion amongst theologians as to the strict historical accuracy of the book of Genesis; but, after making all reasonable allowance which can be fairly asked by the most liberal, we think that no unprejudiced mind can deny that the family history there given of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the account of the migration of the Israelites to Egypt, and their return, after several generations, to the land of promise, together with subsequent events, has too much the semblance of truth, not to have at least a historical groundwork for all its details.

The history of Abraham, and his race, opens in Gen. chap. xi., where, we are told, he is descended, in a direct line, from Shem, the son of Noah. Only ten generations intervene between Shem and Abraham, and the names and ages of each individual being clearly given, we come very easily at the epoch of Abraham, which, according to the Hebrew text, was 292 years after the deluge. We may safely infer that Abraham inherited the type of his ancestors through these comparatively few years, and no doubt would remain, if it can be shown that his descendants, at the end of 4000 years, (about 125 generations) have preserved *his* lineaments.

The country of Abraham's birth was Mesopotamia, between the waters of the Tigris and Euphrates, not very far from the site of Nineveh; and after his marriage with Sarai, his history thus continues:

"And Terah took Abram, his son, and Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and Sarai his daughter-in-law, his son Abram's wife; and they went forth with them from Ur, of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan, and they came unto Haran and dwelt there, and the days of Terah were 205 years, and Terah died in Haran."

"Now the Lord said unto Abram, get thee *out of thy country and from thy kindred*, and from thy father's house, unto a land which I will show thee." "And I will make thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing."

Accordingly, Abram and Lot, with their families and their flocks, journied on, "and unto the land of Canaan they came."

"And the Lord appeared unto Abram and said, unto thy seed will I give this land."

They were soon driven to Egypt by a grievous famine, to beg corn of the Pharaoh, who then ruled over that country; but, after a short sojourn there, they returned to the promised land, and pitched their tents again on the very spot from which they had been taken; "and the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled there in the land."\*

Abram and Lot soon separated, and "Abram removed his tent, and came and dwelt on the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar to the Lord." Sarah died at the age of 127 years, and was buried in the family cave, which Abram had purchased in Canaan; and wishing then to dispose of his son Isaac in marriage, he said to his eldest servant, "And I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of heaven and the God of earth, *that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites*, amongst whom I dwell;" "But thou shalt go into *my country*, and to *my kindred*, and take a wife unto my son Isaac." And, accordingly, the servant went back into Mesopotamia, unto the city of Nahor, and brought Rebecca, the cousin of Isaac, whom he married.

The next link in the genealogy is Jacob; who, after defrauding his brother Esau of his birthright, retired, from prudential motives, into the land of his forefathers, and there married Leah and Rachael, the two daughters of Laban. Isaac lived to be 180, and Jacob 147 years old, and they were both deposited in the family cave, or mausoleum. So tenacious were they of their customs, that Jacob, as was afterwards his son Joseph, after being embalmed, with great ceremony, was carried all the way back from Egypt to repose in the same family burial place.

Here closes the history of those generations which preceded the departure of the Israelites for Egypt; and the evidence is clear, up to this epoch, as to the extreme particularity with which they preserved the purity of their blood, as well as the custom of "sleeping with their fathers."

\* The Canaanites were clearly a Semitic stock, and there is every reason to believe were identical in type with the Hebrews, and probably an earlier migration of the same race; they spoke the same language with Abraham's family, and were probably the same in type, as we see no allusion to any physical distinction; other reasons might be adduced for this opinion.

Let us follow this peculiar people through the next remarkable page of their history. The whole family, amounted to seventy in number, viz: Jacob and his twelve sons, who, with their families, by the invitation of Joseph, migrated to Egypt, and were there settled in the land of Goshen, apart from the Egyptians. Thus secluded, they must have preserved their national type unchanged up to the time of the Exode, when they carried it back with them to the land of Canaan. Under the command of Joshua, the land of Canaan was conquered and divided amongst the twelve Tribes, and, from that time, down to the final destruction of the Temple by Titus, 70, A. D.,—a period of about 1500 years, this country was more or less occupied by them. They were, however, almost incessantly harassed by civil and foreign wars, captivities and calamities of various kinds, and their blood was more or less adulterated with that of Syro-Arabian races around them, the type of which, however, did not differ materially from their own.

We shall not impose on the patience of the reader, by recapitulating the long list of evidences which are found in history, both sacred and profane, to prove the comparative purity of the blood of the Israelites down to their dispersion, 70, A. D. The avoidance of marriages with other races was enjoined by their religion, and the custom has been preserved, in a remarkable degree, through all their wanderings and under all their oppressions, down to the present day.

But, while all must agree that the Jews have, for ages, clung together with a steadiness and perseverance unknown, perhaps, to any other people, and that their lineaments have, in consequence, been preserved with extraordinary fidelity; it must, on the other hand, be admitted that the race have not entirely escaped adulteration; and it is for this reason that we not unfrequently see amongst those professing the Jewish religion, faces which do not bear the stamp of the pure Abrahamic stock. We have only to turn to the sacred records of the Old Testament, to find proofs, on almost every page, that the ancient Hebrews, like the modern, were but human beings, and subject to all the infirmities of our nature. Even those venerable heads of the Hebrew monarchy, whose names stand out as the land-marks of sacred history, were not untarnished by the moral darkness which covered the early inhabitants of the earth. It was not till the Messiah came that

this cloud could be dispelled, and that man could behold the fair light of heaven in all its brightness and purity.

The history of the connubial life of the patriarchs, Abram and Jacob, presents a picture of morals quite revolting to the standards of our day. After the promulgation of the Mosaic laws, the Israelites were expressly forbidden to intermarry with others, and yet the injunction was often disregarded. Abraham and Joseph had both taken wives from among the Egyptians; and Moses married an Arab—(a Cushite.)—David, the man after God's own heart, long after the promulgation of the *law*, not only had his concubines, but so far forgot himself as to commit adultery with Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, the Hittite; and, after murdering the husband, married her, and she became the mother of the celebrated Solomon. Next, on the throne, came Solomon himself, whose career opened with murders and other crimes. He also married an Egyptian (a princess,) and had, besides, seven hundred other wives, and three hundred concubines. Even the noble hearted Judah, the "*Lion's Whelp*," the last column of the twelve, which stood erect in the sight of Jehovah, and whose especial mission it was to regenerate and raise up the fallen race in purity and power, even he, not only married an impure Canaanite, but was tempted to crime by his own daughter-in-law, disguised as a harlot, on the road side; and, so far from repenting the sin, he had two children by her.

We might thus go on and multiply examples, of similar import, from Jewish annals, but that we find it a much more pleasing task to draw the veil of oblivion over the depravity of those primitive days, and dwell upon the noble moral precepts bequeathed us by the kings and prophets of Judea. These, however, are historical facts, having important bearings on the subject before us, and must not, therefore, be passed over in silence. They show clearly that the ancient Israelites were restrained by no moral force which could keep their genealogies pure; but, in comparison with every other people, there is enough to justify us in believing that they are to be fully relied on, for a long series of generations, at every period in their history.

Making ample allowances for the adulterations of the race to which we have referred, and which were mostly from Syro-Arabian races, which resembled them closely

in type, we think our first proposition is pretty fairly made out, on the principle that "*like begets like.*" Those of the Jews of the present day who have preserved what is regarded as the national type, have preserved their *blood* pure ; while those who have not, must be traced up to foreign alliances. We shall, therefore, pass to the consideration of our second proposition.

What, then, let us inquire, *was* the physical type of the original Hebrew stock ? It would really seem a hopeless task to determine, at this late day, a question, such as this, which requires us to call up from the tombs, as witnesses, those who have been sleeping in death some three thousand or four thousand years ; and, yet, the evidence which such witnesses afford is indispensable, and, to our mind, appears equally clear and conclusive. We have seen, in the magnificent collection of Dr. Morton, in Philadelphia, the mummied head of an Israelite, taken from the early catacombs of Memphis, in which the national type is so perfectly preserved that you would take it, without hesitation, as a characteristic specimen of the Jews of the present day. This head is the more striking, as it is one of more than one hundred from the same source, sent out from Egypt by Mr. Gliddon, and stands in strong contrast with the heads of Egyptians, negroes, and others, from the catacombs, of pure and mixed races. Who ever saw a well-marked Jewish head where there was not Jewish blood ? Other specimens, of the same character, are to be found in European museums, from the catacombs of Egypt. There is no want, indeed, of specimens.

Let us next look to the monuments of Egypt. Here, dating back from two thousand to three thousand years before Christ, we have innumerable painted and sculptured representations of different races of men. Amongst others, it is generally conceded that we have portraits of Israelites, antedating the epoch of Moses. For these facts, we have the authority of Rosellini, Hengstenberg, Osburn, Kitto, besides many others of no less note ; and we are pleased to add to this list of authorities the name of the distinguished Dr. Hawks, of New-York, as decidedly expressed in his late interesting work on the "*Monuments of Egypt.*"

All the written descriptions, of early times, which relate to the Jewish race, concur in establishing the perma-

nence of their type. We are informed, by modern travellers, that the same features are common in Mesopotamia, their original seat, and also scattered through Persia, Afghanistan, &c.; the direction in which, we are taught by history the ten tribes were dispersed, after the Assyrian captivity, in the eighth century before Christ. In short, the Jewish features are met in almost every country under the sun; and it is worthy of especial remark that Jewish features are found in no region where history cannot trace them, and rarely where they do not acknowledge their origin. Nor will the fact be questioned. I presume, that the well-marked Jewish features are never seen out of that race; although it has (as we shall show) been contended that Jews, in certain climates, have not only lost their own type, but been transformed into other races.

The number of Jews now existing in the world, of those who are regarded as descendants, in a direct line, from, and maintaining the same laws with, their forefathers, who, above three thousand years ago, retreated from Egypt under the guidance of their inspired lawgiver, Moses, is estimated by Weimer, Woolff, Milman,\* and others, variously, at from three millions to five millions. In all climates and countries, they are recognized as the same race.

Weimer, whose estimates are lowest, gives the following:

AFRICA.—They are scattered along the whole coast, from Morocco to Egypt, besides being found in many other parts. Morocco and Fez, 300,000; Tunis, 130,000; Algiers, 30,000; Gabes or Habesh, 20,000; Tripoli, 12,000; &c. Total, 504,000.

ASIA.—In Mesopotamia and Assyria. The ancient seats of the Babylonian Jews are still occupied by 5,270 families, exclusive of those of Bagdad and Bassora. Asiatic Turkey, 330,000; Arabias, 200,000; Hindostan, 100,000; China, 60,000; Turkistan, 40,000; Province of Iran, 35,000; &c. Total, 738,000.

EUROPE.—Russia and Poland, 608,000; European Turkey, 321,000; Germany, 138,000; Prussia, 134,000; Netherlands, 80,000; France, 60,000; Italy, 36,000; Great Britain, 12,000; &c. Total in Europe, 1,918,053.

\* See Milman's *History of the Jews*.

IN AMERICA, Mr. Milman estimates them at 6,000 only ; but this was certainly very far below the mark, even when his book was published, and they have been increasing, with immense rapidity, since. We should think that an estimate of 100,000, for North and South America, would not be an exaggeration.

This rapid and imperfect sketch will be sufficient to show how the race has been scattered throughout the regions of the earth, and many of them previous to the Christian era, in climates the most opposite; and, yet, in obedience to a law of animal life, they have preserved, unchanged, the same features which the Almighty stamped on the first pairs which he created. It may be well to state that it is a vulgar notion that the features of the Jews are attributable to a subsequent miracle, and that God has put a mark upon them, by which they may be always known, and for the mere purpose of distinguishing them from other races. If we are correct in carrying their type back to times preceding the Exode, this notion must fall to the ground. He has, no doubt, well individualized all his races, from the beginning.

It is admitted, by ethnographers of all sides, that mankind are materially influenced by climate. The Jews, for example, may become more fair at the north, and more dark in the tropic, than in their native land ; but, yet, the limit of change stops far short of other types. The complexion may be bleached, or tanned, in *exposed parts* of the body, but the Jewish *features* stand through all climates, and are superior to such influences.

But, it is stoutly contended, even at the present day, that Jews have, in various parts of the world, been *transformed into other types*. Several striking examples (so supposed) have been heralded forth to sustain the doctrine of the Unity of the species. We have examined, with care, all these supposed examples, and have no hesitation in asserting that *not one* of them has any evidence to sustain it, while the proof is almost conclusive on the other side.

The most prominent example, thus instanced, is that of the *black Jews* in Malabar; and this has been confidently cited by all the advocates of the doctrine of Unity, down to the Edinburgh Review, of 1849. Mr. Prichard, in his great work on this subject, has dodged this point, in a manner that we are really at a loss to un-

derstand. In the second edition (1826) of his "Physical History of Mankind," he states the facts, with sufficient fairness; while, in the last, he suppresses them entirely, and passes them over without giving one word of evidence in support of *his* assertions—merely saying that there is "no evidence" to show that the *black Jews* are *not Jews*. We shall here introduce testimony to prove our position, which certainly cannot fairly be questioned, though well known to our author, and eluded by him with most ominous silence.

Under the protection and patronage of the British government, the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D.D., late Vice Provost of the College of Fort William, in Bengal, well known for his learning, fidelity, and piety, visited and spent some time amongst the *white and black Jews* of Malabar, near Cochin, in 1806-7-8; and the testimony given in his "Asiatic Researches" is so remarkable, and the subject so important, that we will venture upon a long extract, even at the risk of fatiguing the reader. The "Jerusalem, or white Jews," he tells us, live in *Jews' Town*, about a mile from Cochin, and the "*ancient, or black Jews*," with small exceptions, inhabit towns in the interior of the province.

"On my inquiry (continues Dr. Buchanan) into the antiquity of the white Jews, they first delivered me a narrative, in the Hebrew language, of their arrival in India, which has been handed down to them from their fathers; and then exhibited their ancient brass plate, containing their charter and freedom of residence, given by a king of Malabar. The following is the narrative of the events relating to their first arrival:

"After the second Temple was destroyed, (which may God speedily rebuild!) our fathers, dreading the conqueror's wrath, departed from Jerusalem—a numerous body of men, women, priests and Levites—and came into this land. There were among them men of repute for learning and wisdom; and God gave the people favour in the sight of the king who at that time reigned here, and he granted them a place to dwell in, called *Cranganor*. He allowed them a patriarchal jurisdiction in the district, with certain privileges of nobility; and the royal grant was engraved, according to the custom of those days, on a plate of brass. This was done in the year from the creation of the world 4250 (A. D. 490;) and this plate of brass we still have in possession. Our forefathers continued at *Cranganor* for about one thousand years, and the number of heads who governed were seventy-two. Soon after our settlement, other Jews

followed us from Judea; and among them came that man of great wisdom, Rabbi Samuel, a Levite, of Jerusalem, with his son, Rabbi Jehuda Levita. They brought with them the *silver trumpets* \* made use of at the time of the *Jubilee*, which were saved when the second Temple was destroyed; and we have heard, from our fathers, that there were engraven upon those trumpets the letters of the Ineffable Name. There joined us, also, from Spain and other places, from time to time, certain tribes of Jews, who had heard of our prosperity. But, at last, discord arising among ourselves, one of our chiefs called to his assistance an Indian king, who came upon us with a great army, destroyed our houses, palaces and strongholds, dispossessed us of Cranganor, killed part of us, and carried part into captivity. By these massacres, we were reduced to a small number. Some of the exiles came and dwelt at Cochin, where we have remained ever since, suffering great changes, from time to time. There are amongst us some of the children of Israel (Beni-Israel) who came from the country of Ashkenaz, from Egypt, from Tsoha, and other places, besides those who formerly inhabited this country.'

"The native annals of Malabar confirm the foregoing account, in the principal circumstances, as do the Mahommedan histories of the later ages; for the Mahommedans have been settled here, in great numbers, since the eighth century.

"The desolation of Cranganor the Jews describe as being like the desolation of Jerusalem in miniature. They were first received into the country with some favour and confidence, agreeably to the tenour of the general prophecy concerning the Jews—for no country was to reject them; and, after they had obtained some wealth, and attracted the notice of men, they are precipitated to the lowest abyss of human suffering and reproach. The recital of the sufferings of the Jews at Cranganor resembles much that of the Jews at Jerusalem, as given by Josephus.

"I now requested they would show me their brass plate. Having been given by a native king, it is written, of course, in the *Malabaric* language and character, and is now so old that it cannot be well understood. The Jews preserve a Hebrew translation of it, which they presented to me; but the Hebrew itself is very difficult, and they do not agree among themselves as to the meaning of some words. I have employed, by their permission, an engraver, at Cochin, to execute a fac simile of the original plate on copper. † This ancient document begins in the following manner, according to the Hebrew translation:

"'In the peace of God, the King, which hath made the earth according to his pleasure—To this God, I, AIRVI BRAHMIN, have

\* It is well known that in *every* considerable town in Judea there were Jubilee Trumpets.

† "Now deposited in the public Library at the University of Cambridge.

lifted up my hand and have granted, by this deed, which many hundred thousand years shall run—I, dwelling in Cranganor, have granted, in the thirty-sixth year of my reign, in the strength of power I have granted, in the strength of power I have given in inheritance, to JOSEPH RABBAN—'

("Here follow several privileges, &c.)

"What proves the importance of the Jews, at the period when this grant was made, is, that it is signed by seven kings as witnesses. (The names are here given.)

"There is no date to the document, further than what may be collected from the reign of the prince, and the names of the royal witnesses. Dates are not usual in old Malabaric writings. One fact is evident, that the Jews must have existed a considerable time in the country before they could have obtained such a grant. The tradition, before-mentioned, assigns for the date of the transaction the year of the creation 4250, which is, in Jewish computation, A. D. 490. It is well known that the famous Malabaric king, CORAM PERUMAL, made grants to the Jews, Christians, and Mahommedans, during his reign; but that prince flourished in the eighth or ninth century."

Speaking of the *black Jews*, Dr. Buchanan thus continues :

"Their Hindoo complexion, and their very imperfect resemblance to the European Jews, indicate that they have been detached from the parent stock, in Judea, many ages before the Jews in the west, and that there have been intermarriages with families *not Israelitish*. I had heard that those tribes, which had passed the Indus, had assimilated so much to the customs and habits of the countries in which they live, that they sometimes may be seen by a traveller without being recognised as Jews. In the interior towns of Malabar, I was not always able to distinguish the Jew from the Hindoo. I hence perceived how easy it may be to mistake the tribes of Jewish descent among the Afghans and other nations, in the northern parts of Hindostan. The white Jews look upon the black Jews as an *inferior race*, and as not of *pure caste*, which plainly demonstrates that they do not spring from a common stock in India." \*

The evidence of Dr. Buchanan can scarcely leave room for a doubt that the white Jews had been living at least

\* In the 27th (March) number, 1850, of the *Asmonean*, a Jewish paper, published in New-York, may be found a full and interesting article on the Jews of Malabar, which coincides fully with Buchanan and Woolff. This article first appeared in the "*Archives Israelites*," Paris—was copied into the *London Jewish Chronicle*, and is from the pen of a Rabbi of Cochin. We thus have the evidence of all those parties as to the light in which the black Jews stand amongst the Israelites every where.

fifteen hundred years in Malabar, and were still *white Jews*, without even an approximation, in type, to the *Hindoos*; and that the *black Jews* were an "inferior race"—"not of *pure caste*"—or, in other words, adulterated by dark *Hindoos*—Jews in doctrine, but not in stock.

But we have another authority, of no less note, to the same effect, namely, that of Woolff, a converted Jew, who travelled in this country, and whose authority is quoted in all places where modern Jews are spoken of. He assures us, in his "Missionary Researches," page 308, that the black Jews are converted *Hindoos*, and at most a mixture only of the two races. Similar opinions have been expressed by every competent authority we have seen or can find quoted; and even Mr. Prichard, in his ponderous work, while he passes over all these facts with the simple remark that there is "no evidence" in favour of Buchanan's opinion, ventures to give not a single authority to rebut him, and offers not a single reason for doubting his testimony. And we say it with regret, that this is but one of Mr. Prichard's many unfair modes of sustaining the doctrine of the unity of mankind. We may add, also, that the opinions of Buchanan and Woolff are those of all the Jews of our day, as far as we have been able to ascertain them. Mr. Isaac Leeser, the learned and estimable editor of the "*Occident*," in Philadelphia, in answer to our inquiries, thus writes:

"You may freely assert, that, in all essentials, the Jews are the same they are represented on the Egyptian monuments, and a comparison of 3500 years ought to be sufficient to prove that the intermediate links have not degenerated." "The Black Jews of Malabar are not a Jewish race, according to the accounts which have appeared from time to time in the papers. They are most likely *converts* to Judaism, who, never having intermarried with the white Jews, have retained their original *Hindoo* complexion, and, I believe, language." "There has doubtless been some intermixture of the two races here, as has often occurred in other parts of the world, particularly in certain Mahommedan countries, where the Jews have been cruelly oppressed. Dr. Buchanan justly remarks, 'that small portions of the Jewish nation melt away, from time to time, and become absorbed in the mass of the heathen world.'"

Though this letter of Mr. Leeser was written in haste, and not intended for publication, his well known respectability and talent give so much weight to any thing he

would say about his race, that we cannot forego the temptation to give yet another and longer extract from it. He says:

“In respect, however, to the true Jewish complexion, it is *fair*; which is proved by the variety of the people I have seen, from Persia, Russia, Palestine, and Africa, not to mention those of Europe and America, the latter of whom are identical with the Europeans, like all other white inhabitants of this continent. All Jews that ever I have beheld are *identical in features*; though the colour of their skins and eyes differ materially, inasmuch as the Southern are nearly all black-eyed, and somewhat sallow, whilst the Northern are blue-eyed, in a great measure, and of a fair and clear complexion. In this they assimilate to all Caucasians, when transported for a number of generations into various climates.\* Though I am free to admit that the dark and hazel eye and tawny skin are oftener met with among the Germanic Jews than the German natives proper. There are also red-haired and white-haired Jews, as well as other people, and perhaps of as great a proportion. I speak now of the Jew, north—I am myself a native of Germany, and among my own family I know of none without blue eyes, brown hair, (though mine is black,) and very fair skin—still I recollect, when a boy, seeing many who had not these characteristics, and had, on the contrary, eyes, hair and skin of a more southern complexion. In America you will see all varieties of complexion, from the very fair Canadian down to the almost yellow of the West Indian—the latter, however, is solely the effect of exposure to a *deleterious* climate, for several generations, which changes, I should judge, the texture of the hair and skin, and thus leaves its mark on the constitution—otherwise the Caucasian type is strongly developed; but this is the case more emphatically among those sprung from a German than a Portuguese stock. The latter was an original inhabitant of the Iberian Peninsula, and whether it was preserved pure or became mixed with Moorish blood in the process of centuries, or whether the Germans contracted an intimacy with Teutonic nations and thus acquired a part of their national characteristics, it is impossible to be told now. But one thing is certain, that, both in Spain and Germany, conversions to Judaism during the early ages, say from the 8th to the 13th centuries, were by no means rare, or else the governments would not have so energetically prohibited Jews from making proselytes of their servants and others. I know not, indeed, whether there is any greater physical discrepancy between northern and southern Jews than be-

\* Mr. Leeser is here mistaken. A sun-burned cheek is never handed down to the child. This fact is admitted even by Prichard. The white Jews are white at the end of 1500 years; though their faces are tanned, their children are born fair, and would remain so in a temperate climate.

tween English families who continue in England, or emigrate to Alabama; I rather judge there is not."

Mr. Leescr professes not to have paid any special attention to the physical history of the Jews; but still his remarks corroborate very strongly two important points: 1st. That the Jews only undergo those limited changes from climate which are admitted by all ethnographers, and 2d. That they do occasionally mingle in blood, to considerable extent, with other races, which accounts for much of the diversity of type amongst them.

We think we have shown satisfactorily that the "black Jews" of India are *not* Jews by race. Other examples of transformation have been given, but they are even less worthy of credit than the preceding, which we have examined. The Jews of Abyssinia, or *Felashas*, as they are called, may be noticed. They do not present the Jewish physiognomy to any extent, and are, doubtless, composed of mixed bloods and converts, and so of their descendants. We have before us a pamphlet of Charles F. Beke, Esq., P.H.D., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., London, entitled "Remarks on the Mats' Hafa Tomar, or Book of the Letter," an Ethiopic manuscript, from which we take the following extract, referring to this people. This essay was read 8th Feb., 1848, before the Syro-Egyptian Society of London, and Mr. Beke's standing as an orientalist is too well known to require comment. His information was obtained from the *Felashas* themselves.

"There is, however, no reason for imagining that these Israelites of Abyssinia, who are known in that country by the name of *Falashas*, are, as a people, the lineal descendants of any of the tribes of Israel. Their peculiar language, which they still retain, differs entirely from the Syro-Arabian class to which the Ethiopic and Amharic, as well as the Hebrew and Arabic belong, and is cognate with, and closely allied to, the existing dialects spoken by the A'gaus of Lasta and the A'gaumider; a circumstance affording a strong argument in support of the opinion that all these people are descended from an aboriginal race, which has been forced to give way before the advances of a younger people from the opposite shores of the Red Sea—first in Tigre, and, subsequently, in the countries adjacent to Bab-el Mandeb.

"It is not till about the tenth century of the Christian era that we possess any history of the Israelites of Abyssinia as a separate people, and even then, the particulars respecting them which are to

be gathered from the annals of the country, as given by Bruce, must, in the earlier portions, at least, be received with great caution."

Bruce, in the second volume of his travels, gives an interesting account of this people. He regards them really as Jews; but expresses strong doubts, and says, the question must be determined by future *philological researches*. These researches have been made since his day, and the opinion of Mr. Beke is given above. Even Prichard does not credit Bruce's account.

The history of the ten tribes affords also a conclusive evidence of the influence of intermixtures with the other races. In the 8th century B.C., they were conquered and carried captive by Tiglathpilesser and Shalmanesser into the north-eastern parts of the Assyrian empire, and their places supplied by foreign colonists from that country. These, with the remaining Israelites, formed the Samaritans of after times; and the ten tribes have been scattered across Asia, and most of them lost by amalgamation. (On this subject, see the History of the Hebrew Monarchy.)

"The Affghans, as before remarked, bear strong marks of the Jewish type, and are doubtless descended from the ten tribes." "The Affghans have no resemblance to the Tartars who surround them, in person, habits or language. Sir William Jones, (and this opinion is now prevalent) is inclined to believe that their descent may be traced to the Israelites, and adds, that the best informed Persian historians have adopted the same opinion. The Affghans have traditions among themselves which render it very probable that this is the just account of their origin. Many of their families are distinguished by names of Jewish tribes, though, since their conversion to the *Islam*, they conceal their descent with the most scrupulous care; and the whole is confirmed by the circumstance that the *Pushto* has so near an affinity with the Chaldaic that it may justly be regarded as a dialect of that tongue. They are now confounded with the Arabs." (*Ency. Britan.*)

Most other points have been so fully discussed by others that it did not form a part of our original plan to travel out of the physical history of the Jews, in illustrating that of mankind; but the *gypsies* offer such curious analogies with the Israelites that we will indulge a few passing remarks on that race.

"Both have had an exodus; both are exiles and dispersed amongst the gentiles, by whom they are hated and despised, and whom they

hate and despise, under the names of Busnees and Goyim; both, though speaking the language of the gentiles, possess a peculiar tongue, which the latter do not understand, and both possess a *peculiar cast of countenance*, by which they may be, without difficulty, *distinguished from all other nations*; but with these points the similarity terminates. The Israelites have a peculiar religion, to which they are fanatically attached; the Romas (gypsies) have none. The Israelites have an authentic history; the gypsies have no history—they do not even know the name of their original country.”\*

The history of this singular race is involved in much obscurity and mystery; though, from their physical type, language, &c., it is conceded that they came from some part of India; but at what time, and why, cannot now be determined. It has been said that they fled from the exterminating sword of the great Tartar conqueror, Timur Beg, (Tamerlane,) who ravaged India in 1408–9, A.D.; but there will be found very good reason, in Borrow's work, for believing that they might have migrated at a much earlier period north, amongst the Slavonians, before they entered Germany and other countries, where we first trace them. We, however, know with certainty, that, in the beginning of the fifteenth century (about the time of Timur's conquest) they appeared in Germany, and were soon scattered over Europe, as far as Spain. They appeared in France on 17th August, 1427, A.D. Their number now, in all, has been estimated at about 700,000, and they are scattered over most countries of the habitable globe—Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, and some few in North America. “Their tents are pitched on the heaths of Brazil and the ridges of the Himalaya hills, and their language is heard in Moscow and Madrid, in London and Stamboul.” “Their power of resisting cold is truly wonderful, as it is not uncommon to find them encamped in the midst of the snow, in slight canvas tents, where the temperature is 25 to 30 degrees below the freezing point, according to Reaumur;” while, on the other hand, they are found in Spain, Africa and India.†

What insuperable difficulties does the history of this race offer to the advocates of the unity of the human

\* Borrow.

† Our quotations are from Borrow, (“Gypsies of Spain,”) whom we quote in preference, as he has devoted twenty years to studying the history of the gypsies, and visited them in various parts of the world. He spoke their language also, which gave him great advantage over other writers.

race? Here we see the gypsies living certainly 450 years (if not longer) in open tents, exposed in every possible way to the extremes of climate, want and human misery; in a word, subjected fully to all the causes which are said to act on man, inducing physical changes; and yet retaining, like the Hebrews, their peculiar type, habits, customs, and even more, their *peculiar language*. Unlike the Hebrews, they have never taken any part in the advancement of civilization, but have everywhere kept themselves isolated. Like the Hindoos, the gypsies have *much smaller heads* than the Hebrews and other Caucasian races who have played a part in this great work, and their life is a simple response to the organization which the Almighty has given them. The efforts of missionaries and statesmen to civilize and christianize them have been utterly futile. If 450 years, which would give some fifteen or twenty generations in wandering tribes of this kind, has not transformed these Indians into Europeans, or Africans, what ground is there for expecting radical changes in the future? It is a well known law, that those changes which do take place in animals, from climate, are brought about in very few generations.

"Wherever," says Borrow, "they are found, their manners and customs are virtually the same, though somewhat modified by circumstances: and the language they speak amongst themselves is in all countries the same, but has been subjected to more or less modification; and their countenances exhibit a decided family resemblance, but are darker or fairer, according to the temperature of the climate, but *invariably* darker, at least in Europe, than the natives of the countries in which they dwell—for example, England and Russia, Germany and Spain."

Again, speaking of the Gypsies of Spain, he says,

"Their complexion is by no means uniform, save that it is invariably darker than the general olive hue of the Spaniards. Not unfrequently, countenances as dark as mulattoes present themselves, and, in some instances, almost of negro blackness."

It should be remembered that the present population of Hindostan present the remarkable phenomenon of all tints, from white to black. The gypsy eye is spoken of as one of those peculiar features which can never be described, mistaken, or forgotten. Though, by their mode of life, exposed in a manner which makes other races hideously ugly, Mr. Borrow tells us this race is by nature perhaps the most beautiful in the world, and amongst the children

of the Russian gypsies are to be found countenances, to do justice to which would require the pencil of a Murillo. Their great exposure and hardships, however, destroy their beauty early, and they become often extremely ugly in old age.

The Magyars, who have played so prominent a part in the late struggle of Hungary, belonging to the *Tartar* subdivision of the great Caucasian family, detached themselves about the year 880 A.D., (1000 years ago,) from their Asiatic connexions, and advancing into Europe, under a chief named Arpad, conquered and formed the present kingdom of Hungary. In 1842, according to Schaffarick, the population of Hungary stood as follows: Total, 11,692,000; Slavonians, 6,342,000; Magyars, 3,500,000; Germans and Wallachians, 1,820,000. Here we see the remarkable fact, that a comparatively handful of Tartars, who have always been classed with the Caucasian race, (and differing less than the Hindoos from the white races,) surrounded by and intermingled with millions of other families, still retain strongly their original type, and that, too, in one of the finest portions of Europe, where the very fairest complexions are to be seen.

We have thus hurriedly gone over the physical history of the Jewish race, with as much detail as our limits would permit; and, though the argument is very far from being exhausted, we think enough has been said to satisfy any unprejudiced mind, that this race has preserved its peculiar type from the time of Abraham to the present day, or more than one hundred generations; and has therefore transmitted directly to us the features of Noah's family, which only preceded that of Abraham, according to the Mosaic account, by ten generations.

Our fourth proposition seems to follow naturally, as a corollary from the foregoing facts. If the Jewish race has preserved the type of its forefathers for four thousand years, in all the climates, and under all the forms of government of the earth,—through extremes of prosperity and adversity,—if, too, we add to all this, the recently developed facts, (which cannot be denied) that the Mongols, the Negroes, the Hindoos, the Egyptians, and others, existed, two thousand years before the christian era, *as distinct as now*; where, we may ask, is to be found the semblance of an argument to sustain the assumption of a common origin for mankind?

From the earliest dawn of history, these various races

have differed no less in their moral and intellectual characters and adaptations than in their physical characters, and what reason is there to believe that any effort of man, however, well directed, can reverse the laws of God, and raise an inferior up to the standard of a superior race?

We would remark that arbitrary terms, without adequate reasons, have been coined to designate certain groups of races, as Caucasian, Negro, &c., and it has been assumed that each of these groups has a common origin, laying aside the question of unity for all. We are not prepared to admit these assertions, as *many* types are included under the terms, Caucasian, Negro, &c. We have no chronology which will allow us to press all the so called Caucasian, or so called Negro races into common origins; nor will the natural history of the different races justify such conclusions. But, even admitting these forced divisions, Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia, in his recent published catalogue, establishes the fact, beyond cavil, after the careful measurement of nearly nine hundred skulls, that the Negro race, compared with the Caucasian, has about nine cubic inches less of brain! This relative difference, we may add, we are shown by the pictures on monuments of Egypt, and the mummied heads in the catacombs, to have existed, precisely as now, at least four thousand years ago. Is there a single well authenticated fact in history, to prove that the "Ethiopian (except from disease) can change his skin," or that one cubic inch can be added to the size of the brain? We have looked with impartiality through the histories of ancient nations—have pored over volumes of mental philosophy—have read histories of civilization,—and yet can find nothing to prove the oft repeated assertion that the brain can be enlarged by cultivation from one generation to another. The heads of each race are the same in all ages and all places.

It has been asserted that history can point to no barbarous race which has been civilized, till an impulse came from *without*. The Hebrews borrowed from Egypt, as did the Phenicians and Greeks; Rome from Greece; Gaul and Germany from Rome, &c. This may be all true; but when, and where, did the true white race ever fail to respond to the call? As soon as the elements of civilization are brought within their reach, and a good government protects them, the march of civilization is

begun, and a century or two works wonders. What could Peter the Great have done amongst Negroes, or American Indians?

Look at the masses in Western Europe, two hundred years ago, when the distribution of races was much the same as now; \* follow them on, from the time of Julius Cæsar to the extinction of the Feudal System, and see how master minds sprang up whenever their fetters were stricken off, and knowledge placed within their reach. They only followed the instincts of their organizations, when they seized the proffered boon. On the other hand, while the Caucasian races were seizing with avidity the civilization of Egypt from the North and East, behold the dark skinned Africans, though in constant intercourse on the South, stationary for thousands of years. Not a monument of their own to tell their story, and always depicted on those of Egypt as slaves and barbarians. See, too, the millions of Indians in America, dwindling away in contact with civilization for three centuries, as if there was poison in the very atmosphere of the superior, to the unperforming, or mere pioneer people, whom they superseded.

Very important modifications of races, both as to moral and physical characters, are produced by crossing them; and yet this important fact has been strangely neglected by writers and talkers on these subjects. The negro races always have been, and probably always will be, incapable of progressing alone in the march of civilization. Look at Africa—look at the West Indies, and especially Hayti, where, just in proportion as white blood has been expelled, has degradation advanced. Witness the Empire of Soulouque, which is fast sinking into natural African barbarism!

We look with painful anxiety to Liberia, as the last hope of the Negro as an independent race, and most devoutly wish for the entire success of this dubious experiment. But the destinies of individuals and of races are in the hands of the Almighty, and unless the organization of the negro can be changed, it requires no prophetic eye to foresee that the experiment must fail. Keep away that fostering influence of the whites, by which it is sustained

\* See North British Review for a very able article on the "Slavonians and Eastern Europe." No. xxii, August, 1849.

on all sides, and the incorporated white blood *within* the colony, and the Republic of Liberia, like Hayti, would soon be a thing of the past. It is a vain struggle against fixed laws of nature.

Flattering accounts are constantly coming to us of the marvellous progress of civilization in Liberia. Meetings of the Colonization Society are held in Washington City, from time to time, where enchanting pictures of her past, present and future are drawn; and these representations come from gentlemen whose honesty and philanthropy we shall not question; but we have reason to believe that these pictures are drawn by enthusiasts, who deceive themselves in degree with their desires, and who will not long succeed in deceiving any body else.

Seeing such flattering notices of the leading men in Liberia, by their friends, we wrote to a scientific correspondent at the North, and also to the Hon. A. P. Butler, of South-Carolina, requesting them to ascertain, if practicable, *what blood predominated* in Liberia, and, particularly, what was the pedigree of President Roberts, who has been figuring so much of late in European courts.

From our Northern friend, a gentleman well known in the scientific world, we received the following reply:

“You asked me if I knew any thing of President Roberts, of Liberia? Two gentlemen were at my house on Sunday evening last, who have often seen him; and they inform me that he is three-fourths *white blood*, with a rough, florid complexion, red hair, and a most disagreeable physiognomy. He was a black-smith in Virginia, and is a shrewd, active man, who appears to have turned his position in Liberia to his personal advantage.”

We will take the liberty of introducing two notes from Mr. R. R. Gurley, who has been much in the African colonies, and takes great interest in them. We feel much pleasure in stating that we have every reason to believe that Mr. Gurley is an amiable and intelligent gentleman, and actuated by the most philanthropic views:

WASHINGTON, 13th Feb., 1850.

*My Dear Sir*:—President Roberts is a *mulatto*, but a very intelligent self-educated gentleman, originally from Petersburg, Va., and I believe born free.

The Vice President, Mr. Brander, is of the unmixed African race; a very sensible man.

The first Secretary of State (who has since resigned) is

also an unmixed black man, who has been in Liberia, since his childhood, and derived all his education from the schools of the Colony and from his own studies. He is a man of great worth and good sense.

Gen. Lewis, the Secretary of the Treasury, is a mulatto, altogether educated in Liberia, and a very enterprising man.

Judge Stephen Benson, who may probably be hereafter chosen President, is unmixed and very black, but a man of very high character. He went to Africa in childhood, and is one of the best specimens of what freedom and favoring circumstances will do for the negro race.

The Chief Justice of Liberia is a mulatto, from the State of Georgia; a gentleman of a high order of natural talent, very considerably improved by education. His name is Benedict.

I have the honor to be,  
Sir, with great respect,  
Your friend, &c.  
R. R. GURLEY.

Hon. Judge BUTLER.

We will add another note, enclosed us by Judge Butler, from the Hon. W. K. Sebastian, relating to the Indians of the Western frontier. Much has been said about the civilization of the Creeks, Choctaws, and Cherokees, and, after numerous and well directed inquiries, I find that all the evidence confirms the observations of Judge Sebastian.

"I have lived in Arkansas since 1835, and have had frequent opportunity for observation upon the subject of Indian civilization. The local government amongst the Indians is almost universally entrusted to the half-breeds, or those having the blood of the white man preponderating in still greater proportion. These half-breeds generally occupy the places of trust and influence amongst them, and are at the head of the schools and institutions of learning. So far as I have observed, the educated persons and missionaries among them have been found among the half-bloods.

Yours, &c., &c.,

"W. K. SEBASTIAN.

Hon. A. P. BUTLER."

We do not doubt that *individuals* of inferior races, as Indians and negroes, are capable of receiving education and attaining to what might be termed a respectable mediocrity, when compared with the whites; but this

gives no proof that their *masses* can ever achieve civilization, or sustain well-organized governments. When we look at the history of these races, and reflect on the difficulty with which the highest races are kept from anarchy, the prospect for their future advance is not very encouraging. It will be the mind and labour of the white that will make, or save them from, their destinies.

We have not only already consumed more space than intended, but have somewhat wandered from our original plan—so full of ramifications is this interesting subject of *Mun.* We shall, therefore, close with a few words which we think due to ourselves, and due to the cause of science, which is the cause of immutable truth. We have been charged, not only with ignorance and infidelity, but with garbling facts to find an apology for negro slavery at the South. We disclaim this charge, from the bottom of our hearts, and do not hesitate to declare, (even at the risk of shocking Southern feelings) as our conviction, that every race, capable of self-government, has a right to liberty, and that no one has the right to withhold it. Nay, more: Though living at the South, and a slave-owner, we shall not hesitate to avow ourself an *emancipationist* whenever it can be clearly shown that the present condition of our slaves can be changed for the better. But, with the natural history of the races before us, and with the plain teachings of the history of the negro races, from remote antiquity to the present time, we shall follow the dictates of experience and sound philanthropy, which alike forbid all reckless experiments, whether of politicians or enthusiasts, in defiance of the obvious laws of man and nature.

J. C. N.

Mobile, Ala.

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## ART. VII.—JURY TRIAL AND THE FEDERAL COURT.

1. *Jury Trial. Motte vs. Bennett*—In the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of South-Carolina. MSS. opinion of the Court.
2. *The Charleston Mercury*. May 7th, August 7th, and November 15th, 1849.

TRIAL by Jury is a right more deeply impressed upon the affections of the English people than any other. Its origin and institution takes date farther back than their history ; and, far as the mists of fable and tradition reach, there it is to be found. It will be the last right which they will surrender, and with it will be the extinction of the Anglo-Saxon empire. Their affection for this venerable institution has descended to their American offspring, who cherish it with singular fidelity. Like other objects of affection and sentiment, it may be that its value is sometimes estimated beyond the measure that a cold and severe reason would accord.

But reason alone places it among the very highest of conservative rights. Mere lawyers sometimes smile and sometimes sneer at what occasionally appear to be the vagaries and absurdities of its exercise. But they are forced to confess that it is uniformly protective. It crushes no man wrongfully. It may sometimes fall short of severe, rigid justice ;—this is a passive defect. It rarely, if ever, goes beyond this, or reaches the precincts of active injustice.

In England it has stood firm, the insuperable barrier between the usurpations of power and its chosen victims. In this country it can be but rarely if ever needed for such purpose, and it operates peculiarly to prevent that necessity. It is a perpetually rotating tribunal, before which and in the formation of which, every man may in his turn take his part of perfect equality. Whatever are its merits, of one thing there is perfect certainty,—our people place a united sentiment, affection and reliance upon it. Freedom of conscience, rights of property, liberty of persons, all look to it for safety and protection. Hence they are sensitive and indignant at encroachments. They expect the watchfulness of the press over the preservation of the object of their affection and veneration. A leading and powerful daily journal has called attention

to what is charged as an encroachment on this right. It is charged that the Federal Court for the South-Carolina District, has lately, without law, and against law, knowingly and wrongfully deprived a citizen of this right. Is this charge true? We make no apology for the investigation of such a charge. We should find it difficult to excuse ourselves if we neglected it. If an attempt to unite in the person of the judge, the offices of the judge and the jury—so wisely divided by the law of the land—is made by the judicial power of the country, whether of State or Federal appointment, we shall speak of the usurpation with boldness and truth.

We have been taught, early and late, that a profound reverence and deference are due to the judicial tribunals of the country. It is essential to their usefulness and value that they should not be approached irreverently. Such lessons are of wisdom, and we recognize the duty they enjoin. We will not abandon, or halt, in the reverence we recognize, while yet there is a single niche of hope left for the foundation upon which respect and reverence must rest. We would struggle to preserve, even to the last resting place of hope, the judiciary, before we would yield it to its fate upon the currents of popular judgment. But all duties are correlative. Let the judge who wears the ermine, see to it that he gives countenance to our reverence, and suits his deportment to the gravity and dignity of his calling.

Public sentiment is sometimes headlong; always inquisitive, sharp-sighted, and loud-mouthed. It has more of this than of wisdom. "*Satis loquentiæ, sapientiæ parum*," is the merited rebuke which popular clamour provokes for itself.

Judicial functionaries should take heed that the same judgment does not righteously fall upon themselves.

We have examined the charge against the Federal Court, and have no misgivings in the opinion we have formed. We think there is quite too much colour and foundation for it.

We think it another instance of "the intruding, usurping nature of power, and with how much greater than the energy of a wedge, it is eternally at work to force open for itself more elbow-room and free license, than foresight itself or reason ever intended."

But we do not ask that our opinions shall be received; only that they shall be examined. The importance, at all

times, of any question opening censure upon the judiciary, and especially at this juncture of public affairs, will invoke from our readers strength and patience for the dullness of the investigation.

Public sentiment and affection are deeply interested in the preservation intact, of a cherished and venerable institution. It is a public question, and all parties are entitled to a fair and full hearing. It shall be no fault of ours if they do not have it.

These brief preliminary remarks bring us to the examination of the cause which has elicited them, and to the more immediate subject of our consideration. We think it will appear beyond doubt that the action of the court was founded either upon unpardonable ignorance or was directed by a spirit of usurpation which did not hesitate at the boldest misrepresentation of facts and of law. We are willing to assume, as the least offensive alternate, that ignorance, and not a deliberate plan for the improper enlargement of its powers, misled the court.

But an ignorant judiciary is no small evil ; and the judge who fails to inform himself, with some degree of industry, of matters submitted for his solemn judgment, cannot hold himself entirely absolved of responsibility for the mischief he inflicts upon the country. The man who undertakes the discharge of the highest judicial functions, certainly undertakes, at the same time, to add to whatever previous professional preparation he may have had ; and, to his natural endowments, the aid of some future study. We think if such an obligation had been recognized in this instance, we should have been spared the unwelcome duty we perform.

The case of *Motte vs. Bennett* arose between the assignees of two patent rights, each duly issued from the Patent Office, each party holding under the same original authority and *primâ facie* title. The question was, first, whether the two patents were conflicting—one an infringement of the other ; and next, if this were so, then, which of the two was for the original invention, and a valid patent.

The complainant brought his bill in the Chancery side of the Federal Court for the South-Carolina District, claiming that his patent was for an original invention and valid, alleging that the defendant's was an infringement and that his patent was invalid and void. He prays that an injunction may be put upon the use of the de-

fendant's patented machine, and that he may be compelled to account for the profits he had made by its use, and pay the same over to him. Before the coming in of the answer, a motion for an interlocutory injunction was heard. The court refused the injunction, or, in the words of the order, "suspended its action for the injunction as prayed for, until the coming in of the defendant's answer." But it ordered the defendant to keep an account, and enjoined him from making more machines. The answer was subsequently filed, and it denied the fact of infringement, and also the validity of the complainant's patent. The defendant further insisted that, under the laws of Congress, the complainant had plain, adequate, and complete remedy at law. That the exercise of the chancery jurisdiction of the court is only ancillary to aid complainant while establishing his right at law, and to protect it when established; that the bill was not brought in aid of any action at law; that the question of infringement was a question of fact, and ought to be tried by a jury; that this fact had never been submitted to a jury; that no action at law had been commenced, and none ordered by the court; and that he could not be deprived of the benefit of a jury trial to ascertain whether complainant's patent was valid, and if so, whether he (the defendant) had infringed upon it.

The issue thus raised by the answer was, clearly, whether the defendant had or had not a right to a trial of his property, and, perchance, of his personal liberty, by a jury of the country. We shall see that the court regarded this as the real issue before them, and that it was this which they boldly and avowedly adjudicated and denied.

The cause was argued for defendant upon this question only, by Messrs. Petigru and Memminger, of the Charleston Bar. Governor Seward, of New-York, appeared for the complainant, but did not profess or attempt to discuss this question. Counsel did not come in conflict in argument; and it is to be recorded, perhaps to the credit of the illustrious New-York demagogue, that, in his devotion to the *vox populi*, whose potency to override and subvert the sanctity of oaths and the authority of constitutions he calmly avows in the Senate, he did not raise his voice in argument to deprive even a South-Carolina slaveholder of that sacred Common Law right which he so zealously claims for fugitive slaves.

He gracefully left this recreation to the willow flexibility of judges, more habituated and disciplined than himself in the devious attractions of the court of Washington.

We have been informed, by one who was present and listened with great attention, that the argument and progress of the cause elicited some instances of judicial manners and matter which, if we were disposed to turn aside from our purpose, would lead to a train of melancholy reflection upon the decadence of the republic in its judicial department. It is some relief to escape that task.

The opinion of the court covers forty-four manuscript pages, closely written. It was prepared and delivered by Judge Wayne; and, at the same time, the formal decree of the court was filed. Both were signed by both judges. The court was unanimous. *We have never known it otherwise.* We may call attention, before we close, to a remarkable discrepancy between the intended decree, as avowed in the opinion, and the decree itself. Whether this discrepancy is evidence only of mere confusion of judicial ideas, which jumble together, as equitable synonyms, “an *account of profits*” and *consequential damages*, or that the decree came from another dictation, we shall not decide.

The first six pages of the opinion are devoted to a statement of the case and pleadings, as we have already stated them. Judge Wayne closes this section of his opinion with the following announcement:

“We shall grant a perpetual injunction in this case, and give an order *for account of profits*, to be taken before the master. In such a case, we cannot do otherwise.”

The italics are ours, and we intend, before we close, to inquire what the Judges of the Federal Court understand by “an account of profits” in Chancery.

The next twenty pages of Judge Wayne are devoted mainly to a discussion of the comparative merits of the two patents and of the two machines—their comparative originality, and the identity of their mechanical structure, operation and principles. With all this, we have nothing to do—nothing whatever. It is not our province; and it would be manifestly improper for us, as public journalists, to discuss the merits of individual litigants or their causes. We have not the slightest taste or inclination for such a discussion. It matters not to us which party has the merits or demerits of the cause. What we do care for and

insist upon is, that every man's cause shall be tried according to law, and by the proper tribunal. We are against usurpation, in all its forms and under all its excuses and pretexts. Temporary good is too often the parent of permanent mischief. When we hear *substantial justice* propounded in a Court of Chancery, we know full well what it means. It is that justice which cannot lawfully be there. It is the "length of the Chancellor's foot." It means that he is doing what he has no authority to do, except under the measure of his undefined will and pleasure—*de plenitudine potestatis*. When we hear the catchwords, "*policy of the law*," echoed in a Law Court, we know the law is being violated, and that the judge is legislating. We are against all this. We pronounce against the legislation of the judge, or the juror usurping the functions that do not belong to him. Give us justice, administered *according to law*.

For any thing that we know, Judge Wayne's opinion, as to the patents, may be a most righteous judgment, and precisely what would have been the verdict of an impartial jury. It is no business of ours to examine this, and we have not undertaken the examination. It was no business of Judge Wayne to usurp the duty of a jury; and, of this, we intend to speak. It appears, from the opinion, (page 24) that the defendant's counsel had taken constitutional ground in claiming the trial by jury. Judge Wayne meets the argument, whatever it may have been, confining himself exclusively to the Constitution of the United States and its amendments. He adheres to the words of the Constitution; and he is right to do so. He shews, correctly and truly, that the Constitution specially guaranties and provides for the preservation of jury trial in all cases at common law, where the amount exceeds twenty dollars; and that all criminal cases, except of impeachment, shall be tried by a jury. But, he stops here, and leaves us to assume that, because he is prevented, while sitting as a law judge, on the law side of the court, by the positive injunction of the Constitution, from dismissing the old-fashioned incumbrance of a jury, and awarding judgment and hanging criminals at will, without check or obstruction, that, hence, while sitting as chancellor, on the chancery side, he may seize hold of common law cases, induct them into chancery, and then administer upon them, according to his taste and the mea-

sure of his learning. We do not know, any farther than Judge Wayne's opinion goes to inform us, what was the argument of counsel ; but, a very simple view of what it might have been occurs to us at once. Did Judge Wayne find in the Constitution any authority to *refuse* a jury trial where it had existed before ? Did he find that it deprived the States of protecting their citizens in the enjoyment of this sacred right ? Or, does he, *or* the Federal Court, intend to say that they can exercise all judicial power which the Constitution does not expressly forbid to them ? Such does seem to be *his* view. *Ours* is very different. The Federal Court may do precisely what the Constitution and the acts of Congress. in harmony with the Constitution, authorize them to do. Where the Constitution stops, there the Court must stay its hand. It is a tribunal of specified and limited jurisdiction. It has no general judicial powers. Its existence is permitted under the compact of the constitution, and without that it cannot exist. By the same Constitution which authorizes Congress to organize its judiciary, it is authorised to make patent and copy right laws ; and the Federal Courts have exclusive jurisdiction over such laws. Now, if Congress should enact that, in all patent cases, there should not only be no trial by jury, but that testimony should be heard only on *one* side, we presume that it could be proved no violation of the Constitution, by precisely the same process of reasoning as Judge Wayne's. He reasons thus : The Constitution of the United States grants to Congress exclusive power to enact patent and copy right laws. The Federal Court has exclusive jurisdiction over such laws. The Constitution does not *require* that testimony shall be heard on both sides. There is no Act of Congress which requires it ; *therefore*, this Court may proceed to judgment—testimony on one side only being heard. This is the logic and the conclusion to which Judge Wayne's reasoning brings us. A simple and honest view of the matter would seem to be this : There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States to warrant the belief that the several States intended to give to Congress the right to abrogate the trial by jury, or to the Federal Courts that power. The ninth article of the Constitution of South-Carolina does expressly guaranty the protection of our citizens in that right. It not only adopts the xlvi. clause of MAGNA CHARTA, but, by a separate section, de-

clares that "the TRIAL BY JURY, as heretofore used in this State, and the liberty of the press, shall be for ever INVIO-  
LABLY PRESERVED." Now, is it a constitutional discharge of its functions, under the Constitution of the United States, for the Federal Court to over-ride this provision of a State Constitution? If so, then Judge Wayne should have pointed to the authority for it. He should not content himself with showing that he was not forbidden to do this.

But, we do not propose to discuss the constitutional question. We hardly intend even to express our opinion on it. We only refer to the reasoning by which Judge Wayne meets the question; and we think it narrow, feeble and unsatisfactory in the extreme. We take leave of it with the remarks of a learned judge, which are recommended to us not less for their simple merit than for their high judicial authority:

"If the Constitution (says Judge Waties) was the first acquisition of the rights of the people of this country—if, *then*, for the first time, the trial by jury was ordained, and the right then commenced—there would be some ground for this conclusion. But, the trial by jury is a common law right: not the creature of the Constitution; but, originating in time immemorial, it is the inheritance of every individual citizen, the title to which commenced long before the political existence of this society, and which has been held and used inviolate by our ancestors, in succession, from that period to our own time—having never been departed from except in the instances before mentioned. This right, then, is as much out of the reach of any law as the property of the citizen; and the Legislature has no more authority to take it away than it has to resume a grant of land which has been held for ages."—1 *Bay's Reports*, 395.

It is not to be doubted that all patent rights are monopolies, and in derogation of common law rights. How the citizen can be constitutionally deprived of common law rights, except by a common law process, and thereby dis-seized of his liberties, privileges, and property, without the "judgment of his peers," we do not exactly see. But, as it is a debateable question, we yield it to the judgment of the Court. We would not, so profound is our habit of reverence for the judiciary of the country, intimate a censure upon the decisions of its tribunals, where there is a particle of doubt as to the propriety and justice of the censure.

We now proceed to the main question; and we are

willing that the learned Judge shall have the full benefit of making out his own case. We will let him speak for himself:

"This brings us (says the Opinion, page 26) to the third proposition in the argument. It was that a Court of Equity had no discretion to decree an injunction upon an alledged infringement of a patent, unless the question had been first passed upon by a jury; and that such was the meaning of the provision in the 17th section of the Act of July 4th, 1836, which gives the Circuit Court power to grant injunctions according to the course and principles of Courts of Equity."

We presume that Judge Wayne and counsel mean here, by injunction, a *perpetual injunction* upon the merits. It was such an injunction which was then the subject of discussion and adjudication, urged by the plaintiff and resisted by defendant.

We have seen that it is a perpetual injunction which the opinion, in the outset, declares the Court will grant. It is important that this be remembered.

Judge Wayne goes on:

"By *discretion*, is, of course, meant an obligation upon judges, in causes in Chancery, to determine each case, as near as it can, by what has been the course in Chancery in like cases, as well as the practice in each case, and the principles by which the right is to be determined between the parties in controversy. It never means will or authority in the judge, but both restrained by decided cases, or long-standing rules.

"The point, then, is, what has been the course and principles of Courts of Equity in granting injunctions for alleged infringements of inventions?"

In all this we agree entirely with Judge Wayne. His duties as Chancellor, and the true point of the case before him, need not be more correctly stated than it is by him. Whatever is the ascertained course and principles of the Courts of Equity in granting injunctions for alleged infringements of inventions, must rule in this case.

"Before showing," (he continues) "what the course of equity has been in granting injunctions, it is proper to state what an injunction is, in the meaning and practice of a Court of Equity. It is either *provisional* or *perpetual*, the first being *common* or *special*. *Common*, upon the defendant's default, either in appearing and answering, and is only applicable to restrain proceedings in the Courts of Common Law. *Special*, when granted upon the special grounds

arising out of the circumstances of the case. Injunctions of this description are issued sometimes on the merits disclosed by the answer, sometimes on affidavits filed before the answer is filed, and sometimes even without notice, and before the defendant has appeared. A perpetual injunction is a part of a decree, made at the hearing, upon the merits, whereby the defendant is perpetually inhibited from the assertion of a right, or perpetually restrained from the commission of an act, which would be contrary to equity and good conscience." Daniell's Chancery, 1810. "Such is the injunction sought for in this case."

Inasmuch as Judge Wayne thought it necessary for the uninitiated "to state what an injunction is" we think he might have illuminated them somewhat more than by stating it was *something* divided into divisions and subdivisions. He sets out to explain what an injunction is, and ends by leaving the reader as profoundly ignorant and confused as the Federal Judiciary seem to have been as to the course and principles of equity. Why, too, is it that Judge Wayne so carefully avoids defining a *provisional* injunction? He might have seen it—he doubtless did see it—in the antecedent clause of the same sentence from which he copied the definition of a *perpetual* injunction. It is thus:—" *Provisional injunctions* are such as are to continue until the coming in of the defendant's answer; or until the hearing of the case; or until the Master has made his report." It is strange that the learned Judge should have entirely omitted this, and not the less so, since every authority he subsequently cites, and his whole argument, is applicable only to this particular division of injunctions.

Judge Wayne proceeds, page 23,

"It" (a perpetual injunction) "is asked in this particular case on account of an infringement of an invention. It can only be granted, according to 'the course of equity,' after the complainant has brought his case within that course. Is a jury trial of the alleged infringement a pre-requisite for the court's action? It has not been so in England, as a rule, since 1761, in *Dodsley v. Kinnerly*. Ambler, 403.

"In truth, what was the practice in England in respect to patents, and for reasons which we shall state before we conclude, has not been the practice for more than eighty years."

What does judge Wayne mean by the *action of the court*? If he means that the Court, acting as ancillary

to the Law Courts and in aid of the legal title, will interfere upon a *prima facie* or colourable title, founded upon long possession, and will grant preliminary or provisional injunctions to preserve the rights of parties until they can be settled by a jury trial, then he means what no lawyer will deny, and what was not denied in this case. But clearly this is not his meaning. By the *action of the court*, he must be understood to mean such action as the court is taking—a perpetual injunction; and we say that a jury trial is, by “the course of equity in England,” a pre-requisite to such action, where a defendant requires it. The rule in England has never been otherwise than as we state it; it has never been as *he* states it, before or since 1761. We shall prove it by evidence as conclusive as it can be proved that in England there is a Court of Chancery, and a Lord Chancellor. Judge Wayne labours through the next half dozen pages to sustain what he so confidently asserts, and goes on to cite authorities directly in point against his position. His error consists throughout in confounding *provisional*, *interlocutory*, and *preliminary* injunctions, with *perpetual* injunctions. Every authority which he cites has reference to the former—not one to the latter. He either does not himself understand the difference, or he supposes no one else will understand it. There is no other way of accounting for such judicial fatuity. He even, at page 35, quotes, with seeming complacency, the distinct statement of the present Lord Chancellor of England against the existence of “any such course of equity,” in England. We quote Lord Cottenham’s words, as they are quoted in Judge Wayne’s opinion :

“When a cause comes to a hearing the court has also a large latitude left to it, and I am far from saying that a cause may not arise in which, even at that stage, the court will be of opinion that the injunction may properly be granted without having recourse to a trial at law. The conduct and dealings of the parties, the frame of the pleadings, the nature of the patent right, and of the evidence by which it is established, these and other circumstances *may* combine to produce such a result, although certainly this is *not very likely to happen*; and I am not aware of any case in which it has happened.”

Was ever a more remarkable instance of judicial self-delusion than this? Here is a Judge of the Supreme Bench, labouring to shew, by reference to a series of Eng-

lish decisions, the existence of a particular course of equity in England. Case after case is marshalled up to prove a foregone conclusion; at last he recites, as conclusive of his views, the avowal of the Lord Chancellor, that no such cases as he wishes to find have ever happened, and are certainly not very likely to happen. Every case he refers to is applicable only to provisional injunctions. Not one of them refers to perpetual injunctions. The English chancery only makes effectual, by the process of perpetual injunction, the established legal right and title. It does not try the title, but it protects it after it is established. If Judge Wayne had carried his reading of English law only to the verge of research—if he had merely entered the vestibule of English chancery, he would have seen at once how hopeless this crusade among English Chancellors would be. He would have found at the threshold a satisfactory reason why they have never been betrayed into the usurpation he is labouring to consummate. The English people have not always left to their judges the undefined discretion to determine when and how far the Common Law shall be administered, and when it may be dispensed with. They have taken care of that. They once had a Star Chamber. The Act of Parliament 21, James 1st, c. 3, known as the Statute of Monopolies, expressly enacts “that all monopolies and letters patent, and the force and validity of them, shall be forever hereafter examined, heard, tried and determined, by and according to the common law of the realm, and *not otherwise*.” English judges are lawyers before they are judges, and they know what this means. They do not spring Minerva-like—*uno saltu*—from professional obscurity into the wig and gown, and the fullness and confidence of judicial maturity. They creep before they walk, and their heads are saved many bumps. Hence it is that no Lord Chancellor has left a case, to be found by his successors, where a defendant in a patent suit has been denied the right to contest before a jury the validity of the patent and the fact of infringement. These questions being tried and settled by a Court of Common Law, and the verdict of a jury, the Court of Chancery then awards or refuses a *perpetual injunction*, and an account of profits accordingly. Such is the “course of equity” in England, and we say it, maugre the assertion of Judge Wayne to the contrary. We say

what Lord Cottenham says, that there is not a single case to be found in the English chancery to the contrary. We know and mean what we say, and we challenge the whole Federal Bench to produce the authority of a single adjudicated case in England against us.

Judge Wayne then goes on :

“ We have now shewn what the old practice was in England, in respect to a jury trial before a Court of Equity, would interfere to protect a patent by injunction ; also the change which took place in that practice more than eighty years since, and that the practice now in England is in conformity with the change. Before proceeding to shew what the practice has uniformly been in the courts of the United States, which have jurisdiction of patent cases, and that the old practice in England never prevailed in them, we would venture to suggest the causes which led to the old practice in England.”

The next several pages are devoted to historical exercises, which, as they are modestly introduced, we pass over until we come to the following rounding off, “ before he undertakes to state the course of Equity in the Courts of the United States :”

“ The English Chancery (says the learned Judge) will show that, for more than eighty years, injunctions, both provisional, interlocutory, and perpetual, have been granted, in the *first* instance, in cases of copy rights and patents ; and, that, when they have been *perpetual*, in the *first instance*, they have been made so without the intervention of a jury to try the title or infringement.”

We will follow the arrangement of his argument, and settle the question of English practice, before we refer to what it is in this country. Here, then, let us make our issue. We say, that the English Chancery, for the last eighty years, or before that time, or at any time, shows no such practice. It is an issue of fact ; and we intend it shall be tried by the country and judged by its truth. We have allowed Judge Wayne to be heard for himself ; and there can be no mistake as to the fact he states. There is no difference between us as to the effect of the verdict.

Under the Act of Congress, it is clear and not disputed that whatever shall be proved to be the “course of Equity,” that will decide what is the duty of the Court. Judge Wayne avers that it is the “*course of Equity*” to grant perpetual injunctions, in the first instance, without the intervention of a jury trial as to the disputed validity or infringement of a patent.

We deny this altogether. Such is not the course of Equity. We say that the course and practice in England is this: The Court will exercise its restraining jurisdiction in aid of the legal right, before the answer of the defendant is filed and before a trial at law, and grant interlocutory, preliminary or provisional injunctions until the validity of the patent and the fact of infringement is decided by a jury trial, if the plaintiff makes out in Equity a strong *prima facie* case of legal title and infringement. The practice is, sometimes, to do this, even if the *prima facie* title appears only colourable and doubtful. "It is now the almost invariable practice, when an interlocutory injunction is granted, (before a trial at law between the parties) to order the plaintiff to bring such action at law as he may be advised against the defendant for an infringement, in order to try the validity of the patent, and whether the defendant has infringed it; but, upon an injunction being refused, it is also usual to order the plaintiff to bring an action precisely in the same way as if the injunction were granted." The evidence which will be deemed sufficient to raise in Chancery such *prima facie* as is requisite, is, briefly, *proof of a patent, long possession, and infringement*. When the defendant's answer is filed, if it denies the validity of the patent, or the fact of infringement, then the Court will either dissolve the injunction upon the merits shown by the answer, or continue it, to await the trial at law, which will be ordered, invariably, if it has not been already commenced. The principle upon which the Court of Chancery acts is, that it will aid the legal title, but will not decide upon it. Its action is based upon the presumed, or actual legal title, and the finding of a jury. It will never dispense with a jury trial, if required by the defendant. When the verdict has settled the legal title and the question of infringement, then the provisional injunction will either be dissolved, or made perpetual, according to the final result of the trial at law. If the verdict and final decision of the Law Court is for the plaintiff, the injunction will be made perpetual, and an account of profits ordered. If for the defendant, the injunction will be dissolved and the bill dismissed. This, we say, is the "course of Equity," and the practice in England and in this country; and such it will appear to be by reference to Mr. Daniels's Chancery Practice, c. 35, s. 3; Mr. Curtis's work on Patents, part 4, c. 3;

Judge Story's Equity, c. 23, (all which are referred to, and cited as authority by Judge Wayne;) and also by reference to Mr. Hindmarch's book on Patents, c. 10, s. 3—an English writer, and the best on the subject—of the highest repute in England as a commentator and collector of cases. His book is spoken of with high praise by Lord Cottenham, the present Lord Chancellor, (2nd Phillips's Chancery Reports, 334.) Judge Wayne does not mention it, however, although there is an American reprint.

But, in the case before us, we have something further to say, and we will do it at once. The case before us is between two conflicting patents. In such a case the *English* chancery *would not interfere at all*, not even by *provisional* or *interlocutory injunction*, until a trial at law. This was decided by Lord Northington, in *Baskett vs. Cunningham*, 2d Eden's Chancery Reports. Mr. Curtis, in his late valuable treatise upon the law of patents, which is recognized as authority by Judge Wayne, lays down this doctrine, sec. 338 and note, and says of Lord Northington's decision,

"It has not been overruled by any subsequent case, nor can it be, for where there are two conflicting patents, apparently for the same thing, the grounds of undisturbed possession, on which injunctions are granted, cannot exist."

Whether Judge Wayne did or did not read this, from Mr. Curtis, while referring to and quoting from the same chapter, it is impossible to say. It is strange, however, that a case and its commentary, so conclusive of the one before him, should have entirely escaped his observation. He either was, or was not, informed of it. If the former, it was his duty to have attempted the show of reason for not regarding its authority. If he was ignorant of it, then it was passing strange that he should have examined the same chapter of the book so critically as to find and quote the only sentence in it in favour of his views, and which is so entirely at variance with the whole text of Mr. Curtis and the authority he refers to, as to warrant the conclusion of a mistake or a misprint. It is a curious, and, we hope, somewhat unusual instance of the manner in which judicial opinions are made up.

Judge Wayne, at page 39, says,

"Curtis, in his work on patents, at the 328th section, citing *Neilson v. Thompson*, Webster's Patent, cases 277, says, 'it seems to be the result of all the authorities, that there is a *prima facie* right

to an injunction *without a trial at law*, upon certain things being shown, namely, a patent, long possession, and infringement.'"

Now if Mr. Curtis had said "without a *previous* trial at law," he would have said exactly what *Neilson v. Thompson*, and all the authorities, (himself included,) would sustain him in saying. It is clearly a mistake or misprint, because, on referring to *Neilson v. Thompson*, it will be found that the order made was in perfect harmony with the English practice, and against the views of Judge Wayne. A provisional injunction was granted, until the question could be tried by a jury, and of course without a *previous* trial at law. The Vice-Chancellor concludes his opinion as follows:

"I think the court ought to grant the injunction, but put the plaintiffs upon the terms of trying the question, by bringing an action, which I think they are bound to do. Order accordingly." Webster's Patent Cases, 278.

Even this order, however, except as to bringing the action, was overruled, and the injunction dissolved on appeal to the Lord Chancellor, who substituted a direction to keep an account until the right should be tried and settled, under the action ordered at law. *Ibid*, 287.

We hope it is somewhat unusual for Judges to form and write out their opinions, and cite their authorities, upon such shallow research. Mr. Curtis evidently did read and understand the case he cites, but he never did understand it as authority to grant *perpetual* injunctions without a trial at law. It is the more particularly strange that the learned Judge should have examined and relied upon Mr. Curtis's book so far as to find and adopt a manifest misprint or slip of the pen, and yet should have failed to discover what that author says at section 340 of the same chapter.

"A denial in the answer," says Mr. Curtis, "as to the validity of the patent or the fact of the infringement will be sufficient to entitle the defendant to farther investigation, in an action at law."

And, in a note, on the same page, he says,

"In *Russell v. Burnsley*, (Webster's Patent Cases, 472,) Vice-Chancellor Shadwell said that he did not recollect a case where a defendant had stated his wish to try the question at law, that the court had refused to give him the opportunity."

In that case the plaintiff resisted the usual order appended to a provisional injunction to bring an action at law, because actions at law were then pending, brought by him against other parties, which would decide the question of validity. Sir Edward Sugden and Lord Campbell, both of them since Chancellors of Ireland, and the latter now Chief Justice of England, were for the plaintiff. Sir Edward Sugden said,

"Of course I must admit the *general principle*, but the only ground on which I put it is the pendency of the other actions."

They were overruled, and submitted to the order for a trial at law, without taking an appeal. We hope our readers will bear this in mind, as a part of our testimony as to the "course of equity" in England. It is as late as 1834, much later than eighty years since.

We shall now go on with the proofs, and shall confine ourselves chiefly to the testimony of Lord Eldon and Lord Cottenham, the present Lord Chancellor. Judge Wayne says a change took place in the practice in England in patent cases. This is true, but he states the change incorrectly. The change was this :

"The old practice was like the case of *agreements* before Lord Somers' time; the party was sent to law, and if he recovered any thing by way of damages, this court entertained the suit."

We quote from *Dodsley vs. Kinnerly*, cited and misrepresented by Judge Wayne. The modern practice is for the court to entertain the suit, and grant provisional injunctions before and until a trial at law, and the verdict of a jury shall settle the legal rights of the parties. Formerly, equity would not entertain the suit or grant injunctions of any sort before a trial at law. Since the change it will do both, upon sufficient evidence to make out a *prima facie* title for the plaintiff. The rule which now governs the court in such cases—the character and amount of evidence, and the circumstances which will be deemed sufficient to establish a *prima facie* title, to warrant the interference of the restraining power of the court until a trial at law—was first laid down by Lord Eldon. That great judicial and political paradox and enigma of the British constitution,—the judge without reproach, the politician of unbounded license,—who so long poised with unsullied purity the scales of English justice and law. So

perfect was his judicial character, so upright his judgments, that, even in democratic America, they pass as authority, without challenge. We wish that every American Judge would imitate his judicial character, especially its modesty and some of its hesitancy.

But, to return to our subject. Judge Wayne, at page 29, refers for support to the authority of Lord Eldon in the *Universities vs. Richardson*, 6 Vesey, 689. We will do the same—we ask no higher authority in English chancery. We copy from Judge Wayne.

“His lordship denied the rule stated by the Judges in *Miller and Taylor*, as to injunctions, and referring to *Bolton and Bull*, and several other cases, stated the principle, particularly in regard to patents, to be, that, if a party gets his patent, and puts his invention into execution, and has proceeded to a sale, that may be called possession under it, however doubtful it may be that the patent can be sustained. Equity will hold that possession, under colour of title, is good enough to enjoin and continue the injunction *until it shall be proved at law* that it is only colour, and not real.”

We have copied accurately from the opinion, and we ask our readers whether the authority sustains his opinions or *ours*. Does Lord Eldon pretend or profess to decide upon the legal title? Certainly not. Does he not clearly speak of a provisional injunction until the decision at law? Most certainly he does. His distinct language, and the circumstances of the case, and the decree, all combine to shew this. We invoke the spirit of common sense to say if Judge Wayne does not prove, by Lord Eldon, his own error? But *Bolton and Bull* is referred to. The equity case is to be found 3 Vesey, 140:

“*Bolton and Watt*,” says the Reporter, “had obtained a patent for a fire engine, under which they had been in possession twenty-seven years. The bill was filed for an injunction to restrain the defendants from infringing the patent, and an injunction was obtained that the *question as to the validity of the patent might be tried in an action at law*. The plaintiffs brought an action in the Common Pleas and obtained a verdict, subject to the opinion of the court upon a case stated; upon the argument of that case, the court was equally divided. Thereupon the defendant moved to dissolve the injunction. The Attorney General (afterwards Lord Eldon) for plaintiffs, opposed the motion, and said: ‘I admit we must bring another action.’ The Chancellor, Lord Loughborough, refused to dissolve the injunction, but continued it *till the decision at law*.”

The next decision in order by Lord Eldon, is *Hamer vs. Plane*, 6 Vesey, 130. It is referred to by Judge Wayne :

"The ground," says Lord Eldon, "upon which an injunction is granted until the legal question can be tried, is this : where the crown, on behalf of the public, grants letters patent, the grantee entering into a contract with the crown, the benefit of which contract the public are to have, and the public have permitted a reasonably long possession under colour of the patent, the court has thought upon the fact of that possession proved against the public, that there is less inconvenience in granting the injunction *until the legal question can be tried*, than in dissolving it at the hazard that the grant of the crown may in the result prove to have been valid."

Next comes the case of *Hill vs. Thompson*, by Lord Eldon, which is more frequently referred to than any other, and we think as little understood ; perhaps we should say most often misunderstood. It is reported in 3d Merivale, and in Webster's patent cases. We refer to the latter ; it was heard before Lord Eldon, previous to a trial at law, and he refused the injunction, but directed the defendants to keep an account and the plaintiffs to bring an action at law. He repeated, in his opinion, the rule of practice and principle upon which provisional injunctions are granted previous to a trial at law. We have already seen what it is, and need not repeat. The plaintiff brought his action and *obtained a verdict*. He then renewed the motion for an injunction, but the defendants gave notice that they intended to move for a new trial at law. Lord Eldon *refused the injunction until the result of the intended application for a new trial*, but he continued the account. In delivering this opinion, he said :

"It was insisted on the part of the plaintiffs, and the court agreed to that proposition, that when a person has obtained a patent and had an exclusive enjoyment under it, the court will give so much credit to his *apparent right* as to interfere immediately by injunction, to restrain the invasion of it, and continue that interposition until the *apparent right* has been displaced."

We quote this passage, because the reporter, in a note, understands it as a distinct authority that the court may grant an injunction "*simpliciter*," or absolutely, without imposing terms upon the plaintiff, and leave the other party to impugn the patent or repeal it by *Scire Facias*. "It is not, however," he says, "usual to grant such an injunction, but the patentee is generally compelled to bring an action to try the right."

We do not so understand the Chancellor, and the Reporter produces no instance of such a course being adopted. It does not, however, affect our position, but confirms it, that the general "course of Equity" is to compel the plaintiff to bring an action, and, in granting injunctions, *always* looks to a decision of right and title by a Court of Law, at the instance of one or the other party. In *Lawrence vs. Smith*, Jacob's Reps. 471, Lord Eldon declared:

"This court is only ancillary to the law, and therefore will not give relief except where the law gives damages."

We have seen what Lord Cottenham, the present Lord Chancellor, says in *Bacon v. Jones*. In *Harman vs. Jones*, 1 Craig and Phillips, he says:

"This order for an injunction being unaccompanied by any direction for putting the question in a course of legal inquiry, not only restrains the defendants from taking the plaintiff's premises, but prevents them from obtaining the decision of a Court of Law upon the rights which they claim. It is said the omission of such a direction was owing to its not having been asked in the court below; but it is the duty of the court to give such direction whether it be asked or not. The proper office of the court upon an application of this kind, is not to ascertain the existence of a legal right, but solely to protect the property UNTIL that right can be determined by the jurisdiction to which it belongs. It is the duty of this court to confine itself within the limits of its own jurisdiction; and therefore it is a fundamental error in an order of this kind to assume FINALLY to dispose of legal rights, and not confine itself in protecting the property pending the adjudication of those rights by a court of law."

And again in *Spottiswoode vs. Clarke*, 2 Phillips, C. R., 154, (a patent case) he says:

"I have often expressed my opinion that, unless a case of this kind depending upon a legal right, is very clear, it is the duty of the court to take care that the right be established before it exercises its jurisdiction by injunction. One objection to that course is, that it compels future litigation, for it *orders the plaintiff to bring an action*; whereas by adopting the alternative course, (suspending the injunction, with liberty to the plaintiff to bring an action) it enables him to pause a little and consider whether it is worth his while to embark in such a course of litigation as will be necessary to establish the right on which he insists. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* But the greatest of all objections is, that the court runs the risk of doing the greatest injustice, in case its opinion upon the legal right should turn out to be erroneous."

And, again, in *Butlin vs. Masters*, 2 Phillips, C. R., 293., he says :

"I cannot but observe that if in this and similar cases, whether of *patent rights*, or others depending upon a *legal* right, the parties went to *law* at once, where they *must ultimately go*, instead of coming here in the first instance, where the jurisdiction is merely ancillary to the legal right, a great deal of expense might be saved."

The testimony of Lord Cottenham might be continued. It is uniform through all his decisions, which have been frequent and elaborate. But we think so far as the English "course and principles of equity" were to be shewn, we have proved our case. We inflict no comment upon the misfortune of an American Judge, who would not only place his testimony in conflict with Lord Cottenham's in a question of fact as to equity practice in England, but who also relying upon his individual dictum and superficial information, has undertaken, to the best of his abilities, to inflict irreparable mischief by virtue of his naked power as a Judge.

Our remaining task is brief, and, if not agreeable, is at least easy. That it is so, we are much indebted to the learned Judge. He has defined the practice in the courts of the United States. Let him speak for himself. At page 39 of the opinion, speaking to this point, he says,

"They," (the Federal Courts,) "have as large jurisdiction as the Courts of Chancery in England. Their practice, in all matters, is *the same*, except where differences exist from legislation, or by the rules of the Supreme Court. The practice in them in respect to granting injunctions *in patent cases has always been that of the English Chancery ; always cautiously exercised, frequently done, however, in every part of the United States, without injury to legal rights, and never complained of, as far as we know, until it was urged in the argument of this cause.*"

The italics are others. We heartily thank the Judge for this. It relieves us of much weariness, and we take him at his word, that the "course of equity, in granting injunctions in patent causes," is the same at Washington as at Westminster Hall. We have shown what it is in England so clearly as not to be misunderstood, and if it is admitted that the American practice is the same, it only follows that both are the opposite of Judge Wayne's "*course of equity.*" He appears to be a stranger to both.

Whether his practice has been "always cautiously exercised" depends, in our opinion, upon whether it has been exercised *at all*. We do not think it ever has been, or that there is among the judicial records of America another case coincident with *Motte vs. Bennett*.

As for the Bar of the United States ever having witnessed, and "never complained" of judicial superciliousness and usurpation, we do not credit it. It cannot be true. If the bar has not complained, absence of occasion alone has prevented. It is too high praise of the South-Carolina Bar to be awarded the exclusive merit of first denouncing, in the words of Lord Mansfield, "so great an iniquity." It was only their good fortune to be offered the first and only opportunity.

The pretence that the great men who once honoured the bench where Judge Wayne sits, "as if by some accident alone elevated," ever sanctioned such doctrines as he propounds, dishonours the illustrious dead. Marshall and Story would turn indignant in their coffins at such a reproach upon their memories.

" *Their* known virtue is from scandal free,  
And leaves no shadow for your calumny."

But Judge Washington does not escape. Like the English Chancellors, he is invoked only to be misrepresented. We cannot withhold a few words, to rescue from such hands as well the great name he bore as the memory of this amiable, upright and learned Judge. In *Isaacs vs. Cooper*, 4 Wash. C. C. Reps., 260, he adhered to Lord Eldon's doctrines in *Harmer vs. Plane*, *Hill vs. Thompson*, and the *Universities vs. Richardson*, and refused an injunction, saying,

"The objections to the interposition of the court by injunction in this case are numerous and insurmountable."

He then specifies four "most prominent" objections. One of them, the third, is that

"The answer positively denies the allegation in the bill which charges infringement, and avers that there was no interference with plaintiff's patent."

In *Ogle vs. Ege*, same Reps., 584, he referred to the same cases by Lord Eldon, copies his language, and concludes as follows :

"This is therefore a strong case for retaining the injunction until the answer or *until* the invalidity of the patent or the want of title in the plaintiff is *established at law*."

And in *Rogers vs. Abbott*, same Reps., 514, he granted an injunction *until* further order, and required the plaintiff "to institute *a suit at law* against the defendant, to try his right and to speed the same to trial."

The late Judge Johnson, too, the immediate predecessor of Judge Wayne, is not spared. The case of *Whitney vs. Fort*, tried by that late learned Judge in the Circuit Court for the district of Georgia, in 1807, is referred to. We should have expected Judge Wayne would tread lightly here. We thought his *amor patriæ* would admonish him to provoke no discussion over that case. It is nowhere reported in the books, so far as we know, but it is referred to in *Livingston vs. Van Ingen*, 8 John's Reps., 518, by Chancellor Kent, together with *Harmer vs. Plane*, and other English cases, already noticed by us, to support the court in the power of granting provisional injunctions until a trial at law. The particulars of the case are only known to us through Judge Wayne, and we have no reason to suppose them less apocryphal than other authorities of his conjuring. It is perhaps worth while to remind our readers that Judge Stephens, the district Judge associated with Judge Johnson in the trial, afterwards stated in his charge, in *Whitney vs. Carter*, that "*Whitney vs. Fort* was decided without any evidence on the part of the defendant," and it was not alleged that a jury trial was ever demanded by the defendant. We presume it was quite competent for the defendant, if he saw fit, to consent to a perpetual injunction, but that could hardly be made high judicial authority to bind future litigants.

But there is something of history in the case of *Whitney vs. Fort*, and, as it occurred about the period, and amidst the influences and examples when and where the learned Judge may be supposed to have commenced those studies and received those youthful impressions which are most durable in life;—when he began to look for that "compensation which is sometimes made for a scanty share of natural abilities by great success in the world," at length fully consummated by a seat upon the Supreme Bench—let us for one moment recall the agreeable recollections.

*"Fonsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."*

As penitent sinners make the best fire and faggot saints, so, too, it may be that a lawless atmosphere is the best nursery of adventuring Judges.

The plaintiff before Mr. Justice Johnson was Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, a man whose genius added to the wealth of the cotton-growing States, in the space of a few years, more than time alone could have done in centuries. The State of Georgia, within her borders, effectually pirated him of the fruits of his invention. She took them to herself. If her people or her jurists now manifest a wholesome zeal for the rights of genius, and against the errors of the past, it is seen only in turgid declamation, which bears no tangible fruit. "Death-bed repentance seldom reaches restitution." To this day she has made no reparation. This is history. It is also history that, in Georgia,

"Demagogues made themselves popular by misrepresentation and unfounded clamours against the right, and against the law made for its protection. At one time, few men in Georgia dared to come into court and testify to the most simple facts within their knowledge relative to the use of the machine. In one instance, there was great difficulty in proving that the machine *had been used in Georgia*, although, at the same moment, there were three separate sets of this machinery in motion within fifty yards of the building in which the court was sitting, and all so near that the rattling of the wheels was distinctly heard on the steps of the court house."—*Olmstead's Life of Whitney*.

Under such circumstances, the case in Georgia was tried before Judge Johnson. His learned successor would have us believe that *Motte vs. Bennett* was like it, in "every particular of fact and pleading."

The people of South-Carolina would be as little thankful to him for placing them in such affinity as the Charleston Bar for his redundant praises of their proficiency in Equity jurisprudence.

We think we have now redeemed our promise, and shown that the Federal Court undertook, in the cause before us, to abrogate the right of trial by jury, without and against authority of law—that a citizen has been deprived of this right by mere usurpation, and the usurpation sustained by flagrant misrepresentation of law and authorities.

We have but one more promise to redeem. We pro-

mised to inquire what the learned Bench mean by "an account of profits" in Chancery. We have seen, by the opinion, that such an account would be ordered. The decree orders the Master—

"To ascertain and report the *damages* which the complainant had sustained arising from the use of the defendant's machine for planing, tonguing and grooving boards, mentioned in the defendant's answer; and that the Master ascertain and report such *damages* as had been sustained before the commencement of this suit; and, also, the *damages* which shall have been sustained after the commencement of this suit and until the time of making the report." \* \* \*

"The Master, in order to ascertain such *damages*, may ascertain what would have been the costs and what would have been the profits to the complainant, if any, of performing the same amount of work with the Woodworth machine." \* \* \* "And the Master shall also take into consideration, in ascertaining and stating such *damages*, the *damages*, if any, which shall have been sustained by the complainant by reason of any reduction of the profits of planing, tonguing and grooving by the Woodworth machine, in Charleston, if any has taken place in consequence of the erection and use of the defendant's machine."

Now, to ourselves, and to the ears of the lawyers, we suppose, this will sound something like an order to assess "*consequential damages*;" but it is what the *unanimous* Circuit Court for the South-Carolina District call an *account of profits*. It is precisely what, in old times, was numbered among the peculiar functions of a jury. But, there must be a beginning of all things; and, while the Court are thus beginning a new section of Equity jurisprudence, we have begun to comprehend, for the first time, the favourite expression of a distinguished statesman—we think we begin to understand what is meant by "judicial blindness." This new way of taking an account of a man's profits, by ascertaining what profits or damages another man may, perchance, have made or suffered, is, we suppose, the "extraordinary jurisdiction" of the Court of Chancery. We venture to say, there never was, yet, a lawyer of sufficient wit or wisdom to establish the identity of profits and damages. But, judges may be supposed to know what lawyers never knew. We once heard of a judge, who, upon his elevation to the bench, sold his law books. He was less unfortunate than to have never had any books. Such judges should adopt the advice of a great English jurist to a newly-appointed colonial judge, who expressed doubts of his qualifications:

"Listen," said he, "attentively, decide conscientiously, but never attempt to assign reasons for your judgments." It would have been, by far, more creditable to the learned Judges of the Circuit Court of the United States to have acted upon this hint, and simply ordered an "account of profits;" leaving it to the books to inform the Master what is meant by such an order, and of the manner in which it was to be executed. As the "opinion of the Court" had already (page 20) certified to "the very correct practice of the Court of Equity in South-Carolina," it is quite likely that the Master, a very respectable solicitor of that Bar and an upright man, would have saved them this last exposure of their ignorance.

This concludes our examination of the case of *Motte vs. Bennett*. To our readers, generally, its details have, doubtless, been dull and uninteresting. They were necessarily so. Error cannot often be exposed by the mere rounding off of well-balanced periods, or truth elicited without the drudgery of searching among dusty records. The question involved matters of the highest practical interest to all our citizens. If, as charged, a Star Chamber has begun to be established in South-Carolina—if her Constitution has begun to be subverted, in one of its organic particulars—if that "*Law of the Land*," preserved by the sturdy Barons of Runnymede as they found it—older, then, than the memory of man—has begun to be disregarded within our borders, by a tribunal of foreign appointment—then, let it be known and discussed before our people. Good may come of the discussion. It may, possibly, check, for the moment, the spirit of usurpation. It may, even, inspire ignorance with a momentary impulse to learn rather than teach.

The subject is one of vast practical importance to the whole South, at this time, when the united world besides is arrayed in open war upon her vitality. Public sentiment, in every quarter, is manufactured, taught and tempered to the single purpose of precipitating convulsion and ruin upon us. Unprincipled demagogues are abroad, who successfully teach that statesmen have a higher obligation of duty than the bonds of constitutions or the sanctity of oaths.

The pulpit groans, throughout the land, with the weight of reverend hypocrites, who, being Christians, undertake to amend the Christian dispensation. They teach what it

ought to be, rather than what it is. They complain that the Saviour of man left his mission incomplete, because he sanctioned domestic servitude. They daily edify their hearers with a revised edition of the Word of God, amended and corrected by their reverend selves. Thus, the Bench, the Forum and the Pulpit unite to overturn established Laws, written Constitutions, and the Book of revealed religion—setting up, in their stead, false and fickle standards of construction. The Judge, when he finds the law fall short of his inclinations and his foregone conclusions, instantly amends the Law, calls it *substantial justice*, or, by some other cant phrase or wicked misstatement, suits it to his wishes. The *quasi* statesman meets, in the Constitution and the Oath he has taken, an obstacle: they are both at variance with the wishes of an inflamed constituency. He forthwith discovers that there is a higher law than Constitutions—a duty more solemn and binding than sacramental Oaths. That law is popular will—that duty, the art of self-advancement—the skill to tickle popular excitement—retain place, and the appearance of power—while, in fact, he is but the minion of a power he dare not even approach to take counsel with, under penalty of offence and a transfer of its affection to a still more servile aspirant.

With such a spirit abroad, and largely controlling the country in all its administrative departments—political and judicial—a branch of the Federal Bench has undertaken to destroy in South-Carolina that protection which her constitution and the law of the land gives and guarantees to all her citizens, against the discretion of arbitrary power. The discretion of a single Judge (for we are not permitted to consider the Court more than a unit) is, by mere usurpation, or by less respectable ignorance, substituted for the venerable "*judicium parium*" of Magna Charta.

In the language of that great Judge and patriot, Lord Camden,

"Such a discretion is contrary to the genius of the common law of England, and would be more fit for an Eastern monarchy than for this land of liberty." 2 *Wilson*, 137.

Permit this discretion once to establish itself, and then upon whom will property, liberty, and perchance life, soon depend? Let us for one moment trace back to its

source the judicial discretion upon which we are to depend for safety. We said the Federal Court was a tribunal of foreign appointment. It is so, and at this time the appointing power is itself almost hostile. The judges are nominated by the President of the United States, are confirmed by the Senate. This is their appointment, and upon it they are commissioned. It is not requisite, either by the constitution or the judiciary act of Congress, that the district or circuit Judges shall be appointed from among the citizens of any particular section or locality. The eligibility to a judgeship is not restricted. It is not necessary, nor do we see any special propriety in restricting it to any particular section or residence. It would be enough, and more than the experience of latter years warrants us in expecting for the future, that the selection should be from among profound lawyers and the best men of the country, wheresoever to be found. Doubtless there is no reason for appointing judges for the circuit and districts of North and South Carolina and Georgia from among the citizens of those States, beyond the propriety of appointing persons most suitable for the discharge of judicial functions. There is nothing, either, to prevent Congress from so changing the organization of the judiciary as to require the judges to rotate in the discharge of circuit duty, so that each circuit in turn, one after the other, would successively be blest with the presence of all the associate Judges of the Supreme Bench. We think this change would be a salutary one. To ourselves it would be at least agreeable. The vision of one circuit associate judge has excited in us a curiosity to see them all.

But, suppose a vacancy in a Southern circuit, and suppose Mr. Senator Seward and his friends should insist upon his appointment, would such an appointment be unlikely? Could the President deny *him*? He is reputed a profound lawyer. He is deemed fit to have the confidence and largely the direction in the administration of a Southern President. Suppose such a man as this duly installed as the presiding Judge of a Southern circuit, and trial by jury abrogated—we should then soon be practically taught that there is a higher law than Constitutions and Oaths—a purer Christianity than Christ taught. How would such teaching be received? Would any man trust his rights of property and of person to the unbridled discretion of such a judge? Certainly not. And yet we do not see

how it would be possible for him to go farther than the present United States Court have already gone. Nor do we mean to draw offensive distinctions and comparisons, or to say that our respect or confidence in the Court would be at all diminished by his judicial advent.

We had designed some remarks upon the singular and admitted retrogression of the Supreme Bench within the last twenty years. There has been a great and lasting change of the confidence, respect and veneration in which public sentiment once held that Court. We are not prepared to examine the minute causes of this change; but, the fact that it has taken place is not to be doubted. We had occasion, in a late number, to show that the literature of the country was not more likely to be improved by the Court than its jurisprudence. At a future day, we may feel it our duty to resume the subject. We have no doubt, the decay of the Court is incidental, and, indeed, a necessary consequence of that great era and change of public sentiment of which General Jackson was the great pioneer. He was never friendly to the Court, in its earliest days. He regarded it with suspicion and aversion. He seems never to have abandoned his early impressions. Certainly, he inflicted heavy blows upon it; and it would take much time and careful watchfulness to restore it to the health in which he found it. He objected to it, in its early organization, as too political in its aspect and tendencies. In the height and full tide of his unexampled power, he did all that it was possible to do to verify his objections. He it was, it has been charged, who first made a seat upon the Bench the reward of political jobbing. Partisan zeal, and skill in political strategy, were looked to as higher judicial qualifications than long professional labour, experience and study. There seemed to be a proscription of lawyers.

Mr. Burke, once, in the House of Commons, in a moment of vexation and peevishness, said, "he wished to see the country governed by law, but not by lawyers." We think it may be suspected that General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, however zealous they may have felt for the due administration of the law, did not indicate, by their appointments, at all times and on all occasions, that they desired the laws to be adjudicated by lawyers.

## ART. VIII.—PHILOSOPHIC THEOLOGY.—Second Notice.

*Philosophic Theology; or, ultimate ground of all religious belief based in reason.* By JAMES W. MILES. Charleston: John Russell. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1849.

HAVING made frequent use, in our former article, of the word “dogma,” and “dogmatic teaching,” as distinguished from what is scientific, or reasonable, it is but just that an explanation of what we understand by these terms should be expected of us. In its true and original sense, a “dogma” meant nothing more than an established principle; and, in this sense, certainly, no exception could be made to its use. If the dogma, or principle, be established on the sure and pure foundation of reason, and has been first demonstrated to rest on this foundation, the term would be sufficiently correct and just for all rational, philosophical, or religious purposes. But, what we understand the term to mean, as used in a popular sense, is, in a great measure, the opposite of this.

Men assert, as foundations of the philosophical, or theological mysteries, they embrace certain general facts, as the basis of all belief—facts which have never been demonstrated to be true, and, by them, certainly not capable of such demonstration—and object, absolutely, to these fundamentals being questioned, on pain of penalties, real or imaginary, which they are pleased to consider and declare the inevitable consequences of any doubt or disbelief on the subject. Or, to give the ideas of a writer we have had frequent reason to quote:

“‘Dogmatism’ is the pretension of advancing in metaphysical inquiries, without the critic of pure Reason. For instance; When the Understanding fancies that it is possible for it to attain to pure, certain cognitions of Reason—as, for example, the knowledge of God, the soul, &c.,—without having previously investigated the faculty whence these pure cognitions of Reason arise—This is the dogmatism of metaphysics. That of pure Reason is the assertion of an intellectual (*i. e.* not intuitional) commencement in the series of phenomena.”—*Exp. Critick of Pure Reason*, p. 648.

Dogmatism and Scepticism are the opposites of each other, while true Philosophy and true Theology take the middle course between them, and, with the certainty of sound Reason and Truth, repudiate both. The dogma-

tist asserts, without admitting his principles to be questioned. The sceptic, on the other hand, affects to doubt, when they are plainly demonstrated. On both sides, they act on false principles, and, frequently, from motives of prejudice or self-conceit, without principle at all.

But, true philosophy and true philosophical theology rest the foundations of their induction on the pure intuition, and, building up their systems of demonstrated truth from these unchangeable elements of our nature, by the aid of the understanding, establish them on grounds entirely independent of the false support of dogmatism, and wholly impregnable to the assaults of the so-called sceptical philosophy.

Mere scepticism—not simply asking and requiring a reason, but sheer scepticism—leads to atheism. Sheer dogmatism leads to superstition and idolatry. They are the two vicious ends which spring out of a sound but perverted philosophy: the one denying the validity of proof, when the demonstration stands before them, with all the evidence of the intuitive and rational powers—the other assuming to affirm and demand your concurrence, without admitting of such investigation as the question requires and true reason approves. They both are alike the enemies of truth and of each other.

To proceed with our author, from where we left him in our last number :

Having shewn that scepticism and atheism are no solution of difficulties, but merely a denial that they can be solved, and dogmatism is no solution, being merely apodictical assertion of what remains still to be proved, he proceeds himself to demonstrate what is the true basis of religious belief, and, in this, he shall speak for himself :

“ We have (he says) three distinct facts from the analysis of self consciousness, which afford the most certain basis possible for religious belief, by showing that its fundamental conceptions are necessary, as essentially existing in reason itself. One of these facts is, that the feeling of dependence, the religious element, must develop itself as a constitutional characteristic of man's nature ; and that, in connection with his spontaneous consciousness of accountability, it must attach itself to something supernatural, the conception of which can not be furnished by the senses. Another of these facts is, that the Understanding, in its logical processes, can not arrive at the conception of God ; since the Understanding only works upon materials which are furnished it, and nothing which it can receive can possi-

bly give it any conception of eternal, underived, absolute being. And hence we come to the other fact, that, since Reason is obliged to believe in an absolute First Cause, and a perfect will identical with perfect moral law, as the necessary basis for the possibility of any existence, any belief, any reality, and any right and wrong, she finds the conception of God existing in herself as an intuitive truth, which thus possesses the very highest demonstration, in the fact of its necessity to Reason, as that which Reason can not deny without self-contradiction.

"It is true, that we get the abstract *form* of these ideas, through the operation of the logical Understanding upon that which is furnished by the convictions of Reason. But their evidence depends upon the intuitive conviction of their necessity by Reason itself. As is the case with geometrical truth: The abstract *form* of the proposition that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles is a deduction of the Understanding; but the truth, the evidence upon which it rests, lies back in principles which can not be proved from without, but whose highest validity rests in the very fact that Reason is obliged to affirm them necessary. She intuitively sees their truth; she can not deny them without contradicting herself, and denying the possibility of any truth, any certain knowledge, and any valid reasoning whatever. However we may begin to awaken Reason to a recognition of what lies in her own essential laws; whether we begin from without, through the senses, or from within, from principles already admitted by the Understanding, we must still get back to ultimate conceptions, intuitively felt by Reason to be necessary and undeniable in the very nature of things, as the ground of all reasoning and all truth." P. 86.

It is not in the inductions of the logical faculty that the full evidence of the Deity rests. The logical understanding, having this basis to move from, may then proceed to the clear and simple demonstration of those truths therewith connected; but, without this intuitive basis, it could form no conception of God at all, no more than a blind man could form any conception of colours, or he who is deaf, of the notes of music. And this is, most assuredly, the only foundation—and most impregnable it is—on which our knowledge of the Deity can rest. On our moral "intuitions" rest, more peculiarly, our personal relations, and consequent accountability to, and love and adoration of, Him. The whole religious history of man, from the dim and gloomy superstition of the most barbarous nations of the earth to the sublime anticipations of Plato, show that these intuitions are paramount and universal in the nature of the whole human race.

It is by enlightening, elevating and expanding these intuitional elements of reason, and thus clearing up the spiritual perceptions, that *Revelation* works on man. Revelation deals not with the logical understanding, but in a secondary manner. But, it is by enlarging and ennobling the field on which the logical understanding can only act—by giving it a surer and wider sphere for the exercise of its inductive powers.

Mr. Miles, in the next chapter, endeavours to show how alone a revelation or manifestation of God himself, in the world's history, could be possible, and attempts to demonstrate (we confess we do not think with much success) that it could only be possible—supposing the nature of man to remain unchanged—by an *incarnation*. We, however, will examine this matter, and give our author full opportunity to speak, in our pages, for himself.

In the use of the words "not possible," as applied to the Deity, he is anxious that he should not be misunderstood, and, with the qualifications with which he limits the term, the use of it is perfectly legitimate.

"When we say that, under certain conditions alone could a manifestation connecting God *himself* with the moral history of mankind be possible, we do not limit the divine power, but speak as to the demands which reason must make in this limited human sphere. That Deity could have constituted things, and the nature of human reason, differently from the conditions under which they actually exist, is not here questioned. It lies entirely out of the scope of our present investigation. But Deity having created us under certain finite conditions, bound by certain laws, then, in view of this constitution, it is proper to say that certain things are, or are not possible. For example, finding with what nature Deity has created body, it is no limitation to affirm that two bodies cannot occupy one and the same portion of space at the same time. Indeed we are compelled to affirm this by the very laws of that reason which Deity has himself constituted. When, then, we affirm that only under certain conditions could a revelation or manifestation of God *himself* in the world be possible, it is the same as saying that Deity, having constituted human reason in a certain manner, it was impossible for him to reveal *himself* to it as so constituted, except under certain conditions, rendered necessary from the very nature of things." P. 93.

Now we agree with him entirely that the use of the term is legitimate, indeed necessary, to signify his meaning; but we do not assent to the proposition that, supposing the circumstances in which man is placed in this world to re-

main unchanged, it was impossible, except under this condition (of incarnation) that God could have revealed himself to man. On the contrary, we say that he *did* reveal himself to Moses and the prophets, and through them to his chosen people, "in the world's history," long before and down to the coming of Christ, without any incarnation. Whilst we say this, it is necessary that we should define our position, as well as our author.

When we say, therefore, that an incarnation of Deity was not absolutely necessary, before he could—*taking man as he is*—reveal himself as a personal God to him; when we say that "God could have revealed, and did reveal himself to man, as a reasonable living object of knowledge in the world's history," we would not be understood as throwing any doubt on the incarnation of the Saviour itself, but only to show that our author has committed an error philosophically, as well as theologically, when he affirms that God could not, taking the condition of man as it actually was and is, have revealed himself without it. But, in this matter, it is only right that he should be permitted to speak for himself, so that, if we have misapprehended him in any thing, this misapprehension shall be patent to our readers. We, therefore, will quote him fully on this subject.

"Now, from spiritual being we cannot separate the conception of life. Nor can it be questioned or doubted by reason, that, in God, existence and life are, and must be, one. We have now nothing to do with *how* life exists in an infinite, unconditioned being, nor with *what* life is in any being at all. We cannot know objects (and hence life is an object,) in themselves, but only by their effects, that is, as phenomena. God *himself*, then, as becoming *directly* connected with the moral history of humanity, cannot be a living, historical object of knowledge to the world, except as manifested in nature, or as a living phenomenon under the conditions of space and time. We have, then, to do with the question, and we cannot avoid it, how life manifests itself, and what are its phenomena? The entire range of nature demonstrates that the idea of life involves that of a complex law, necessarily involving unity in complexity. In all the operations of nature, law necessarily must contain the principle from which unity in its developments arises. The very conception of a law of nature involves a principle of unity, without which it could be no *law*. Now, in all the developments of life in nature, from vegetable life up to the highest form of animal, there is evidently and necessarily a principle of unity in each species of life, and in the life of every individual of each species, which gives harmony,

and even possibility, to the development and operation of the complex functions springing from the fundamental law. Life universally develops itself by and in organization, and it is the unity of the fundamental law which harmonizes and directs every complex operation, so that the diversity of leaf, branch, trunk, or of limb and other organs, with their complex and various operations and functions, yet constitute *one* tree or *one* animal, in which every part and every operation is harmonized by the formative law into a consistent whole. As we can only know this law of life by its phenomena, and not in itself, it must manifest itself to us through organization, or we cannot know it at all. It is only in that manner that its phenomena can be exhibited to us. But unity of organization necessarily implies 'individuation.' Life, as a phenomenon of objects, must develop itself in individuals, and as phenomenon of rational objects, in persons. A living, rational object in the history of man, connected with the development of humanity, *must appear as an individual person in space and time, or it can occupy no place in the moral history of man*, since its life and personality, if not appearing in that manner, would be merged and lost in the general impersonal life of humanity, and thus it could not be an object of knowledge and testimony. If, then, God would reveal *himself* to man as a reasonable, living object of knowledge in the world's history, he can only manifest himself as an organized being in space and time—that is, by *becoming*, or being *born* (*naturans*) as it were, into the phenomena of nature, so as to be a fact in the world's history, capable (as any other such fact must be, to be an object of knowledge and belief,) of reasonable and logical testimony. *In other words, he must become incarnate.*" P. 105.

Our author then goes on, after some additional argument, to say that, so far as he is able to see, the objections of any force which might be advanced against what he has said in this matter, are the three following:—first, that the principles upon which the argument is constructed are *erroneous*; second, that the reasoning is *inconclusive*; and third, that the whole argument *amounts to a common truism*.

With respect to the last, we think that the argument is any thing but a common truism. With regard to the second, our author's reasoning is conclusive enough, if his foundations had been sure. But we think it is on the first ground that our author has failed—the *principles* upon which his argument is constructed are erroneous. It is not

"Undeniable, upon any theory whatever, that an object of knowledge must fall under the conditions of *space* and *time*; neither is

it undeniable that an objective fact can only become historical or capable of testimony by becoming realized in *space* and time."

And we freely admit that it lies with the denier to show how it can be possible without an incarnation. This we think we will be able demonstratively to do; and, whilst we proceed to do this, we hope we shall not fail to do ample justice to the perfect fairness and good faith in which his whole work is written, and we doubt not that, when we have pointed out the error into which he has fallen, he himself, if he be satisfied of our views, will be the first to acknowledge it. He can well afford to admit mistakes, without spoiling the general value of his work. But the error as to this particular principle we deem radical, and shall proceed to point it out. It consists in this: our author has affirmed it to be necessary that all objective knowledge should exist in space and time. But it is in fact not necessary that all should exist but in time only. None of the moral intuitions have reference to space. It is only the basis of external phenomena, the objects of external sense, that is, matter, which must exist in space to become objective to the mind. The objects of the internal sense and all the moral phenomena exist in time only. All phenomena must exist in time; all external phenomena in space and time. And, for the proof of this, we will refer to the Transcendental *Æsthetic* of Kant as the most lucid exposition of the subject that we know.

"Space," says Kant, "is nothing else but the form of all phenomena of the *external* senses; that is, the subjective condition of sensibility, under which alone *external intuition* is possible." P. 32, Critick of Pure Reason.

This is what he says of space; it refers to the external world—the world of matter or rather the phenomena arising therefrom—for he says further:

"That space is not a form of things which perhaps was proper to them in themselves, but that objects in themselves are not at all known to us; and that what we term external objects are nothing else but mere representations of our sensibility, whose form is space—but whose true correlative, that is to say, the thing itself is not thereby known, and cannot be, but in respect of which neither is enquiry ever made in experience." p. 34.

Or, in other words, we know nothing but phenomena, and not external objects in themselves, which, nevertheless, are realities, or the phenomena could not arise to us

from them ; but that is a subject (the nature of external objects in themselves) which experience can take no cognizance of, or, to use his own expression, "make enquiry" into.

Now, he says very differently with respect to *time*. All phenomena, both of the *external* and of the *internal* sense, arise in time :

"Time is a necessary representation, which lies at the foundation of *all* intuitions. We cannot, in respect of phenomena in general, annihilate time itself, although we may take away from time phenomena. Time is therefore given a priori. In it alone is all reality of phenomena possible." Critick of P. Reason, p. 36.

"Time is the formal condition, a priori of all phenomena generally. Space as the pure form of all *external* intuition, is a condition, a priori—*limited simply to external phenomena*. On the other hand, since all representations, *whether they have external things for objects or not*, still belong, in themselves, as determinations of the mind, to the internal state. But, as this internal state, under the formal condition of internal intuition, consequently belongs to time, so is time a condition a priori of *every* phenomenon in general, and in fact the immediate condition of the internal phenomena belonging to our minds, and also thereby mediately of external phenomena. If I can say, a priori, all external phenomena are in space and determined according to the relationship of space a priori,—I can say quite universally, from the principles of the *internal sense*, all phenomena in general, that is, all objects of sense are in time, and stand necessarily in relationship to time." p. 39.

It will now, we hope, be clearly seen that, although the Deity must, under the conditions to which man is subject, manifest himself in time—to man in this world—who while here, lives as the creature of time—yet it does not appear philosophically at all necessary that "he must be one *incarnate*;" or in other words, manifest himself in space, to reach the moral intuitions and the internal sense. Neither does it appear that he did so manifest himself in space, from the time of the creation until the coming of the Messiah, yet he, without doubt, during the whole of that period, did occupy a place in the moral history of Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and the prophets, and indeed of the whole Jewish race—in the Exodus from Egypt, the laws from Mount Sinai, and down to the coming of the Messiah, did reveal himself as "living phenomenon" in this world, and in the history of that people, in *time* only, but not as body in space.

Certainly our author is correct, when he asserts that "we can only know the law of life, from vegetable up to the higher form of animal, by its phenomena, and not in itself; and that it must manifest itself to us through organization, or we cannot know it at all." But this assertion must be taken precisely with the exception of the Deity, to the knowledge of whom we reach through other intuitions than those which have relation to space—the intuitive condition of which has relation but to the phenomena of the external senses—and whose personal relations to man are substantiated but by the internal sensibility which takes place only in time and the moral intuitions, which have no immediate connection with the external world of space.

We find, consequently, that Neander and other great writers on the subject, date the commencement of the christian church on the earth, not from the birth or crucifixion of the Messiah, nor of his rising from the dead, but from the time of the descent of the Holy Spirit, when those divine and moral intuitions were fully and permanently awakened and enlightened in the world, and from which period that operation and working of the spirit, on the religious and moral intuitions, has continued to advance—in time, but not in space—but in a secondary manner—down to the present day.

"That there is an *external* sense," says our author, "is evident from its giving experience of internal objects. That there is an *internal* sense, is equally undeniable, from our experience of states of our own soul."

Now, it is to this external sense that incarnation, or body existing in space, as well as time, would belong; but it is to the internal sense—which has relation to *time* alone, but not to space—that the moral intuitions, and those giving us a knowledge of the Deity belong: and, strictly speaking, it is to this internal sense alone, primarily, that theology, morals, and religion, the communion of the holy spirit appeals. God did enter into communion as a personal God with man, long before the incarnation, and into the world's history. God does now, as a personal God, communicate with every christian without incarnation, by the influence of the spirit, and has been present in this spirit in his church ever since the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost to the present

time. It was therefore not philosophically necessary that an incarnation should take place before God should manifest himself "as an objective fact," to all mankind. The same way in which he manifested himself personally, in the world's history, to one man or to one nation, before any incarnation had occurred—the same in which he daily manifests himself in the spirit now, since "incarnation" has ceased; that same way he ever could have manifested himself, without incarnation, as a personal God, and in the world's history to all mankind; and an "incarnation" or any change in kind (not in degree) in the human soul, was not philosophically or theologically necessary.

Then it may be asked, "For what purpose did the Saviour become 'incarnate?'" This is entirely another question, on which we have little to say; with which, we have, in short, nothing to do. Our object here has only been to shew that it was not absolutely necessary, philosophically speaking, that he should appear physically; or, in other words, in "space," amongst men, before he could become a personal God in their history. We are not now speaking of the motives, morally or spiritually, for such an act, which might or did exist in the bosom of the Deity. But of moral and physical necessity, supposing the nature of man unchanged. For, simply as to the motives which might have induced the incarnation, that is quite another matter. Wilberforce, on the incarnation, says that "the office of the Son of Man was to be the pattern of our race."\* The atonement, and many other motives may be cited from scripture, but these are altogether different from physical or philosophical necessity.

With respect to the probability of miracles—the theme of the next chapter—it is a subject which has been so often discussed, that it has almost become trite. Miracles, as evidences of the character and commission of the Messiah, may have been of avail to those who witnessed them. But, at our day, we have only common historical evidence that they did occur, which, supposing the Divine mission of the Saviour not to be proved, would certainly not have been sufficient proof, against the counter evidence of the regular course of cause and effect, as they usually occur in nature.

But supposing the divine mission of the Messiah to have been proved by higher testimony—as in our day, by the effects which have resulted to and in the world, from his coming—the statement of the miracles which occurred at the time of this great event, and by him done, during the period in which he enacted the far greater miracle, the enlightenment and regeneration of our race—the account of the miracles connected with and occurring at the time of this great event, as performed by him, should be received as authentic, on the same historical amount of evidence as the writings of Thucydides or Cæsar, and no more should be required to substantiate them. For the truly miraculous part of it is already admitted, in admitting his divine mission. That having been established, the manner—miraculous or not—of his performing, whilst on earth, the duties he had assumed, could be as easily authenticated as any other fact of history of the same period.

But, we have already said that we do not consider his miracles as the evidences of his divine commission; these rest on far higher grounds; we rather, on the other hand, consider the divine commission—or, as our author says, the “doctrine,”—the proof of the miracle.

“While, then, under certain circumstances, miracles might be necessary as credentials of those commissioned by God, we should fall into most dangerous misapprehension of their true province, did we not keep in mind the essential fact, that the *doctrine* was the test and proof of the validity of the miracle. For, if the miracle was to be the proof of the doctrine, we might find ourselves involved in inextricable moral confusion, unless we could distinctly prove that the powers of evil could, under no possible circumstances, produce miraculous effects. A point we might assume, but which assuredly we could never prove. The relation, then, in which the miracle stands to doctrine, is that of a credential to scientific skill; as a man might be obliged to show a diploma to secure a hearing for his claim to the title of physician; but his scientific knowledge must be the test of the validity of the diploma, and that perhaps it was not even forged. And, as his possession of science being established, he would not require to be perpetually exhibiting his diploma; so, the doctrine being placed in a commanding position, addressing itself as established truth to universal reason, and so placed as to invite and submit itself to the judgment of reason, as to its soundness and consistency, miracles would be no longer employed, but would disappear from the stage.” P. 116.

We would farther add, that, so far as the "*doctrine*" is concerned, it is a test of the truth of the religion itself as well as any miracles in support of it. Mr. Hume seems for many years to have been the arch enemy on this subject of miracles. He seems to have been fully answered by J. S. Mill, in his "*Inductive Logic*," which our author quotes in his support :

"All which Mr. Hume has made out—and this he must have been considered to have made out—is that no evidence can be sufficient to prove a miracle to any one who did not previously believe in the existence of a being, or beings, with supernatural power, or who believed himself to have full proof that the character of the being whom he recognises, is inconsistent with his having seen fit to interfere on the occasion in question. But it is undeniable that such proof can never be obtained."

Certainly, if the Saviour is what he claimed, and what all christians believe him to be, it is nothing out of nature for him to perform miracles.

We think our author's title to this chapter—on the probability of miracles—should have been rather on the "*possibility*." A miracle is, from its very nature, *ex vi termini*, *improbable* ; a thing which cannot be expected to happen but upon some very extraordinary occasion, and the title sounds too much like a probability of improbabilities ; this is, however, but a very small error, as to the merit of the matter in hand.

In his "Suggestive Basis in Reason for belief in plurality in divine personality," we think he is entirely inconclusive. We see nothing demonstrative in the argument. We think it a mistake to say that,

"If we deny plurality in the Divine essence, we must logically either land in the material pantheism of Comte, or the immaterial pantheism of Hegel."

The Jews have always denied this "plurality," and they have not landed in the one nor the other. The idea of the "plurality," of the Godhead is not only "transcendental," but what the German philosophers call "transcendent;" that is, entirely beyond the limits of human reason, and therefore admitting of no grounds for reasoning philosophically, either for or against its existence. The only positive evidence we can have of this mystery is the authority of Christ himself. His divinity once being admitted, he is certainly the best and only one entitled

to speak on the nature of that godhead, whether it be inexplicable to our understandings or not. Whatever he has said must be conclusive on the subject. And we would most earnestly suggest to all professors of christianity, that every honest difference amongst themselves as to what Christ has actually said on this subject of his own nature, should not be held as sufficient grounds for denouncing each other. What he actually *has* said, they all agree to receive as truth; let them then not be severe on each other in interpreting his words.

The fourth chapter of our author presents an analysis of the character of Christ—and here we must confess ourselves entirely at fault, inasmuch as we feel ourselves incompetent to the task. If it be attempted to analyze this character as God with us, we find it entirely beyond our powers to do justice to the theme. If we attempt to analyze it merely as man, we will but fall into useless and futile eulogy, for we have not seen the writer yet who has seriously attempted to impute fault to him. That human character stands forth so wholly void of human infirmity and worldly passions—so innocent, yet so commanding in its intellectual power—so pure and elevated in its moral tone—and so utterly free of everything selfish, or that savoured of self, that it is only with wonder and awe that we can contemplate the moral and intellectual lineament of such a man. And yet, with all this power intellectually, this moral elevation and grandeur of being, humble to the humblest, poor as the poorest, not possessing, as property, the common necessities of life, or shelter from the elements, which God had accorded to the birds of the air or the beasts of the field, nor desiring to possess them, not even knowing, after his labours, where to rest his weary head!—It is too wonderful for us to attempt the delineation.

“Believing,” says Mr. Miles, “that there is a God, to whom conscience tells us we must be accountable, and overwhelmed by the perplexity and awful mystery which press upon us from every side, and envelope our own being and its destiny, we look naturally to the prevailing religion to see what answer it can give to the deepest and most solemn queries of the soul. We find that christianity claims to give the desired light, so far as it is necessary, in the present existence, for man to know. We inquire into the history of this christianity, and find it clear that Christ did live and proclaim a religion, and that his disciples were persons of honesty, integrity and truth.

We find that they wrote an account of Christ, his claims and teachings; of the genuineness of which book we are satisfied, upon grounds precisely similar to those (although far stronger,) upon which we receive the history of Thucydides. In fact, if one will take the trouble to investigate the ground upon which the credibility of the Gospels rest, he will perceive that there is no logical standpoint, for the philosophic mind, between admitting them as substantial history and absolutely denying the existence of Christ at all. If the existing evidence for the historical truth of the Gospels be insufficient, it is absolutely impossible to receive as valid any human testimony which can be produced for any fact which transpired a century ago. Taking, then, as a valid standing-point, that the Gospels are history, it is perfectly plain that, in order to see what Christ taught, and who he was, our only course is to begin by reading the New Testament." P. 136.

Surely, if we consider it proved, which in our own individual case we most certainly do, that Christ has, by the effects of his mission on the world, even in our day, established to logical conviction the fact of his being all he declared himself to be, we can require no higher evidence that such a being wrought miracles, nor of the nature of those miracles, than is necessary in the proof of any historical fact—though we might have required all the evidence, even, which Mr. Hume would have called for, did we not consider his divine mission as first settled. This same evidence, and no other, holds valid for all the Gospels, which certainly can be substantiated on stronger historical foundations, as Mr. Miles asserts, than the statements contained in the works of either Thucydides or Cæsar. To these Gospels, then, we have a right to appeal for a true and faithful account of his residence on earth. But when we are satisfied of their full and entire authenticity, what a field of moral simplicity and grandeur is unfolded to us, in those plain and unaffected narratives. That the Evangelists believed what they wrote, that they sought to misrepresent or misstate nothing, but merely to recount the simple truth so far as they were able to understand it, is everywhere apparent in them, and the internal evidence of the absence of all guile or desire to deceive, becomes almost as strong as the more wonderful events of which they declare themselves the witnesses.

"As we pursue each recorded step of the life of Christ, his greatness, his wisdom, his awful goodness, his supernatural power, his innate authority, the whole of his wonderful and unexampled

character, overwhelm us with wonder, admiration, reverence, and affection; and impresses us with the conviction that divinity lives within him, and that he is more than mortal. There is an unearthly majesty and grandeur about him, which is more striking and astounding from the very poverty and simplicity of his life; and it seems almost impossible that an earnest thinker, who longs for light from God, should not perceive, upon a first acquaintance with the history of Christ, that he is every way worthy of being the revealer of God, and that he actually must have been sent by the Deity for that momentous purpose. The amazing and evenly sustained congruity of character in all its parts throughout, without effort, but by its own innate completeness, loftiness, and homogeneity, irresistibly compel us to believe that Christ was all that his disciples believed him to be. If we actually appreciate the awful mysteries which envelope our being, and sincerely long for truth and light, nothing can prevent us from hailing Christ as the guide and teacher whom we need. And when, in addition to all this, we reflect upon his own solemn declarations, respecting the deep significance of his death; and view the whole life of Jesus in the light of the religious history of mankind, ever dimly pointing to sacrifice and redemption; we feel an ever accumulating weight or conviction, that Christ came to place humanity forever in a new relation to God, to answer the doubts which have ever pressed upon thinking men in all ages, and to point out to all men the certain way of eternal salvation." p. 153.

It may be said by some, that "Suppose all this to be perfectly true,—yet these sublime teachings contained in the Gospels did not originate with Christ; the substance of the whole of his teachings, and most of them literally, are contained in the Old Testament; they are not the original conceptions of his mind, or results of his character."

To this we answer that no one more constantly affirmed that he came to fulfil the law, and not to abolish it, than Christ himself; for he declared that though heaven and earth should pass away, yet not one jot or tittle of that law should fail. It is in the fulfilment of that law, and the diffusion of its blessings to the whole family of man, that the full scope and end of his mission precisely consists. His object was not pragmatism originally, but the diffusion of truth; that truth which was with God and from God from the beginning; that originated all revelation, and the Jewish dispensation itself. In his person the "sower went out to sow the seed" over the whole world, which, up to that time, had been in the wisdom of

God, confined to the Jewish people alone. And that seed has been cast abroad with the hand of power, and the blessing of him who alone could bless has followed it, and still is following it in every land. Its germination and fructifying power, from the day when that eternal sower "went forth to sow," even to the present time is the highest and most conclusive evidence of the mighty hand that cast it forth, and every believing christian rests on the trust that it will cover the earth, from the rising to the setting sun; and that every child of Adam will yet reap of the fruits of that harvest.

In the chapter on the "adaptedness of christianity to the religious wants of man," our author takes a clear and vigorous sketch of those wants, as felt by man previous to the coming of Christ; and of the working of those irrepressible instincts, on the greatest and purest minds of the Greeks. He shews that in the sublime speculations of their philosophers and poets, they even foreshadowed, in a dim outline, the truths and hopes afterwards brought to light and life by the christian dispensation, and that Christ revealed the very truths and satisfied the very longings which the great and good of old rather prayed and hoped for than expected:

"Unless," says Socrates, "perhaps, the soul may hereafter find a surer vehicle in some divine revelation, which he even might yet condescend to make known to man."

He even *did* condescend "to make known to men," in the person of Christ, that divine revelation. And could Socrates or Plato have lived at the time of his coming, we have not a doubt but so soon as they fully comprehended the scope and end of his mission, they themselves would have been among the first of his disciples.

"Now when we find," says our author, in reference to the preaching of the Apostles, "a religion promulgated by men who could never have known the subtle reasonings of the Grecian intellect, nor, of themselves, have met, had they known them; but which religion meets fully, authoritatively, and perfectly, every want that was felt or could be devised on the most profound subjects, by the loftiest intellects—intellects which will command the admiration of men to the end of time,—and when we find this religion, not only meeting such wants, but presenting views with regard to them, far more profound and sublime than anything which even Grecian genius ever conceived, we feel an immovable conviction

that such a religion could only have emanated from God. In the light of its overwhelming array of moral and intellectual evidence, all the objections of the infidel in the lower and narrow sphere of historical doubt, or petty supposed contradictions in the narratives of the Evangelists, fade into utter insignificance. Suppose that the Gospels were even full of contradictions and mistakes,—suppose that the historical chain of evidence, instead of being of adamant, was imperfect; here is the immovable fact of the existence and power of christianity; here is sublimity; its divinity stamped upon its very forehead, and uttering its resistless voice in the consciousness of every one who steels not his heart against its directions and precepts; and all that the infidel could claim would be, that the history of the origin of christianity had been recorded by incompetent writers. But surely the man with whom such considerations can out-weigh the moral grandeur, the deep adaptedness to man, the infinite comforts and hopes, which proclaim the origin of christianity from the Creator and Father of mankind, must be but coldly a searcher after truth; or if he be a deep and noble and earnest soul, then to feel compelled to reject such a religion, must render him miserable indeed. No! it is impossible! If such a man be true to his own nobility of nature, the very wretchedness into which such a conclusion would plunge him, must send him to a deeper investigation of the truth, which will leave him no rest, until his spirit finds its home in the bosom of christianity.” p. 172.

In his next chapter, Mr. Miles discusses the question: “Have we any faculty or organ by which we can test or apprehend the *religious* truthfulness of Christianity?” and says, “that we have, is exactly one of those facts which carries its own demonstration with it, in appealing, not to the logical understanding, but to the inmost self-consciousness itself.” It can only be shaken by the same denial which rejects intuitive truths, and strikes at the very existence of Reason as an absolute faculty of the soul. No argument, addressed to the understanding, could prove that man thinks. It must pre-suppose the very fact itself, lying within the direct sphere of intuitive consciousness, to be beyond argument, before any argument could be erected; and it is the same with moral and religious truth. Before any argument on these subjects can be adduced, we must presuppose an intuitive faculty for their direct perception, antecedent to and lying deeper than—in fact, at the very foundation of logical proof and argumentation.

"In the most ignorant man, you are sure that there is that potentially in his reason, which, however dark and dimly recognized by himself, yet, *when awakened* and developed, will afford the material upon which his understanding can work for his advancement in mathematical science. And so, likewise, there is that in his reason and feelings, involving the intuitive conceptions and emotions of religious truth, which, *when awakened* and developed by the vital touch of Christianity, will enable him at once, to perceive absolutely its truthfulness, as adapted to his whole nature, and to connect himself, through his own consciousness, with the great living consciousness of Christianized humanity, as it has flowed through every age to his own; and thus he will know the truth of that life, which his understanding alone can never establish or reach, but which flows from God, and permeates the Christian consciousness of man. The actual reality and development of this life in the world, and consequently of the intuitive consciousness in which it is rooted, is an undeniable fact which no scepticism can overturn. And, it is only upon the reality of this fact that any argument respecting Christian institutions, as means of fostering and developing that life, can be intelligible."

This intuitive religious element of the mind—one of the principles of the faculty of the pure Reason, as connected with it in the nearest manner—is also the moral intuition which most assuredly constitutes the foundation of all our knowledge, or each our conception of God; for, these intuitive elements are, even in their different spheres, the absolute conditions of all reasoning, as has been previously demonstrated. Therefore, the basis of true religion in the human soul must rest here. The mathematical intuitions, or the sensible intuitions of the external world, arise, in the same manner, but in different departments of the mind, and, in like manner, form the basis of all thought, each in its appropriate sphere—being the primary condition of thought.

We have now closed with the work before us; and, in our endeavour to bring the subject, as treated by our author, home to the attention and apprehension of our readers—by simplifying and explaining, where we could, and by candidly correcting what we have thought erroneous—we have endeavoured to do that, in which, if we succeed, we will have done permanent service to our readers. The object of the work is a noble one, and the theme is by no means exhausted, though, as we have already said, handled with ability and an earnest love of

truth. A great deal more remains—the field is white for the harvest still. And, we know not a nobler or a holier aim—one in which a clergyman could do more service in the sphere of his duties, to the church and to his fellow man, than by devoting himself permanently to the sacred task now so happily and vigorously commenced.

The reader will perceive that, in our preceding pages, we have made use of the great name of Immanuel Kent, whenever we could bring him to bear on the subject under discussion. Our reason has been, that he, in fact, lies at the foundation of most of the modern improvements in metaphysical philosophy; and we have always considered our position strengthened when we could have the authority of this great genius to sustain us. Most of the other writers borrow from him, and are, in fact, his followers.

J. S. R.

ART. IX.—*Manual of Ancient Geography and History.*

By WILHELM PUTZ, Principal Tutor of the Gymnasium of Düren. Edited by T. K. Arnold, M.A., Rector of Lyndon, &c. From the London edition. New-York: 1849.

THE want of a general system of education in our country, and the striking deficiencies of the methods adopted in many private academies, are perhaps the chief causes of the rise of an innumerable host of authors and compilers of school books, each promising incalculable benefits and claiming to be the great desideratum of the age. When one of these books has by chance met with a rapid sale, the author, it seems, is immediately engaged to prepare a series on a variety of subjects, which are issued from the press adorned frequently with pictures and a captivating binding. Horn-books? No, indeed. The nascent genius of the coming generation shall begin to expand over a dainty little book, whose embossed and gilded exterior will allure the smiling eye to peep within and sparkle with admiration at an illuminated alphabet. For older youths, who study Latin and Greek, we shall have text-books with copious English notes, preclusive of all reference to grammars and dictionaries. Our fathers were inured at school to the ennobling task of conquering

difficulties. Our sons must be furnished with a ruinous facility of gliding over the once rugged path. They shall climb no arduous steep. The road shall be graded, tunnelled and bridged. They shall enter the car, recline upon velvet cushions, be served with cakes and cream, be borne along to a terminus where await them all the “jura, privilegia et honores” of collegiate distinction.

The elements of botany, astronomy, chemistry, anatomy and geology are also taught in some schools, the unwise teachers of which deem it impolitic to resist the importunities of parents for the introduction of what are falsely called branches of a practical education. Until parents and teachers shall have been convinced that the thorough training of a youth’s mind is of higher value than an accumulation of heterogeneous knowledge, and until some general plan of education shall have been adopted—which should be recommended and firmly established, not by authority, but by its intrinsic excellence and efficiency—we must needs be overwhelmed with a flood of useless school books, on subjects unsuited to the age and capacity of children.

In view of these absurdities, we welcome the production before us, which emanates from a source entitled to our confidence and respect. The combination of history and geography will facilitate the acquisition of both. The extent and climate, the military, agricultural and commercial advantages of a country, may serve to illustrate many events in the domestic and international history of the people. This appears to be the object of the combination by Professor Putz. But, the newness, or, rather, resuscitation, of the design promises especial benefit to the study of Geography in primary schools. Few men, we venture to assert, acquire a knowledge of geography from text books, maps and charts. What delight Louis the Sixteenth found in such a pursuit may be explained by his devotion to the art of making locks—fashioning their intricate wards with his own royal hand. It is no credit to be well acquainted with geography; yet, a disgrace to be ignorant of it; and men seek or insensibly obtain a knowledge of it by travelling, by reading reports of voyages and explorations, through histories, newspapers, and conversations. They possess but little geographical information apart from associations of men and their achievements.

One of the principal differences in the methods of instruction, in preparatory schools and colleges, is, that, in the former, youths are compelled to fix in the mind and recite an exact arrangement of words and thoughts; to submit themselves to a directing influence upon their mental habits. That the committing of history and geography thus accurately to memory may not continue an almost intolerable task, there must be an essential alteration of the present uninteresting statistical school books on the subject. The recollection is assisted by associations of pleasure, or pain; or, in the absence of these emotions, by frequent repetition. With the two last aids, (which have been resorted to in schools since the discovery of switches) we desire to see the first united; particularly in the study of geography, and in those subjects which demand only an exercise of the memory.

The periplus of Hanno, the geography of Strabo, and the itineraries of ancient writers must have been studied with the same avidity with which we now peruse the travels of Bruce and of Park, the expeditions of Wilkes and of Fremont. Cannot a school book be prepared which shall possess in its details an interest beyond that attached to the longitude and latitude of cities, the boundaries of States, the tables of population and square miles, the products, heights of mountains, lengths of canals, &c.? Cannot the recollection of Alexander be associated with the Granicus, of Cæsar with the Rubicon, of Hannibal and of Napoleon with the Alps, of Washington with the Delaware and Potomac? Is there no history connected with the Cape of Good Hope, the Straits of Magellan, the Bay of San Francisco, the river Amazon, and with the names of cities and States? The geographer who gathers his materials from the accounts of recent voyages and travels, must surely feel that he imposes a grievous burden upon the ardent minds of youth, when he carefully excludes interesting facts, and compresses what he gathers into the driest, hardest and most insipid form. The following passages, from Mrs. Sommerville's *Physical Geography*, indicate another source of important truths that cannot be with propriety omitted in compilations on this subject:

"The forces that raised the two great continents above the deep, when viewed on a wide scale, must evidently have acted at right

angles to each other, nearly parallel to the equator in the old continent, and in the direction of the meridian in the new."

The range of the principal mountain chains is thus fixed in the memory by a single sentence. So also the direction of peninsulas :

"The tendency of the land to assume a peninsular form, is very remarkable; and it is still more so that almost all the peninsulas tend to the south, while to the north, with very few exceptions, the two great continents terminate in a very broken line." "The Arve, swollen by a freshet, occasionally drives the water of the Rhone back into the lake of Geneva; and it once happened that the force was so great as to make the mill-wheels revolve in a contrary direction. Instances have occurred of rivers suddenly stopping in their course for some hours, and leaving their channels dry. On the 26th of November, 1838, the water failed so completely in the Clyde, Nith and Tivoit, that the wheels were stopped eight hours in the lower part of their streams. The cause was the coincidence of a gale of wind and a strong frost, which congealed the water near their sources. Exactly the contrary happens in the Siberian rivers, which flow from south to north over so many hundred miles; the upper parts are thawed, while the lower are still frozen, and the water, not finding an outlet, inundates the country."

We have indulged in these desultory remarks with the hope that they may prove useful; there being at present amongst us an increasing desire for the preparation of schoolbooks that shall be free from omissions, assertions and insinuations respecting the institutions and interests of the South.

The learning and research that characterize the compendium of Professor Putz, render it more suitable to the comprehension and appreciation of the collegian than of the schoolboy. The one may derive important information from the articles on the Etrusci, the changes effected by Sulla, the religion of the Romans, their constitution under the Emperors, and the historico-geographical view of the Empire. To the other, the utility of the work is impaired by the unsympathetic elevation and terseness of its scholastic style. We open the book at random and read :

"CILICIA, divided into western or mountainous, (*τραχεῖα*, *aspera*), and eastern or champaign (*πεδιάς*, *campestris*), Cilicia. In the latter were the cities of Soli (*οἱ Σόλοι*), afterwards Pompeiopolis (*Solœcismus*), Tarsus on the Cydnus (birth-place of the Apostle Paul,) and Issus on the Issic Gulf (Alexander's victory in 333)."

"The original inhabitants of Lydia, the *Mæonians*, (probably Pelasgians,) were subdued by the *Lydians*, a Carian race, who invaded the country at a later period. The history of the Lydians is divided, according to the three consecutive dynasties of the *ATYDÆ*, *HERACLIDÆ*, (1200—700?) and *MERMNADÆ*, (700—546,) into three periods, the two first of which are entirely fabulous. The fourth of the Mermnadæ, *CRÆSUS* (560—546,) subdued the whole of Asia, from the *Ægean* Sea to the *Halys*, (with the exception of *Lycia* and *Cilicia*, according to *Herodotus*,) but having crossed the river and invaded the Persian dominions, he was conquered and deprived of his kingdom in 546.—See § 55."

The plan of the work is also deficient. It is unaccompanied with maps. The geography of the *Peloponnesus* and that of *Palestine* are respectively concluded in the space of two pages. The extent of the plan,—embracing ancient geography, and ancient history from the earliest period to the fall of the *Western Roman Empire*—makes the compass of a single volume too limited for the proper elucidation of any of its parts. But notwithstanding the inherent difficulties of uniting a complete narration of man's achievements with a full description of the scenes of action, the advantages which such a combination would afford for the instruction of the young, will, we hope, lead to continued efforts for its successful accomplishment.

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## ART. X.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Memoirs of the Court of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.* By Madame CAMPAN, First Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. In two vols. London: Henry Colburn. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart. 1850.

OF Madame Campan, to whom Napoleon turned for counsel when he sought to improve the system of education in France, most of our readers already know something. Familiar with the Court of France, First Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, a reader to the young Princesses, she was an eye-witness of some of the most wonderful passages in one of the most wonderful periods of French history. These two beautiful volumes are crowded with interesting anecdote, sketches of life and society, of character and events—a mingled tissue of the grave and gay, the farce, the melo-drame, the tragedy. To describe this book in less general language, is scarcely possible. Its details are too numerous. It affords a body of most fascinating reading, such as one will linger over, during the warm days of summer, with an interest never drowsy. We give a passage or two—not so much for the intrinsic importance of the details as because they somewhat relate to ourselves, as a people:

“ While delight at having given an heir to the throne of the Bourbons, and a succession of fêtes and amusements, filled up the happy days of Marie Antoinette, the community was solely engrossed with the Anglo-American war. Two kings, or rather their ministers, planted and propagated the love of liberty in the new world: the king of England, by shutting his ears and his heart against the continued and respectful representations of subjects at a distance from their native land, who had become numerous, rich and powerful, through the resources of the soil they had fertilized; and the king of France, by giving support to a people in rebellion against their ancient sovereign. Many young soldiers, belonging to the first families of the country, followed La Fayette’s example, and broke through all the illusions of grandeur, all the charms of luxury, of amusements, and of love, to go and tender their courage and their information to the revolted Americans. Beaumarchais, secretly seconded by Messieurs de Maurepas and de Vergennes, obtained permission to send out to the Americans supplies of arms and clothing. Franklin appeared at court in the dress of an American cultivator. His straight unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to Doctor Franklin, who, to the reputation of a

most skilful naturalist, added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an apostle of liberty. I was present at one of these entertainments, when the most beautiful woman out of three hundred was selected to place a crown of laurels upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheeks. Even in the palace of Versailles, Franklin's medallion was sold under the king's eyes, in the exhibition of Sevres porcelain. The legend of this medallion was

‘Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.’

“The king never declared his opinion upon an enthusiasm which his correct judgment, no doubt, led him to blame; however, the Countess Diana having, to keep up her character as a woman of superior talent, entered with considerable warmth into the idolatry of the American delegate, a jest was played off upon her, which was kept secret enough, and may give us some idea of the private sentiments of Louis XVI. He had a *vase de nuit* made at the Sevres manufactory, at the bottom of which was the medallion, with its fashionable legend, and he sent the utensil to the Countess Diana, as a New-Year's gift. The queen spoke out more plainly about the part France was taking respecting the independence of the American colonies, and constantly opposed it. Far was she from foreseeing that a revolution at such a distance could excite one in which the day would come when a misguided populace would drag her from her palace to a death equally unjust and cruel. She only saw something ungenerous in the method which France adopted of checking the power of England.”

This anecdote shows how selfish was the sympathy accorded by the French monarch to the cause of American Independence—if, indeed, any thing was wanting to show us that. As a further commentary on this sympathy, and of the morality of our generous friends, take another anecdote:

“An incessant underhand war was carried on between the friends and partisans of M. de Choiseul, who were called the Austrians, and those who sided with Messieurs d'Aiguillon, de Maurepas and de Vergennes, who, for the same reason, kept up the intrigues carried on at court and in Paris against the queen. Marie Antoinette, on her part, supported those who had suffered in this political quarrel, and it was this feeling which led her to ask for a revision of the proceedings against Messieurs de Bellegarde and de Moutier. The first, a colonel and inspector of artillery, and the second, a proprietor of a foundry at St. Etienne, were, under the ministry of the Duke d'Aiguillon, condemned to imprisonment for twenty years and a day, for having withdrawn from the arsenals of France, by order of the Duke de Choiseul, a vast number of muskets, which were thrown out as being of no value except as old iron, while, in point of fact, the greater

part of those muskets were immediately embarked and sold to the Americans. It appears that the Duke de Choiseul imparted to the queen, as grounds of defence for the accused, the political views which led him to authorize that reduction and sale in the manner in which it had been executed. What rendered the case of Messieurs de Bellegarde and de Moutier more unfavourable was, that the artillery officer who made the reduction in the capacity of inspector was, through a clandestine marriage, brother-in-law of the owner of the foundry who became the purchaser of the rejected arms."

2. *An Easter Offering.* By FREDRIKA BREMER, author of "The Neighbours," &c. Translated by MARY HOWITT. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

THIS is not a story, as the reader may suppose, but a slight volume, containing two sketches of life and society in the icy North, from which the writer—now a visitor among us—comes. The first of these sketches is one of domestic life, in the marriage state—a pleasing picture of purity and gentle sensibilities. In the course of this little picture, Miss Bremer, in an aside to the reader, thus unfolds a startling revelation in regard to her own feelings. She may well anticipate the perils of such a statement.

"I now take the opportunity," says she, "of making a confession which I have often had upon my lips, but have hesitated to make from the fear of drawing upon myself the hatred of every married woman. But now I will run the risk—so now for it—some time or other people must unburden their hearts. I confess, then, that I never find, and never have found, a man more lovable, more captivating, than when he is a married man; that is to say, a good married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect in my eyes, as when he is married, as when he is a husband, and the father of a family, supporting, in his manly arms, wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, in his entrance into the married state, closes around him and constitutes a part of his home and his world. He is not merely ennobled by this position, but he is actually *beautified* by it. Then he appears to me as the crown of creation, and it is only such a man as this who is dangerous to me, and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But then propriety forbids it, and Moses and all European legislators declare it to be sinful, and all married women would consider it a sacred duty to stone me."

She afterwards takes care to tell us, however, and thus frees herself measurably from the perils which she might otherwise incur at the hands of those who love their lords—that while she thus prefers the married gentlemen, yet she also prefers to see them happy with their

wives. Amiable creature! "The contemplation of no happiness makes me so happy as that between married people."

"Life in the North" is the title of the second paper. This is rather a review or a magazine article than a sketch or portrait. It gives us an outline of Danish and Swedish literature, as well as of their people and society—of Oehlenschlägen, Thorwaldsen, Ingemann, Möller, Heiberg, Andersen, and many others, supplying many of the deficiencies in our knowledge of this portion of the literature and art of the old world.

3. *Sketches and Rambles.* By J. T. HEADLEY. New-York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.

IN our last, noticing the "Miscellanies" of the same writer, we referred to the curious liberty which had been taken with his works by a piratical publisher. Our author pleads that a similar usurpation of his rights, by the same party, has forced him to a premature publication of the present volume. He has endeavoured to make it more worthy of public patronage, by a revision of the old and the addition of much new material. The volume consists of twenty-nine chapters. In these, our author shows himself among the Alps, and describes for us the scenery of the Swiss; he next conducts us from Brussels to Paris, and talks of travel in the diligence. In France he gives us mementoes of Napoleon, of Josephine, of Robespierre; takes us to the Chamber of Peers, introduces us to Marshal Soult; shows us Guizot in the tribune; and we wander with him afterwards to the garden of Luxemburg, the catacombs, and elsewhere. Eight or ten pleasant chapters are consumed thus in showing us the lions, and the dens and retreats and woods and groves and gardens of the lions, of Paris and France; and these shown, we cross the channel, to similar sights and scenes in England. London and its lions, the men of letters, politics and arms, Peel, Campbell, Wellington, Brougham, Melville, Lyndhurst, the queen, the Parliament and Westminster Abbey, Windsor Castle, the Tower, Regalia, Bank, Oxford, Warwick Castle and Kennilworth, Birmingham, Liverpool, Wales,—these topics, various enough, consume quite as pleasantly a dozen chapters more. Some half dozen chapters are then assigned to the Waldenses, sketches of their rise and progress as a sect, the events in their history, their persecutions, their battles and their fate. The contents are ample to inspire curiosity; and, with all his faults, Mr. Headley rewards it. His sketches of travel are quite readable. As a travelling companion, indeed, rather than as an historian or essayist, we like him. His mercurial temperament, eager remark, vivacity and freedom of mood, ease of deportment, and vigilant observation, are all companionable and valuable travelling qualities, and were he not always in such a monstrous hurry, we should be content that he should always write the history of the expedition.

4. *Southey's Remains.* 1. *Southey's Commonplace Book.* First and Second Series. Edited by his son-in-law, JOHN WOOD WARTER, B. D. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.  
 2. *The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.* Edited by his son, the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M. A. New-York: Harper & Brothers. Parts 1-2-3. 1850.

THE excellent collection of curious and valuable matter, drawn from every variety of source—history, chronicle, travel, romance—which we owe to Robert Southey, affords not only a vast fund of highly readable miscellaneous matter, but is a perfect storehouse for the student who would spare the pains of groping through musty records and almost forgotten volumes. Many of the sources from which Southey drew his materials are almost unavailable to the American, and certainly to the ordinary reader. In researches of this sort, his appetite was that of a cormorant. We, at least, should be grateful for the industry which has accumulated this singularly various collection. The latter volume, by the way, contains a great deal of matter peculiarly interesting to the American student:—anecdotes, statements of curious facts, wonderful traditions, rich descriptions, gathered from Dutch, Spanish, French and English explorers, at an early period, in the forests and along the rivers of the new world. His *Life and Correspondence*, equally voluminous and full of instruction, will be reserved for notice hereafter, when all the parts are published.

5. *The History of the Consulate and Empire under Napoleon; forming a Sequel to the History of the French Revolution.* By M. A. THIERS, Member of the French Academy, &c. Translated from the French by D. F. CAMPBELL; with Notes and Additions by HENRY W. HERBERT. Parts 1 to 10 inclusive. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart. 1850.

THIS interesting and valuable work reaches us quite too slowly. Revolutions in France do not seem quite so favourable to French literature as the social millenium which that mercurial people teach and anticipate would seem to promise. Nor do they promise very favourably for M. Thiers, as a politician. At all events, there would seem no good reason for the tardy progress of the labour which he has so long had in hand, if the material for which has been long in possession. But, we must not complain. When finished, this history will become a standard, and occupy, no doubt, a high rank with those chronicles of remarkable periods and nations to which we refer daily, as for a necessary food. Not remarkable as a philosopher, M. Thiers is yet an excellent writer, and an acute scrutinizer of events and characters. His account of the Consulate and Empire will, probably, supersede all others. The English translation is a very good one.

6. *Latter Day Pamphlets.* Edited by THOMAS CARLYLE. New-York edition: Harper & Brothers. Boston edition: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850.

HERE are two very neat editions of Carlyle's *Latter Day Pamphlets*, one of those publications which cannot be dismissed in a single paragraph. We must reserve it for a future moment of greater space and leisure. Carlyle has offended the people of the North, since he has come out, sensibly, philosophically, and like a man, superior to cant and false philanthropy, in favour of negro slavery. They now discover that he is a fool, a twattler, and, like Father Mathew, has lived just a year too long. We perceive but little falling off, in these pamphlets, from the stern, old, prophetic Carlyle whom we have known before. "He repeats himself!" cry aloud the donkeys of literature; as if they did not repeat themselves, day after day, to the eternal sickening of all good men's stomachs—as if Isaiah, and all the prophets had not need, hourly, to repeat themselves, since the wretched communities to which they addressed entreaty and imprecation, in vain, were also repeating themselves, with increasing vice and venom, with neither remorse nor understanding. But the wonder is, to see so many of our Southern presses—not having read these pamphlets—actually repeating the clamours of their Yankee file-leaders—actually denouncing, in their abominable blindness, one of their best friends and champions. What if Carlyle does sneer at the American people as a race of bores: we need not be solicitous in the defence of the Yankee part of the nation. And, it is this part which has been boring him, and all other English writers, by visit and letter, until the best tempered person in the world might well be angry.

7. *Miss Leslie's Lady's New Receipt Book*; a useful guide for large or small families, containing directions for cooking, preserving, pickling, &c. Phila: A Hart, late Carey & Hart. 1850.

WE omit more than half of the ample title page of this volume, containing a catalogue, beginning with soups and ending with scents, to say nothing of the reference to the ample body of laws, provided in the thousand and one formulas, for preparing farina and Indian meal into tea cakes and hoe cakes. The volume is a third edition, and unquestionably the most ample and valuable collection of authorities, for the due concoction of creature comforts of all sorts, which has ever honoured the American press. We may commend it safely. Nay, we do so with a feeling of equal reverence and pleasure. Such books have a sacred unction about them that forbids levity. We would as soon think of speaking lightly of this *manual* as of the shade of the excellent Mrs. Glass; or the spirit, roving in

grace and gravy wherever it may be found, of the venerable and sainted Ude. Hence ye profane! Ye wits of the tabernacle and the tavern, begone, if ye smile in improper fashion now. But all ye good housekeepers—ye who, with trim aprons, and white from chin to ankle, and with great sleeves uprolled, and rosy arms made bare for the salutary duties of the household—ye who would be ample without waste, and know sagely what ingredients to use by which to make your dulces “slab and good,”—take ye Miss Leslie to your arms, unfold her volume before ye, and work on, nothing fearing, according to the enactments of her culinary code.

8. *Sacred Scenes and Characters.* By J. T. HEADLEY. With original designs by Darley. New-York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.

A BEAUTIFUL style of type, large and clear, fine thick white paper, and numerous bold and striking pictorial studies from the pencil of Darley, afford the most grateful auspices to the reader on opening this volume. Nor will he be disappointed by the author. Mr. Headley's Sketches from Sacred History, if never rising to grandeur or much originality, are nevertheless impressive and truthful. He seems properly conscious that he is treading on sacred ground, and must approach barefooted to its survey, and his tone is subdued in accordance with the scene and subject. The subjects of his essays are sixteen in number—viz., The Red Sea Passage; Eli; Ruth; the hand-writing on the wall; the chariot of fire; Absalom; the power of beauty; interview between the living and the dead; the nameless prophet; the dream and its fulfilment; the Star of Bethlehem; the disciple that Jesus loved; the prodigal son; Paul; feeding the five thousand; the tomb of Christ. In this great variety all tastes may be consulted, while the religious feeling, in each, may be gently stimulated by a series of genial descriptive sketches, illustrating the simple passages of Sacred Writ by glowing portraits, which shall equally address the sensibilities and the sense. In this object, the pictures of Darley happily second the sketches of the author.

9. *Annual Message of the President of the United States to the two Houses of Congress, at the commencement of the First Session of the Thirty-first Congress.* Washington. 1849.

WE are indebted to the Hon. Wm. F. Colcock, Member of Congress from this State, for a copy of the above publication, containing the annual Message of the President, with an instalment of the documents accompanying it—forming a first part only of the usual publication. This volume is a bound one; but nothing can be more wretched than the style of printing. Surely, this might be amended, though it might lessen the enormous profits by which contractors

make such rapid fortunes. One suggestion may be made, in passing. By changing the form of the volume from the octavo to the quarto, you not only get a better size for records and state papers, but you are enabled to put a large proportion of the usual statistical tables, accompanying reports, into a single page, thus saving numerous pages, and escaping the necessity of that bulky folding of page upon page, by which the volume is made to bulge out awkwardly, making it impossible for the binder to give it a proper shape for the library. A uniform style of printing, adopted for all the publications of Congress, the laws, reports, &c., would, no doubt, save a great deal of money, to say nothing of the neatness and uniformity accruing from the adoption of such a rule. The quarto seems to us the proper size, at once for such publications and for the library.

10. *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

By EDWARD GIBBON, Esq. With notes, By the Rev. H. H. MILMAN. A new edition, to which is added a complete index of the whole work. In six volumes. Boston: Philipp, Sampson & Co. 1850.

WE acknowledged, in a previous issue, and briefly commented upon the value of this new and beautiful edition of Gibbon, of which we had then received but the first volume. Three others have since reached us, and afford fresh occasion for a suggestive paragraph to our readers, to whose libraries this edition is justly to be commended. It leaves nothing wanting to the value of the work: Milman's notes supplying most of the acknowledged deficiencies, and correcting most of the recognized misstatements and mistakes. Of course, Gibbon's great work has long since passed the ordeal of criticism. There will be a period when the character of books, as well as men, must needs be established; after which, to cavil or decry, or even to review, unless in respect to minutiae, should be *prima facie* evidence of equal stupidity and impertinence on the part of the critic. We shall be careful to escape either imputation.

11. *The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James II, 1688.* By DAVID HUME, Esq.

A new edition, with the author's last corrections and improvements. To which is prefixed a short account of his life, written by himself. Vols. 1 to 5. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

HOWEVER we may object to Hume as a monarchist and as a partisan, his excellence as a writer—nay, as an historian, always sensible, thoughtful, philosophical—will always entitle him to a first place in our libraries. We are, accordingly, grateful to the publish-

ers, to whom we owe this new, neat and very excellent edition of this favourite author. It is well printed, correctly, with good type, on good paper, and in neat cloth binding. It is further commended to the popular reader by its cheapness, the cost being really less than half the ordinary price of such books. The *fourth* volume, we may be permitted to say, in an aside to the publishers, has failed to reach us.

12. *Sketches of Minnesota, the New-England of the West.* With Incidents of Travel in that Territory during the Summer of 1849. In two parts. By E. S. SEYMOUR. With a Map. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

THE territory of Minnesota is situated on the head waters of the rivers which flow into Hudson's Bay, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico. Its name is said to be compounded of the two words, in the Sioux dialect. *mini*, water, and *sotah*, turbid or muddy. The country is bounded on the north by Canada West, east by Lake Superior and Wisconsin, south by Iowa, and west by Missouri and the White Earth rivers. It embraces an area of about one hundred and sixty-six thousand square miles. This immense territory formed a portion of that which was ceded to the Union by Virginia and other States, out of which Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin have been raised to an equal condition in the confederacy with the States making the cession. It was by some of the usual *hocussing* that Minnesota became a territory at all, or is now in the way of becoming a State. The original cession arranged for a division of the territory ceded, into five States. Our Northern brethren have contrived to increase their political strength, at the expense of the benefactor who gave the land, and a sixth State is prepared to enter the confederacy. Of this new region, Mr. Seymour's book gives a sufficient account. The history of its discovery by the powers of Europe, and its exploration by our own, may be better read in other volumes.

13. *Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea.* By W. F. LYNCH, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition. With a Map from accurate surveys. A new and condensed edition. Phila: Lea & Blanchard. 1850.

THE cheap edition of the work before us we have no doubt will increase its value to the general reader. It is stripped of the unnecessary dilations which did not so much adorn as encumber the original publication, and is thus possessed of a better narrative interest, derived from the direct progress of the history. The abridgements, though considerable, are judiciously made, and exclude nothing that might

be held essential to the narrative. Though inferior to the costly style of the first publication, the volume before us is still neat enough for any library. We take from the author's preface what he says in reply to inquiries which were provoked by the conjecture expressed in the previous edition, that the Jordan originally ran through the vale of Siddim, before the latter was submerged.

"From the pits of bitumen within sight of the highest perennial source of the Jordan, to the Salt Mountain of Usdum, at the south-west extremity of the Dead Sea, there is a continued chain of volcanic character. Black basalt prevails from beyond the head of Lake Tiberias far down the Jordan; and the north-eastern and north-western shores of the Dead Sea present respectively tufa and a black bituminous limestone, which inflames and is fœtid when exposed to the fire; while sulphur and naptha are also found upon its shores.

"Thermal springs prevail upon the shores of the Sea of Galilee, the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The whole region has been convulsed by earthquakes, and the one which, in 1837, nearly destroyed the towns of Safed and Siberias, dislodged a huge mass of bitumen from the depths of the last-named sea.

"South of the Dead Sea volcanic characters are also exhibited. Burckhardt saw volcanic rocks on the *eastern* base of Mount Sinai, and the traces are those of *primary* volcanic action.

"Our soundings ascertained the bottom of the Dead Sea to consist of two plains—an elevated and a depressed one—averaging, the former 13, and the latter 1300 feet below the surface. Through the northern, and largest and deepest one, is a ravine, which seems to correspond with the bed of the Jordan to the north, and the Wady el Jeib, or ravine within a ravine, at the South end of the sea.

"Between the River Jabok (a tributary of the Jordan) and the Dead Sea, we unexpectedly encountered a sudden break-down in the bed of the last-named river, and according to the account of a distinguished eastern traveller, there is a similar break in the water-courses to the south of the sea.

"As stated in the narrative, too, the conviction was forced upon me, that the mountains which hem in the Dead Sea are older than the sea itself—for, had their ages been the same at first, the torrents which pour into the sea would have worn their beds into a gradual and correlative slope; whereas, in the northern section, where a soft bituminous limestone prevails, they plunge down several hundred feet, while, on both sides of the southern portion, the ravines come down without abruptness, although the head of Wady Kerak, at the south-east border of the sea, is more than 1000 feet higher than Wady Ghuweir on its north-west shore.

"Lake Tiberias is 312 feet, the Dead Sea 1316 feet, and the Red Sea, (computed by Laborde,) 75 feet below the level of the Medi-

terranean. As an elevation of the whole Ghor, preserving those exact proportions, would carry its waters into the Southern Ocean, I cannot resist the inference that, by a general convulsion, the whole valley has sunk down, with the greatest depression abreast of Wady Ghuweir; and that the streams which formerly ran through to the Red Sea were thereby debarred an outlet, and submerged the plain, the cities of which, from the abundance of bitumen that prevailed, were most probably the theatre of a preceding conflagration."

14. *Juvenile Gift Books*. 1. *Clara, or the Discipline of Affection*. Translated from the French of Madame GUIZOT. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart. 2. *Tales from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, as related by a Mother for the amusement of her Children*. Same publisher. 3. *Robin Hood and his Merry Foresters*. By STEPHEN PERCY. Same publisher. 1850.

THESE are very pretty gift books for the young. The story of "Clara," by the wife of ex-Minister Guizot, a person, perhaps, not much less worthy of distinction than her husband—indeed, a very remarkable woman—is one that teaches a lesson of very important domestic morals. It shows a spoiled child, lessened by adversity to humility, modesty, and the most amiable virtues. It portrays a character, which, by proper resolution and the support of God, reforms all the errors of her youth and corrects all the irregularities of a temper almost ruined by indulgence. The tales from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments afford these beautiful oriental fictions, stripped of all the gross delineations of lust which too much mar their excellence as books of equal instruction and amusement. Of Robin Hood, that genuine old English legend, who needs to be told? Stephen Percy has here accumulated all the events of the gentle outlaw's life in a pleasing and touching narrative. Robin Hood and his righte merrie forresters are here portrayed to the life, in a story full of lively incident and pleasant description. All these tiny quartos are printed in very pretty style, and illustrated with numerous engravings.

15. *White Jacket; or the World in a Man-of-War*. By HERMAN MELVILLE, author of "Typee," "Omoo," "Mardi," and "Redburn." New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

IN the work before us the author appears as a witness, giving his evidence on the subjects of a sailor's usual experience at sea, and on the regulations of a man-of-war. He aims at nothing that is fanciful, and seeks none of the successes of the artist or romancer. His rôle is that of the reformer. He speaks to the abuses of the service, the cruel treatment usually bestowed upon the poor sailor by the absurd

superstitions of authority in vessels of war; the incompetence of commanders, their tyrannies, and the unceasing severities and cruelties of a system which has no solitary reason or necessity for its continuance. The interest of his book is derived from the regular details of life on ship-board, the usual daily toils and incidents, the moods and feelings, the sympathies and antipathies, of all concerned—the hopes that encourage, the fears and sufferings that depress—in short, the full history of that world-in-little, that community to itself, wandering, lonely, cut off from the associations of man in the abodes which he loves, and locked up in an ark, which is necessarily, for the time, a prison. In this narrative, the picturesque is afforded by the introduction of occasional events that disturb the monotony of a ship's progress. We have, accordingly, lively descriptions of the storm at sea, the burial at sea, the man overboard, theatricals, and other sports of the ship, modes of annoyance and amusement among sailors, and portraits of individuals marked with striking peculiarities of character. Jack Chase is one of our author's favourite studies, and he portrays several others, in whom we learn to take an interest like himself. We have no reason to suppose these portraits exaggerated, and as little to suspect our author of colouring too highly his complaints of the evils and injustice, the folly and the tyranny of that rule under which the sailor lives perforce. Many of the evils of usage which he reports are surely remediable. Take a few examples. The seamen dine at noon. Yet, says our author "they have just cause, almost for mutiny, in the outrageous hours assigned for their breakfast and supper. *Eight* o'clock for breakfast, *twelve* for dinner, and *four* for supper, and no meals but these—no lunches and no cold snacks. Owing to this arrangement, (and partly to one watch going to their meals before the other, at sea,) all the meals of the twenty-four hours are crowded into *eight*! Sixteen mortal hours elapse between supper and breakfast, including, to one watch, eight hours on deck. This is barbarous—any physician will tell you so. Before the Commodore has dined you have supped! And in high latitudes, in summer time, you have taken your last meal for the day, and five hours, or more, daylight to spare."

"Though this arrangement," adds our author, "makes a neater and cleaner thing of it for the officers, and looks very nice and superfine on paper, yet it is plainly detrimental to health, and, in time of war, is attended with still more serious consequences to the nation at large. If the necessary researches were made, it would perhaps be found that in those instances where men-of-war adopting the above-mentioned hours for meals have encountered an enemy at night, they have pretty generally been beaten; that is, in those cases where the enemies' meal times were reasonable, which is only to be accounted for by the fact that *the people* of the beaten vessels were fighting on an empty stomach instead of a full one.

Our author complains that the sailors on board a man-of-war are not permitted to sing, as in merchant vessels, while pulling ropes or otherwise occupied. Singing lightens labour.

"Your only music," says he, "at such times, is the shrill pipe of the boatswain's mate, which is almost worse than no music at all. And if the boatswain's mate is not by, you must pull the ropes, like convicts, in profound silence, or else endeavour to impart unity to the exertions of all hands by singing out mechanically, *one, two, three*, and then pulling all together."

Practice at the guns in a sham fight is also an object of our author's censure. Hear what he says :

"The summons is given by the ship's drummer, who strikes a peculiar beat—short, broken, rolling, shuffling—like the sound made by the march into battle of iron-heeled grenadiers. It is a regular tune, with a fine song composed to it. The words of the chorus, being most artistically arranged, may give some idea of the air :

"Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,  
We always are ready, steady, boys, steady,  
To fight and to conquer, again and again."

"In warm weather this pastime at the guns is exceedingly unpleasant, to say the least, and throws a quiet man into a violent passion and perspiration. For one, I ever abominated it.

"I have a heart like Julius Cæsar, and, upon occasion, would fight like Caius Marcius Coriolanus. If my beloved and ever glorious country should be ever in jeopardy from invaders, let Congress put me on a war-horse, in the van-guard, and *then* see how I will acquit myself. But to toil and sweat in a fictitious encounter ; to squander the precious breath of my precious body in a ridiculous fight of shams and pretensions ; to hurry about the decks, pretending to carry the killed and wounded below ; to be told that I must consider the ship blowing up, in order to exercise myself in presence of mind, and prepare for a real explosion ; all this I despise, as beneath a true tar and man of valour."

A grievance that should be redressed, according to our author, is one that concerns the sleeping privileges, or want of privilege, of the seamen.

"In a man-of-war at sea, the sailors have *watch and watch* ; that is, through every twenty-four hours, they are on and off duty every four hours. Now, the hammocks are piped down from the nettings (the open place for stowing them, running round the top of the bulwarks) a little after sunset, and piped up again when the forenoon watch is called, at eight o'clock in the morning ; so that during the day-time they are inaccessible as pallets. This would be

all well enough, did the sailors have a complete night's rest; but every other night, at sea, one watch have only four hours in their hammocks. Indeed, deducting the time allowed for the other watch to turn out, for yourself to arrange your hammock and fairly get asleep, it may be said that, every other night, you have but three hours' sleep in your hammock. Having, then, been on deck for twice four hours, at eight o'clock in the morning your *watch below* comes round, and you are not liable to duty until noon. Under like circumstances, a merchant seaman goes to his *bunk*, and has the benefit of a good long sleep. But in a man-of-war you can do no such thing; your hammock is very neatly stowed in the nettings, and there it must remain till nightfall.

"But perhaps there is a corner for you somewhere along the batteries on the gun-deck, where you may enjoy a snug nap. But as no one is allowed to recline on the larboard side of the gun-deck, (which is reserved as a corridor for the officers when they go forward to their smoking-room at the *bridle-port*,) the starboard side only is left to the seamen. But most of this side, also, is occupied by the carpenters, sail-makers, barbers and coopers. In short, so few are the corners where you can snatch a nap during day-time in a frigate, that not one in ten of the watch who have been on deck eight hours can get a wink of sleep till the following night. Repeatedly, after by good fortune securing a corner, I have been roused from it by some functionary appointed to keep it clear."

Too much cleanliness on board ship seems his aversion also. For the unnecessary washings of the decks, our author alledges that the officers have a passion, as fearful as that of a Philadelphia servant of all work, for flooding the *trottoir*. Hear him on this topic:

"Now, against this invariable daily flooding of the three decks of a frigate, as a man-of-war's-man, White-Jacket most earnestly protests. In sunless weather it keeps the sailors' quarters perpetually damp; so much so that you can scarce sit down without running the risk of getting the lumbago. One rheumatic old sheet-anchor-man among us was driven to the extremity of sewing a piece of tarred canvas on the seat of his trowsers.

"Let those neat and tidy officers who so love to see a ship kept spick and span clean, who institute rigorous search after the man who chances to drop the crumb of a biscuit on deck when the ship is rolling in a sea-way, let all such swing their hammocks with the sailors, and they would soon get sick of this daily damping of the decks.

"Is a ship a wooden platter, that it is to be scrubbed out every morning before breakfast, even if the thermometer be at zero, and every sailor goes barefooted through the flood with the chilblains? And all the while the ship carries a doctor, well aware of Boer-

haave's great maxim, '*keep the feet dry.*' He has plenty of pills to give you when you are down with a fever, the consequences of these things, but enters no protest at the outset—as it is his duty to do—against the cause that induces the fever.

"During the pleasant night watches, the promenading officers, mounted on their high-heeled boots, pass dry-shod, like the Israelites, over the decks; but by day-break the roaring tide sets back, and the poor sailors are almost overwhelmed in it, like the Egyptians in the Red Sea.

"Oh! the chills, colds, and agues that are caught. No snug stove, grate or fire-place to go to; no, your only way to keep warm is to keep in a blazing passion, and anathematize the custom that every morning makes a wash-house of a man-of-war."

Of the favouritism which prefers the incompetent, and of the looseness of rule which allows the navy of the country to be perilled by untried officers, we have several striking illustrations. On these points we quote the following:

"It is indirectly on record in the books of the English Admiralty, that in the year 1808—after the death of Lord Nelson—when Lord Collingwood commanded on the Mediterranean station, and his broken health induced him to solicit his furlough, that out of a list of upward of one hundred admirals, not a single officer was found who was deemed qualified to relieve the applicant with credit to the country. This fact Collingwood sealed with his life, for, hopeless of being recalled, he shortly after died, worn out, at his post. Now, if this was the case in so renowned a marine as England's, what must be inferred with respect to our own? But herein no special disgrace is involved. For the truth is, that to be an accomplished and skilful naval generalissimo needs natural capabilities of an uncommon order. Still more, it may safely be asserted, that, worthily to command, even a frigate, requires a degree of natural heroism, talent, judgment and integrity that is denied to mediocrity. Yet these qualifications are not only required, but demanded, and no one has a right to be a naval captain unless he possesses them.

"Regarding Lieutenants, there are not a few Selvagees and Paper Jacks in the American Navy. Many commodores know that they have seldom taken a line-of-battle ship to sea without feeling more or less nervousness when some of the lieutenants have the deck at night.

"According to the last Navy Register, (1849) there are now 68 captains in the American navy, collectively drawing about \$300,000 annually from the public treasury; also, 297 commanders, drawing about 200,000; and 377 lieutenants, drawing about half a million; and 451 midshipmen, (including passed-midshipmen,) also drawing nearly half a million. Considering the known facts, that some of

these officers are seldom or never sent to sea, owing to the Navy Department being well aware of their inefficiency; that others are detailed for pen-and-ink work at observatories, and solvers of logarithms in the coast survey; while the really meritorious officers, who are accomplished practical seamen, are known to be sent from ship to ship, with but a small interval of a furlough; considering all this, it is not too much to say that no small portion of the million and a half of money above mentioned is annually paid to national pensioners in disguise, who live on the navy without serving it."

The author adds,

"In a country like ours, boasting of the political equality of all social conditions, it is a great reproach that such a thing as a common seaman rising to the rank of a commissioned officer in our navy is nowadays almost unheard-of. Yet, in former times, when officers have so arisen to rank, they have generally proved of signal usefulness to the service, and sometimes have reflected solid honour upon the country. Instances in point might be mentioned.

"Is it not well to have our institutions of a piece? Any American landsman may hope to become President of the United States—commodore of our squadron of States. And every American sailor should be placed in such a position that he might freely aspire to command a squadron of frigates."

Of the freedom with which the lash is used in the American navy, of the wantonness and brutality with which this punishment is inflicted, our author reports some cruel examples. We take from his pages a simple paragraph of comment, which will serve to illustrate a frequent experience in the South, where it is notorious that no slaveholders are so cruel as those who come from Europe or the free States—the soil where philanthropy is so rampant.

"It is singular that, while the lieutenants of the watch in American men-of-war so long usurped the power of inflicting corporal punishment with the *colt*, few or no similar abuses were known in the English navy. And though the captain of an English armed ship is authorized to inflict, at his own discretion, *more* than a dozen lashes, (I think three dozen,) yet it is to be doubted whether, upon the whole, there is as much flogging at present in the English navy as in the American. The chivalric Virginian, John Randolph, of Roanoke, declared, in his place in Congress, that on board the American man-of-war that carried him out Ambassador to Russia, he had witnessed more flogging than had taken place on his own plantation, of five hundred African slaves, in ten years. Certain it is, from what I have personally seen, that the English officers, as a general thing, seem to be less disliked by their crews than the American officers by theirs. The reason probably is, that many of them, from

their station in life, have been more accustomed to social command; hence, quarter-deck authority sits more naturally on them. A coarse, vulgar man, who happens to rise to high naval rank by the exhibition of talents not incompatible with vulgarity, invariably proves a tyrant to his crew. It is a thing that American man-of-war's-men have often observed, that the lieutenants from the Southern States, the descendants of the old Virginians, are much less severe, and much more gentle and gentlemanly in command, than the Northern officers, as a class."

It is somewhat strange that a writer who can think so shrewdly and observe so well should still be so infatuated with his own local prejudices, as to forget subsequently what he has just said, and reflect upon the Southern slaveholder, as one necessarily more tyrannical than any other class of persons. At page 447 he tells us that a manly freedom of carriage on board a man-of-war is as offensive to most sea officers "as an erect, lofty-minded African would be to some slave-driving planter." He forgets wholly his own social reflection, above quoted, in order to give a most unjust and wanton fling at the South, in compliance with the stereotyped prejudices of his own region.

But our space for extracts and comments, alike, is limited. By these samples, the reader will judge of the objects of the book before us, and of the manner of the writer. It is a history, and an argument, and not a story. Its sketches are only illustrative of the history, and designed to enliven it. The narrative is pleasant, cheerful, seldom sparkling or brilliant; but the author shows himself, everywhere, a shrewd, sensible, well-informed man, thoughtful and practical. His discussion of the abuses in the navy deserves the equal consideration of government and people.

16. *Memoirs of the House of Orleans; including Sketches and Anecdotes of the most distinguished characters in France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.* By W. COOKE TAYLOR, L.L.D., author of the "Romantic Biography of the age of Elizabeth," &c. In two vols. London: Richard Bentley. Philada: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart. 1850.

It is curious how much superior are the resources of the French, in the departments of the Memoir, to the English, the American, and, indeed, almost any other nation. This class of writing would seem more natural to the genius of that mercurial people, than to any of the races of the great Teutonic stock. The memoir is a sort of household history. It combines history and biography in nearly equal degree, without the formality of the one, or the consecutive arrangement of the other. It shows personal and public history through a social medium, and appeals thus directly to the more ordinary sympathies of men. These are, in fact, household histories,

in which the portraiture of character shows more naturally, illustrated, as it is, by the piquant anecdote, and the lively-speaking traits which grace events with an individual vitality. The work before us is an admirable compilation from a copious collection of these memoirs. The materials—owing to the wonderful resources of French literature in this class of writings—are equally various and ample. They are gleaned from periods of the most singular interest in French history. They connect all the details, and afford a complete gallery of portraits, from the progress of a family, which has, from its beginning, occupied a most conspicuous place in the eyes of nations; and afford a body of reading of an interest rarely equalled in literature. The page is one of tragedy and motley, mixed in strange degree, and productive of the most fascinating attraction. Our space will not allow us to go into the analysis of these two highly instructive and interesting volumes; nor, indeed, with such rapid transitions as distinguish the progress of light and shadow in the career of the Orleans family, is this an easy labour. Let it suffice if we say that the reader will here find a wonderful fund of anecdote, illustrative of some of the most curious periods and remarkable characters in all French history; the most curious history, perhaps, that the world has ever known. The portrait of Philip Egalité alone, and the narrative, public and private, of his life, are studies of the rarest attraction, abounding in lessons for the politician, and not less abounding in exciting histories for the seeker after mere gossip, or the passionate lover of romance. We may add that this narrative affords us a more grateful medium through which to examine the portrait of Philip Egalité, than the regular history has usually afforded. The compiler relieves the memory of this remarkable man from much of the odium with which it has hitherto been surrounded; and it is difficult to say, beholding him through this medium, whether he was not more sinned against than sinning. We cheerfully commend these two handsome volumes to the summer studies of the reader. They will beguile him of his weariness in any situation.

17. *The Conquest of Canada.* By the author of "Hochelaga."  
In two volumes. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

Our author has been somewhat too diffuse in his preliminary history. He breaks ground quite too far from the subject. There was no necessity to begin a history of British conquest in Canada, by showing the progress of American discovery, from the first voyages of Columbus, involving details of Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, French and English settlement in the New World. In such minor histories, the reader's knowledge should be assumed, or he should be briefly referred to events which do not need dilation. It would be quite safe to assume a sufficient general knowledge, on the part of

the reader, of the progress of discovery in America; since no one will be likely to seek this History of Canadian Conquest, who is ignorant of the events preceding it. Still, though disapproving of the plan of these preliminary statements, we must do our author the justice to mention that he has furnished a summary, and given us details in respect to early adventure in America, which, *per se*, is highly useful, and may save much groping after remote authorities, to the superficial reader. Passing beyond these portions of his volumes, we enter with pleasure upon the history which he sets out to write. This is quite interesting and instructive, clear, well stated, in proper sequence, and the events grouped not only with accuracy, but with spirit. The great struggle between the French and English, for that supremacy in the New World which resulted in the full triumph of the latter, forms a narrative of singular attraction. The conflicts of Johnson and Dieskau, of Wolfe and Montcalm, were conflicts of giants, and the story is one of a romantic interest. In its narration, our author seems to have fully possessed himself of all the necessary facts. He betrays no deficiency of knowledge, and we know no work which brings together the same ample body of material, so important to the early history of the people of America. His work is followed by a copious appendix, comprising a large body of valuable documentary illustrations. There are faults and defects in this work, which are due sometimes to haste, sometimes, perhaps, to the inaccuracies of the press, and sometimes to ill-formed and incorrect opinion. Names of persons and places are occasionally misspelled. Our author shows himself disposed to underrate the services and merits of the provincials, and, quoting Graham—one of the best of the Anglo-American historians—in behalf of the former, he complains of the preferences and partialities he displays, even when not preparing or offering to refute their truth. Thus disparaging the Americans in relation to the English, he also compares the Virginian, and the Southron generally, unfavorably with the Northern people, at the very moment when he admits the superior social refinement of the former. Reading these volumes with a proper consideration of these objections, the public will find them agreeable, and particularly valuable as, probably, the best history extant of the remarkable events which show the long struggle of France and England, for the possession of supremacy in the New World, and the final ascendancy of the latter.

18. *Histoire du Droit Byzantin, ou du Droit Romain dans l'Empire d'Orient, depuis la mort de Justinien jusqu'à la prise de Constantinople en 1453.* Par JEAN-ANSELME-BERNARD-MORTREUIL, Avocat à Marseille. Paris. 1847. 3 vols. 8vo.

We introduce these volumes to those whose studies lead them to the vast field of the Civil Law, as guides of the highest importance

in one of the most obscure and curious departments of that venerable science. The light reflected from Byzantine sources upon the *Corpus Juris Civilis* itself, will be seen in a very curious and interesting manner, in the learned and laborious volumes of M. Mortreuil. They are marked by weariless research, almost exhaustive erudition, and a most conscientious employment of the materials. The arrangement is remarkably lucid, the authorities most copious, and the information admirably digested. The origin of these volumes, as detailed by the author in his preface, will convey some notion of the nature of the work. In reading a legal dissertation by M. Troplong, the author of this *Histoire* found an authority relied upon with which the University studies had not made him acquainted. The supreme court had supported one of its decrees by a text of the *Corpus Juris*. But this text was evidently altered, in a sense quite opposed to that of the official *rédaction*. M. Troplong proved this incontestably, supporting his argument by the authority of the *Basilicas*. This led M. Mortreuil to investigate the history and character of these *Basilicas*, and their value in reference to a restitution of the text of the *Corpus*. The volumes before us are the fruits of his ardent and extensive investigations.

19. *El Dorado, or Adventures in the path of Empire*: comprising a Voyage to California, via Panama, Life in San Francisco and Monterey, Pictures of the Gold Region, and experiences of Mexican Travel. By BAYARD TAYLOR, author of "Views a-Foot," &c. With illustrations by the author. In two volumes. New-York: George P. Putnam. 1850.

Few books better fulfil the conditions of the title page than the one before us. Mr. Taylor, who is already known to our public as a writer of a pleasant volume of Travels in Europe, and, perhaps, quite as favourably as a poet, is a gentleman of quick, keen observation, great eagerness in pursuit, good taste, and a cool, discriminating judgment. The only deficiency in his volumes is one which may properly be ascribed to all the reports of travellers in our California Dorado. He is too hurried—he has given himself too little time—and, though his report is very clear and very interesting, it is still liable to the objection of superficiality. But, as we have said, in this respect it resembles all the works which have been written on this subject. The undoubted and peculiar abilities of the author have enabled him to see farther, and more clearly, and to describe with more graphic fidelity what he sees, than the greater number of those who have given us reports of their "jornados" in the same quarter. His book is full of information and interest, and written with equal vivacity and ease. It will be found a pleasant companion for the listless, and an instructive one for the busy and

inquiring mood. It is a book of wonders, of the strangest contrasts, the wildest minglings of the dark and bright of human experience, and yet, unquestionably, as veracious in its details as the reports of travellers have any need to be. It is a work that cannot well be reviewed. We cannot fix the scenes. They change quite as rapidly as those of the kaleidoscope, as bright, as strange, as sudden, as indefinable. The reader, indeed, should desire no analysis of such volumes, since none could compensate him for the satisfaction he will feel in going over them for himself.

20. *Invasion of the Territory of Alabama, by one thousand Spaniards, under Hernan de Soto, in 1540.* By ALBERT J. PICKETT, Montgomery: Brittan & De Wolf. 1850.

AMONG the Critical Notices of our April issue, there is one devoted to the pamphlet on De Soto's Expedition, the title of which is given above. The notice which follows, however, from the pen of a correspondent, must not be held superfluous. At all events, we are not unwilling that the public attention should be drawn more particularly to a promised publication, the labour and expense in preparing which we know to have been considerable, and to which, as a local history, the South should accord the most liberal patronage. For the rest, let our correspondent speak for himself and author.

"Aaron Burr," "Eight Days in New-Orleans," and the "Invasion of the Territory of Alabama, by one thousand Spaniards, under Ferdinand de Soto, in 1540," are the respective titles of three pamphlets, from the pen of Albert J. Pickett, of Montgomery, Ala.

The two first have for some time been most favourably known to the public, and their flattering reception will render it unnecessary to delay an immediate consideration of the merits of the third.

The "De Soto" pamphlet is merely the introductory chapter of "Pickett's History of Alabama," and comprises but a slight portion of the work's whole extent, which covers the period of 281 years, between 1540 and the close of 1820. A book's preface has of late years become but a sorry criterion of its real merit, and the author oftentimes betrays but too satisfying proofs of the fact in his first chapter. But Col. Pickett honestly gives to his readers the first chapter itself, and allows the public to form their opinion from that, be it good or bad. The reader has here, then, a true specimen of the forthcoming history, and may easily judge for himself, without the uncalled-for suggestions of the author, and will readily concede the difficulties attending the task, so well and so successfully accomplished.

In writing history, the first, and of course the most important point, is truth of matter. To succeed in attaining accurate informa-

tion, and to limit the facts stated to the facts correctly ascertained, betokens a faithfulness of research and a control over the imagination, which but few historians of the conquest of the New World have exhibited. Too many have, upon the basis of a few general facts, created structures of romantic fiction more becoming the novelist than the historical writer. Indeed, through the records of those times, to follow the truth strictly were a work of extreme difficulty. The glowing accounts of the followers of Columbus, the strange and varied elements of those bands of adventurers from old Spain, their excited imagination, and their wild hopes, mingled with the wonderful relations of leaders, exaggerated purposely to lure greater numbers to their standards, form a combination of rank extravagances, from which few could hope to gather the truthful details of the New World's history. The present author, with commendable self-denial, throwing aside a natural love for the wild fictions incident to the romantic search of El Dorado, has lent himself earnestly to the pursuit of the real and the truthful. He leaves no stone unturned, and brings from every reliable quarter convincing proofs of the genuine character of his details. From journals of each day's events, from the combined evidence of eye-witnesses, and from a comparison of old Spanish and Portuguese records with the traditions of the native Indians, he makes those deductions which at once become the philosopher and the historian.

These investigations, at length completed, have exhausted years of patient and toilsome research, and, while the thought that the day of labour and anxiety is ended must bring with it its own satisfaction, it must be a still more pleasing reflection to the mind of an author deeply imbued with a love of the subject, and a source of delight to the reader, that the result of these sifting comparisons is not a mere collection of dry details, but a most interesting and even romantic chapter of incidents. To an Alabamian, keenly alive to the past and the future of his native State, these historical results will indeed bring with them pure and unalloyed pleasure, and the proud gratification of having rescued from oblivion the most interesting records of days gone by.

To high powers of research and comparison, our author adds yet other qualities, nearly of equal importance to the historian: methodical arrangement and a clear, perspicuous expression. Allotting to each day its own incidents, he conveys to the reader a rapid and correct impression of the march of De Soto; and interweaving, with historic license, the wild and beautiful language of the Indian and the proud tones of the Spaniard, and throwing into picturesque contrast the glittering armour and haughty bearing of the one and the simple attire and native pride of the other, he presents the whole relation, in graphic features, to the imagination of the reader. And withal, amid all that sober earnestness so well becoming the histo-

riographer, an undercurrent of sly native humour will, despite control, here and there well up to the surface, relieving a dry passage and carrying the reader laughingly to the next point of interest.

These well-timed touches fill to perfection their part in the narrative, and, combined with the other qualities enumerated, will render the whole work one of absorbing interest and of inestimable value to those who have long felt the want of a history of Alabama. With the sincere hope and trust that the labours of Col. Pickett will not have been in vain, and that the forthcoming history will meet the high expectations that the perusal of its first chapter has excited, I most respectfully subscribe myself.

C.

21. *Talbot and Vernon : A Novel.*

"This is all true as it is strange," &c.

New-York : Baker & Scribner. 1850.

THIS is one of the most agreeable and interesting stories of the season ; and, as the work of a young beginner, a production of remarkable promise and performance. The tale is mixed domestic and romantic. It opens in our country, and continues its progress through a portion of the war in Mexico. The author, it is understood, served gallantly in the campaign under Taylor, and was at Buena Vista, and elsewhere, with the army of invasion. The scenes which he describes in Mexico, are very truthful, and sometimes very touching and impressive. One of the objects of the writer is, to illustrate the degree of regard shown to circumstantial evidence, and its uncertainties. We are not so sure that he succeeds as well in this portion of his story, as in that which is given to the progress of the war. He does not show himself quite so good a lawyer as narrator, and the old *nisi prius* advocate will be apt to detect some flaws in his pleadings which might lead to frequent nonsuit. But these defects of the lawyer are venial in the novelist. He has made a very interesting story, and we can afford to forgive his lapses in the law.

22. *The Value of Ourselves, and the Times in which we Live.*

*The substance of an extemporary address, spoken before the Ciceronian and Phi Delta Societies of Mercer University, Ga., on Commencement Day, July 25, 1849. By BENJAMIN F. PORTER. Written out at the request of the Ciceronian Society, Penfield, Geo. 1849.*

PERHAPS, no lesson could be more important to a people of such peculiar modesty as the American, than that which teaches them to lift their heads in a right estimate of themselves and their times.

We should not have conferred such a title as this upon the oration before us, lest it should occasion, in the mind of the reader, a little quiet sarcasm. But, with any title, Mr. Porter has succeeded in giving us a very pleasant and instructive discourse—we are almost inclined to think, one of the best that we have seen from his pen. It teaches some excellent moral and social lessons in a very agreeable manner.

23. *Frank Forrester's Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America.* Illustrated from nature by the author. By HENRY WM. HERBERT, author of the "Field Sports of North America," &c. New-York : Stringer & Townsend. 1850.

THERE are few of our writers so variously endowed and accomplished as Mr. Herbert ; of a mind easily warmed and singularly enthusiastic, the natural bent of his talent inclines him to romance. He has accordingly given us several stories abounding in stately scenes, and most impressive portraiture. Well skilled in the use of the mother tongue, as in the broad fields of classical literature, he has written essays of marked eloquence, and criticisms of excellent discrimination and a keen and thorough insight. His contributions to our periodicals, have been even more happy than his fictions. With a fine imagination, he inherits a *penchant* and a capacity for poetry, which has enabled him to throw off, without an effort, some of the most graceful fugitive effusions which have been written in America. His accomplishments are as various as his talents. He can paint a landscape as sweetly as he can describe it in words. He is a sportsman of eager impulse, and relishes equally well the employments of the fisherman and hunter. He is a naturalist, as well as a sportsman, and brings, to aid his practice and experience, a large knowledge, from study, of the habits of birds, beasts and fishes. He roves land and sea in this pursuit, forest and river, and turns, with equal ease and readiness, from a close examination of Greek and Roman literature, to an emulous exercise of all the arts which have afforded renown to the aboriginal hunter. The volume before us—one of many which he has given to this subject—is one of singular interest to the lover of the rod and angle. It exhibits, on every page, a large personal knowledge of the finny tribes in all the northern portions of our country, and well deserves the examination of those who enjoy such pursuits and pastimes. The author's pencil has happily illustrated the labours of his pen. His portraits of the several fishes of the United States are exquisitely well done and truthful. It is our hope, in future pages, to furnish an ample review of this, and other interesting volumes, of similar character, from the hands of our author. We have drawn to them the atten-

tion of some rarely endowed persons of our own region, who, like our author, unite the qualities of the writer and the sportsman ; from whom we look to learn in what respects the habits and characters of northern fish differ from our own, and thus supply the deficiency of the work before us. The title of this work is rather too general. The author's knowledge of the fish, and of fishing, in the United States, is almost wholly confined to the regions north of the Chesapeake, and he falls into the error, quite too common to the North, of supposing this region to be the whole country. Another such volume as that before us will be necessary to do justice to the Southern States, whose possessions, in the finny tribes of sea and river, are of a sort to shame into comparative insignificance all the boasted treasures of the North. It would need but few pages in our review, from the proper hands, to render this very apparent to the reader. Meanwhile, we exhort him to seek the book of Mr. Herbert, as a work of much interest and authority, so far as it goes.

24. *The Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith. Including a variety of pieces now first collected.* By JAMES PRIOR, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, &c. In four volumes. New-York : George P. Putnam. 1850.

WE have hurriedly acknowledged the receipt of these volumes, as they severally appeared from the press. The collection is now complete, and a more beautiful contribution to our libraries is not often made. The style of publication is very happy, and the illustrations are at once tasteful and appropriate. The reader will need no exhortation to a due appreciation of the merits of Goldsmith as a writer, — as a pure and thoughtful essayist, — a sweet and graceful poet, — a correct and interesting historian, — a sketcher, a tale-writer and philosopher of that genial school which insinuates doctrine through the medium of the affections, and beguiles the sympathies the better to decide the judgment. Not one of his contemporaries, in a period distinguished by writers of a sterling good sense and good taste, if not of the most marked originality, is better entitled to be remembered, or to hold a place in our esteem, than Oliver Goldsmith ; and we confess that we should prefer infinitely to lose Johnson and Addison from our libraries, than the good-natured poet, Noll. The edition now before us is the only complete one. It is edited by an admirer, equally devoted and fortunate in the accumulation of all which he has written. The additions made to previous collections, of hitherto undiscovered productions of Goldsmith, are at once honorable to the industry and intelligence of Mr. Prior, as they are in proof of claims, on the part of the author, daily increasing, to the admiration and respect of posterity. Perhaps, it would be safe to say that one-half of the collection in the present

edition is thus added, from sources hitherto unsuspected; the new matter being, hitherto, of unknown origin, or falsely ascribed to other writers. Mr. Prior deserves great credit for his labors. This edition is the only one having any just claim to place, as embodying the full performances of Goldsmith, and as the fair exponent of his genius.

25. *Mahomet and his Successors.* By WASHINGTON IRVING. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1850.

THE first of these volumes, acknowledged on a previous occasion, is devoted exclusively to Mahomet himself; of this biography we have spoken in our last issue. The second volume contains a series of connected biographies, which give us the true history of his people during their successful progress, and to its close, written in the graceful, clear, and very pleasing style of the author. There is nothing in the work of which the reader, or even the critic, will have reason to complain. The details of fact are ample, the narrative is well-ordered and complete, the proprieties of history and of literature equally well observed; and, to sum up the merits of the work in brief, perhaps, no abridgement of history, designed for popular use, could better than this have answered the design of publisher and author. But we must repeat the judgment made in our previous notice. The wonderful history of the progress of Islam, the wild enthusiasm of its popular leaders, the fierce and sanguinary valour of its chiefs and heroes, the strange narratives involved in their career, their tragic romance, and baneful yet successful superstition, all seem to demand illustration by a writer of greater original powers, an imagination more intense, a genius more commanding, and resources entirely different in character from those in possession of the favourite author to whom the task seems to have fallen. While we read his work with pleasure, we feel that the work has yet to be written. While we admit that he affords us all the absolute and external facts in the career of Mahomet and his successors, we feel unsatisfied—lacking some profounder history that will take us into the very hearts of these wonderful chiefs and leaders, and delineate their deeds in colours as vivid and impressive as the deeds themselves. We ask for the secret property in Islamism which rendered it vital for the purposes of conquest, during so long a period, precisely as if the inspiration of Mahomet had been true, and as if there had been a temporary virtue in his creed, giving it all the necessary strength for triumph, at least for a season, and for certain designated portions of the earth. After reading these pleasant but unsatisfactory biographies, we fall back upon the sketch of Carlyle, as being the more truthful, if less ample biography.

26. *Prospectus of a Law School.* To be conducted by BENJAMIN F. PORTER. Charleston : Walker & James. 1850.

WE have long urged upon our people the importance of a Southern Law School, superseding the necessity of suffering our young men to go abroad to foreign and frequently hostile communities for their education. We are rejoiced to see the subject taken up with resolution by a gentleman who comes to us so well recommended, as a professor of law, as the Hon. Mr. Porter. His pamphlet states all that is necessary. His terms render his school accessible to all, and his reputation will no doubt secure him, from the outset, a very respectable body of students. We sincerely trust that he will be successful in furnishing to our people an institution so highly desirable, nay, so absolutely necessary, to a proper system of education.

27. *Antonina, or the Fall of Rome.* A romance of the fifth century. By W. WALKER COLLINS, author of the *Life of William Collins*, B. A.

“La ville cesse d’être :  
Le Romain est esclave, et le Goth est son maître.”  
Scuderi—Alarique.

New-York : Harper & Bro. 1850.

WE shall have to differ very much from many of our contemporaries in regard to this romance. They have spoken of it in terms equally inappropriate and extravagant. Had they been content to say that the writer showed research, and had afforded us several very impressive portraits of the remarkable period in which his characters perform, we might have been satisfied to forbear dissent; though, even on this point, we should have been disposed to hesitate to accord the merit of any very striking portraiture to his pen. Even that of Alaric depicts nothing, and where other portraits are impressive, we are disposed to rate them as wanting in congruity. But, waiving all this, we can concede but little credit to the work as a fiction. The author possesses but little art. The story is stiff, unwieldy, and unexciting; stately without grandeur—pretentious without significance, and full of tragic events, but without the rising interest and gradually growing intensity of tragedy. Let the reader compare this story with that of “Attila,” by James—a work of similar design, and a failure also—and he will be forced to admit the vast difference in resource between the two writers. “Attila” was too grand a subject for James; and the approach of “Alaric” to Rome, and the terrors of that approach, are of tenfold impossibilities in the hands of Mr. Collins. There is nothing in the fiction which at all approximates the intrinsic value, variety and beauty of the materials. A dull love story—a stale repetition of the old melodramatic passion

of revenge—scenes that lack fitness, and combinations that never exercise the author's ingenuity—leave us to deplore the resourceless character of the mind which has yet ventured to seize upon so much fine material. Some of the descriptions are good, and some of the opening scenes. The picture of the voluptuous weaknesses of the Romans is well drawn. The character of the young Roman noble—the *roué*, Vetricio—is lively, though full length borrowed from Bulwer; and the horrible scene entitled “the Banquet of Famine,” though evidently too much for the author, is yet impressive as a conception, and in some degree as a picture. The work will disappoint expectation.

28. *The Union, Past and Future: how it works, and how to save it.* By a citizen of Virginia. “There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men, than forced them. Nay, it were better to meet some dangers half way, though they come nothing near, than to keep a long watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep.” BACON. Washington: John T. Towns. 1850.

A BOLD and thoughtful pamphlet, which we may adopt as a text for a review hereafter; one of the numerous efforts made by citizens of the South to warn its enemies of the dangers to themselves from their hostile attempts upon us, and made, we fear, in vain. Our prophets, like Cassandra, are doomed to tell the truth to those who suffer from the worse doom of deafness; which, when it seizes the mental hearing, is madness also—*Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*

29. *A New Treatise on Astronomy, and the use of the Globes.* In two parts. Designed for the use of High Schools and Academies. By JAMES MCINTYRE, M.D., Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1850.

WE give but a portion of the ample title page of this volume. The design of Professor McIntyre is declared to be to enlarge the system of school education in regard to the general extension of navigation and commerce; to supply the deficiencies and defects of smaller compends, and to produce a work on astronomy and the use of the globes, such as will meet the exigencies of the most ample plan of school education. His volume, copious without being crowded, ample without surplusage, of neat style and good size, yet of small cost, may well demand the respectful examination of teachers.

30. *Dictionary of Mechanics, Engine Work and Engineering.* OLIVER BYRNE editor. Parts 1 to 10 inclusive. New-York: Appleton & Co. 1850.

THIS highly useful popular manual advances steadily, and with great regularity, towards completion, compassing every department of art in the provinces which are contemplated by its plan. For the engineer and mechanic, affording the proper materials and means for study, at small cost, and simplified to the plainest understanding, this dictionary is invaluable.

31. *Deck and Port; or Incident's of a cruise in the United States Frigate Congress, to California.* With sketches of Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso, Lima, Honolulu, and San Francisco. By Rev. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N., author of "Ship and Shore," &c. New-York: Barnes & Co. 1850.

THE title of this handsome volume—which is illustrated by a fine portrait of Com. Stockton—will suffice to exhibit its character and contents to the reader. The writer is well known among our American literati, and has put forth sundry very pleasant works of travel. He is sensible, and describes graphically and well. His present volume covers a large province, which he has scanned with a keen eye, and an intelligent judgment. Numerous plates and drawings, by his own pencil, beautifully serve to illustrate the rarely rich and unexampled scenery and cities, which he describes. For the summer reader, whose cravings for adventure just fall short of a passion, it will be a rare luxury, sitting in the shade, and looking out upon the sunlighted fields or ocean, to turn to the pages of Mr. Colton and fancy the realization of all his dreams of the golden realm,—scenes and splendours surpassing all that the East has ever chronicled in fiction,—to which he conducts the imagination and desire.

32. *Choix de Poésies pour les jeunes personnes.* Par Mme. A CANTAN. New York: D Appleton et Compagnie. 1850.

As a means of exercising the youthful learner in the acquisition of the French language, this will prove no doubt an excellent volume. The selections are made with good taste, and show much judgment in the employment of such pieces, as, properly simple, will gradually conduct the learner to a just appreciation of the peculiarities of the French idiom, and the caprices of the language, without distressing memory and attention too much at the outset. We have no great faith in, or admiration for the French poetry, for any purpose, and do but commend this as an agent of instruction in language, and not as calculated either to wing the imagination, or greatly elevate the soul. The book is very nicely prepared, with

externals quite worthy of the contents, neither being inappropriate to the delicate hands of the young lady-learners, for whom both are designed.

33. *Handbook of Mediæval Geography and History.* By WILHELM PUTZ. From the German, by the Rev. R. B. PAUL, M.A., &c. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850.

A PREVIOUS volume from the same hands, and properly an introduction to the present, has already been put into the possession of the American public. The value of both depends upon their comprehensive and singular condensation, precision and excellent arrangement. The work is an excellent manual, which will conduct the student safely through the obscurities and embarrassments of mediæval history. We need not dilate upon the difficulties in the study of this period in the progress of the nations. They are sufficiently understood. With such helps as our author's late volume on the same subject, and the compact handbook now before us, the youthful student will find his drudgery wonderfully lessened.

34. *M. Tullii Ciceronis de officiis libri tres.* With English notes, chiefly selected and translated from the editions of Zumpt and Bonnell. By THOS. A. THATCHER, Assistant Professor of Latin in Yale College. New-York: Appleton & Co. 1850.

THE text of this edition, says the editor, is that of Zumpt, as it is found in his small edition, varied in a very few instances, on the authority of Beier, Orelli and Bonnell, and of Zumpt himself. Where the text of Zumpt is departed from, the deviations are mostly accounted for in the notes. These are drawn chiefly from the editions of Zumpt and Bonnell, and other authors have been carefully consulted. The style of the publication, like that of all the issues from the press of Appleton & Co., render it as worthy of the library as the schoolroom.

35. *Grammar of Arithmetic; or an analysis of the Language of Figures and Science of Numbers.* By CHARLES DAVIES, L.L.D. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1850.

DR. DAVIES is the well known writer of a numerous collection of scientific and school books. This will necessarily secure for him a large number of readers, curious to see in what respects his present work will differ from previous authorities in the science of numbers. His "Grammar of Arithmetic" is specially addressed to teachers. He presents it to them as the result of study during a period of more than a third of a century, consumed in the vocation of the

teacher. This, alone, should commend his volume to respectful examination. "The plan," he says, "if followed, will give great facility in the practical use of figures, and will open the minds of pupils to a clear apprehension of mathematical problems."

36. *History of Cyrus the Great.* By JACOB ABBOTT. With Engravings. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.

OF the numerous histories and biographies which we owe to Mr. Abbott, forming an inestimable library for the juvenile reader, none perhaps is more really interesting, or better prepared, than the one before us. The life of Cyrus, full of interest in itself, is here set forth in a simple, easy manner, stript of all irrelevant matter, yet omitting nothing which is illustrative of the times, the men, or the countries where the scene is laid, and rendered doubly interesting by the unique arrangement which leaves the reader free to follow only the footsteps of the hero. The episodes do not interrupt, but adorn the progress. The anecdotes are numerous, and of a salutary kind. The lessons taught by the history are of the wholesomest description, and so truly is the moral made to adorn the tale, that, though we follow the progress of the hero with admiring curiosity, we do not lament his death, and we approve the manner of his overthrow. In externals, this volume is like its predecessors, very pretty and with many plates.

37. *Los Gringos; or an inside view of Mexico and California, with wanderings in Peru, Chili and Polynesia.* By Lieut. WISE, U. S. N. New-York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.

A new edition of a most piquant and attractive book of travels, by a highly clever and spirited young officer of the American navy. It is quite impossible to withstand the eager, gay, vagabond humor of our Lieutenant; but the reader does not need to be enlightened in regard to the characteristics of a writer who has such a happy faculty of making himself at home wherever he goes.

### 38. *New Novels.*

OUR works of prose fiction, during the last quarter, do not often arrest our attention by their superior merits. They are mostly imitative of well-known models, and modelled upon the familiar standards. We find but few of them which rise prominently above the common levels, and none which suggest the presence of a strong native faculty—an original genius—in the writer. There is talent, and grace, and occasional felicity in execution; but the imaginative endowment does not show itself conspicuously in any of the issues

to which we have recently had our notice drawn. We give a sort of *catalogue raisonnée*, of such as have been recently received, dismissing a score or more of volumes in as many paragraphs.

1. *Reginald Hastings: a Tale of the Troubles in 164—*. By ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. The author of this romance is favourably known to us as the writer of a couple of books of travels, one in the East, entitled "The Crescent and the Cross;" the other in the extreme West, and entitled "Hochelaga." More recently, he has given us a work of history—the "Conquest of Canada"—which we notice elsewhere,—and now he suddenly appears in the field of fiction. The story of Reginald Hastings, however, will scarcely secure for him a rank so respectable in fiction as that which he has acquired as a describer of strange countries. The period chosen for the action of this story is that of the great struggle of the first Charles with the Roundheads. As a gallery of portraits, will be found the chief merit of this performance; and we may concede, as a next merit, a very lively and correct description of the condition of the country and of society during the troubles of that memorable contest. But, as a work of art, according to a standard much more difficult and high, the performance before us falls very far short of the previous writings of our author. The story possesses but little interest; the action is complicated, without involving any conditions or considerations which excite the reader; the incidents are too frequently monotonous, consisting of drownings, or escapes from drowning, several times repeated—battles fought without necessity, and without influencing the results to the dramatis personæ; and imprisonments and captivities without number, from which the parties somehow escape without difficulty, and without making any good use of their time afterwards. The tale is tedious and dull, without being stupid. The author's best points are his portraits, of which we have very fair ones of Prince Rupert, Goring, Hampden, Pym, Digby, and others, with whom history has already made us familiar.

2. *The Village Notary*. This is a romance of Hungarian life, from the pen of the Baron Eötvös. At the present moment it possesses an interest, apart from the merits of the fiction, in the illustrations which it affords of the character, manners, habits, customs, laws and society among the Magyars. Of its author, the Baron Eötvös, the preface contains quite a pleasant and curious biographical sketch. The concluding paragraphs we quote, as calculated to stimulate the desire of the reader to know more of his writings and his fortunes. His family, we must premise, was popularly odious, on account of the treacheries of his father to the cause of the people. The son, for a long time, suffered from this odium. But he became a patriot himself, and redeemed his individual position by incurring persecution for his patriotism, even while a schoolboy.

His popularity was increased by his merits as a poet and a romancer. With wealth and talents, he won the hearts of the women as well as the men, and, with the world all rose-coloured before him, he commenced the tour of Europe. We suffer his biographer to tell the rest of his story :

"In the course of the carnival of 1837, Baron Eötvös, who was then at Paris, was invited by a young Frenchman to accompany him to mademoiselle le Normand, the notorious Parisian soothsayer. The poet consented ; and, leaving a brilliant and merry party in the Faubourg du Roule, the two young men repaired to the house of the mysterious lady. Mademoiselle le Normand, after gazing long and earnestly at the handsome face of our hero, said at length, ' You are rich. The day will come when you will be poor. You will marry a rich woman. You will be a minister of state in your own country. You will die on the scaffold.' Nothing was so unlikely as this prophecy : Baron Eötvös was greatly amused with it, and after his return to Hungary, he used to tell the anecdote for the amusement of his friends.

"The financial crisis of 1841, and the money speculations of the old Baron Eötvös, led the family to the brink of ruin. Joseph Eötvös was compelled to live by his pen ; anywhere but in England and France the bread of literature is poverty indeed. In 1842, he married an amiable and accomplished woman ; but still he smiled at Mademoiselle le Normand's prophecy. As a peer and as a public writer, he belonged to the extreme opposition ; and, although his party had the greatest influence in the country, there was no reason to suppose that it would ever be called on to grasp the reins of government. The movements of the year 1848 changed the aspect of affairs and the position of parties. A cabinet was formed under the auspices of the Count Batthyany ; and Joseph Baron Eötvös was one of the members of that cabinet. In the month of August the political horizon of Hungary became clouded : Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, prepared to invade our country. The duplicity of the Vienna cabinet became daily more manifest. The landsturm assembled at Pesth. The Count Lamberg fell a victim to the unbridled passions of the people. The Croats advanced almost to the very gates of Buda. Le Normand's prophecy came home to Baron Eötvös's mind, and scared him to Vienna. But he had scarcely reached the Austrian capital, when the revolution of October broke out. Eötvös fled. He hastened to Munich, and remained in voluntary exile, without taking any active interest in the fate of his country and the wayward fortunes of his friends. His career as a statesman is ended for many years to come."

3. *Norman Leslie : a Tale.* By C. G. H., author of the "Curate of Linwood," &c, New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. We have an American novel of the same name with, and superior

to this, by Theodore Fay. The present work is British, however, and the character historical which gives to it the name. The period of the events here narrated is that distinguished by the struggles of the first reformers in Scotland—the famous John Knox and the less famous, but perhaps not less worthy Henry Warden, being among the persons of the story. The characters, indeed, are mostly historical. There is nothing in the work, as a picture, to commend it to the reader. The story has little interest, and the author none of that ability for grouping or development which might impart interest to any materials. We have said everything in its favour when we say that its moral is inoffensive, if not impressive, and that its details freshen our recollections of an interesting period in the progress of Protestant reform in Scotland.

4. *Odd Leaves from the Life of a Louisiana "Swamp Doctor."* By MADISON TENSAS, M.D., &c. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1850. One of a class to which we do not seriously incline. Our Swamp Doctor affords us sundry scenes sufficiently ludicrous; and, where he fails to provoke merriment, our excellent artist, Darley, is at hand to produce the effect in which the author lacks. Some of these "pictures to match" are very diverting, truly; and what a genius must the artist be who can thus endow the conceptions of the author with a life which he himself so completely fails to impart! Of our Swamp Doctor's humour the less we say the better. "Purge us of that, Doctor," will suffice; and must not be taken so much as an acknowledgement of his ability, as in the nature of an exhortation that, from this day forth, he ceases to make use of it.

5. GRACE AGUILAR, well known as the author of "*Home Influence*," now reads us a story of "*Woman's Friendship*." This is a domestic narrative,—pleasing, touching, and full of that mingled web of smiles and tears which belongs naturally to the woof of life. The portrait of "Florence Leslie" is a very charming one; that of "Ida St. Maur," full of nobleness, and not unworthy of a place in the same cabinet.

6. To Mrs. MARSH we owe the novel of the "*The Wilmington's*." This is an interesting, but very gloomy story, by a writer whose successes have not brought much improvement in their train. The sombrous tints in her portraiture continually call for relief. She is too uniformly sad—monotonously so—and constantly repeats herself. But it would be sheer impertinence to deny that, with many faults as an artist, she has also many merits as a novelist.

7. "*Night and Morning*," by BULWER, is a reprint of a well-known and highly popular story. It embodies his well-understood peculiarities,—his mechanism and mannerism,—his dark passages, and sepulchral lights, *à la Martin*—and but too frequently exhibits scenes, which, by no means of doubtful interest, are yet, unhappily, of very doubtful moral.

8. MRS. MACKENZIE DANIEL provides us with "*Our Guardian*," a painful and pathetic story, of a sort to prove oppressive rather than pleasing. In the character of Col. Lenox, she succeeds happily in the portrait of a very pretty villain.

9. "*The Creole*" is an American novel, by JOSEPH B. COBB, founded upon the British attempt upon New-Orleans in 1814-'15, and involving the supposed fortunes of the famous pirate of the region, Lafitte. The subject has been already handled by Ingraham, and in similar fashion. This story will derive its chief interest with the reader from its *locale*, and the exciting period in our history which it claims to illustrate.

10. *Hands not Hearts*. We hear, for the first time, of JANET W. WILKINSON, from whose hands we receive this novel. She furnishes us with a very readable story, properly illustrative of that worldly policy which regards marriage with reference rather to the social comforts, the gig, and the establishment, than with any supposed interest that the affections might have in the event.

11. *The Maid of Orleans*, by the author of "*Whitefriars*,"—a previous publication of which we know nothing,—is an historical romance, not without force in its delineations and conception, nor without interest in the details. The mistake was in the choice of a subject. The true history of the "Maid of Orleans" is, itself, a most glorious romance, to which the ordinary artist of fiction could impart nothing.

12. "*The Steward*" professes to be a story of real life, by HENRY COCKTON, who is somewhat known in the flash-and-fancy circles. But the poor fellow must have gone out, and become defunct, in the painful labor of giving life to this bantling,—cut off short in the midst of his task, and without being allowed to see its completion,—since we find that his story stops abruptly at page 98, without apology from publisher or printer. The least that could have been done, in such a case, would have been to give a decent account of the last hours of the author,—his great straits,—and to warn us that we were called only to the fragment of a feast at his wake. Of poor Henry Cockton—our "*Steward*"—we know something from previous publications; and we may say this of his sudden demise—which we assume, and of which we have formally heard nothing—that the event is not without its consolations, since it equally secures author and reader, hereafter, from much—perhaps an equal share—of weariness and suffering.

13. "*Pendennis*." This clever and humorous domestic satire has reached a fourth part, in which the life and interest continue to be sustained with all the spirit of Thackeray, the author.

14. A pleasant social caricature is "*The Fear of the Wor'd, or Living for Appearances*," by the Brothers MAYHEW. It gives us

the portraits, admirably broadened, of a pair of fools who would be fashionables, and are ruined in qualifying for their parts.

15. *Wilfred Montessor, or the Secret Order of the Seven*, is farther described as a "Romance of Life in New-York." It is fashioned after the schools of Sue, Ainsworth, and Reynolds, and shows a good deal of talent, unprofitably expended upon unpromising and unmalleable *materiel*. Several of its scenes exhibit spirit, and some of the characters are well-drawn; but the mysteries of the secret order are only so many wretched mummeries, without use or object.

16. *Ned Allen; or the Past Age*, is from the pen of DAVID HANNAY, Esq. Who David is, we cannot say; but his book is very readable. It is not so much a novel, as a picture of Scottish society at a period much ruder than the present. The period is that of our war of Independence. The story is very slight,—scarcely any, indeed,—and showing no attempt at art; but the dialogues are lively, and the portraiture of character at once spirited and truthful.

17. *James Montjoy; or I've been Thinking*. By A. S. ROE. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850.

One of the most agreeable and instructive stories, for the young, that has been written for many a day. There are several admirable volumes of political and domestic economy, put into these little books, in a form to convey all their lessons without rendering the study a bore through its complexities and technicalities.

*Zanoni*. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, author of "Night and Morning," &c. "In short, I could make neither head nor tale of it.—" *Le Comte de Gabalis*." New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. A new edition of one of Bulwer's most wild and gorgeous romances. A splendid succession of grandly gloomy scenes, mighty shadows mingling with strange, soft tints, such as we see in the wonders of the Spectre Brocken. We might say much of this work;—its equal boldness and infirmity of design, and the unequal powers by which it has been carried out to completion.

19. *The Ogilvies: A Novel*. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1849. A tale of passion, which, without much originality, is full of interest. As a first production, it is quite a successful story, but one upon which the author,—for the very reason that it is a first production,—is scarcely likely to improve. Where the style and art of a first effort are so nearly excellent, showing no crudenesses or deficiency of judgment, the absence of originality of design is the most fatal of symptoms.

20. *Roland Cashel*. By CHARLES LEVER. Illustrated by Phiz. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. A lively and interesting story, by a well known writer, full of the melo-dramatic, but not remarkable in any way,—nor differing much from the author's usual performances.

21. *Hearts and Homes ; or Social Distinction : A story.* By MRS. ELLIS. New-York : Appleton & Co. 1849. The reader is assured that Mrs. Ellis will give him good sense, good taste, and an excellent body of moral reflections in her stories, which are always well-managed narratives of a lively and instructive interest. The tale before us forms no exception to her usual characteristics.

22. *Redwood : A Tale.* By the author of "Hope Leslie." Author's revised edition. New-York : Geo. P. Putnam. 1850. As a writer of excellent tastes, pure morals, and a genial philosophy, Miss Sedgwick has attained a high rank among American authors. Her stories are not of a high order of romance. She has not the boldness for much adventure, nor does her temperament admit of the passionate or wild; but, for the delineation of household events, the portraiture of the serene, the domestic, and the humble, her claims entitle her to a position among writers second to few. Her sketches of New-England life and society are highly valuable. The volume before us forms the second of the new series of her complete writings, contained in the beautiful editions, uniform with those of Cooper and Irving, from the press of Putnam.

23. *Fairy Tales from all Nations.* By ANTHONY R. MONTALBA. With twenty-four illustrations. By RICHARD DOYLE. New-York : Harper & Brothers. 1850. Fairy tales for youth are, of all others, the best calculated to impart proper lessons. They inculcate a faith, always, in a prevailing Providence, and teach habits, invariably, of the most becoming reverence. The collection before us is a very pleasing one; full of stories which combine fresh fancies and fantasies, with the ancient morals of the class.

24. *Bremer's Works. The Neighbors.* By FREDRIKA BREMER. New York : Geo. P. Putnam. 1850. A beautiful edition of a favorite writer of fiction. Miss Bremer is now a visitor in our country. Her portrait accompanies the volume, and should naturally be an object of curiosity to the thousands who have enjoyed her writings.

25. *Standish the Puritan : A Tale of the American Revolution.* By ELDRED GRAYSON, ESQ. New-York : Harper & Brothers. 1850. The author of this volume has entirely mistaken his vocation. Fiction is not his province. He lacks all the essential attributes, fancy, invention and imagination. The story is flat, wholly wanting in vitality and interest.

26. *The Daltons ; or Three Roads in Life.* By CHARLES LEVER, ESQ. [No. 1.] New-York : Harper & Bro. 1850. The first part—a slender pamphlet—of a new story, by one of the most popular of the writers of prose fiction in our day. Of the character, the tendency and features of this new work of Mr. Lever, we can form no idea from this first instalment. It begins pleasantly enough, and with one or two impressive portraits.

27. *Pride and Irresolution : A new series of the Discipline of*

*Life*. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. Two very pleasant moral stories, upon well-known texts; marked by good sense and good taste, and by an interest sustained with spirit to the close.

28. *Cooper's Works. The Works of J. Fenimore Cooper. The Red Rover*; complete in one volume. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1850. This is the third volume, of the complete edition of Cooper's writings, which has been issued by the present publisher. The Red Rover is, perhaps, one of the most popular of Cooper's sea romances—full of action, and abounding in the most striking incident. The style of these publications is particularly excellent, and worthy of the American library.

29. *Sidonia the Sorceress; the supposed Destroyer of the whole reigning Ducal House of Pomerania*. By WILLIAM MEINHOLD. New-York: Harper & Bro. 1849. The "Amber Witch," by the same author, was a very clever book, in which art, clothing herself in the homeliest garments, persuaded most persons that she was really nature. "Sidonia" is an effort of the same kind; but wretchedly inferior to its predecessor. We know not in what degree this legend is based upon historical events; but, as a fiction, it is miserably stupid; and, as a history of real events, simply brutal and disgusting.

### 39. New Music.

THE gods have not usually made reviewers musical, but it would seem the policy of publishers that they should become so. We are favoured with a grateful variety of new pieces, from the musical house of Mr. Geo. Oates, the sweetness and beauty of which should be made to spell the ears of others, even as they have fascinated our own. Among these contributions are

1. *Anna Bishop's March*, a piece founded on Bellini's celebrated Rondo Finale, in *La Sonnambula*, admirably arranged, in a style at once graceful and florid, by the celebrated master, Bochsá. A portrait of Madame Bishop, in the character of Amina, constitutes one of the illustrations of this charming production, which merits general circulation among all fair performers on the piano forte.

2. *Une Nuit dans les Tropiques, Reverie sur le Motif du Desert de Felicien David*. By MAURICE STRAKOSCH. This production is said to be in the best manner of the author, and one of his most successful performances. It is written in a brilliant style and to a most beautiful melody. The admirers of this author will find in this *reverie* one of the best justifications for their preference.

3. *Sunnyside Waltz*, which is so named in tribute to Washington Irving, is from the pen of one of our citizens, Mr. Henry T. Oates. It is a natural waltz movement, having three parts, which admirably blend together. The piece is embellished with a view, at once cor-

rect and beautiful, of the charming Gothic country seat of Irving, on the banks of the Hudson, and in the near neighbourhood of his own famous Sleepy Hollow.

4. Here we have a collection of Polkas—the *Auld Lang Syne*, easy and pleasant; the *Frederick William*, very good and well defined; *Mary Blane*, a favourite popular air; *Rêve d'Amour*, something quite original and sentimental; *La Fille de Regiment*, introduces Jenny Lind's celebrated song, *Salut a la France*, in that opera; *Yankee Doodle Polka*, a production, such as might be looked for from the title, *a la burlesque*; *Grand Polka Fantastique*, composed by the celebrated guitarist, Vincent A. Schmidt, and arranged for the piano forte by that charming artist, Miss Adela Hohnstock. This is one of the most beautiful polkas ever published. Those who have been fortunate enough to hear Schmidt perform it on the guitar, should, and no doubt will, eagerly seize the opportunity of securing it, now that it is wedded to the piano. It will no doubt become greatly popular.

#### ART. XI.—SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

1. *Proceedings of the American Association for the advancement of Science. First Meeting, held at Philadelphia, Sept., 1848.* 8vo. pp. 156.
2. *Proceedings of the American Association for the advancement of Science. Second Meeting, held at Cambridge, August, 1849.* 8vo. pp. 459.

A meeting of the Association having recently been held in Charleston, and having thus been brought more immediately to the notice of many of our readers, some account of its history, its objects, and proceedings, seems appropriate, and will not, we trust, prove uninteresting. We embrace the opportunity of noticing it the more readily, as the objects of the Association are such as should secure for it the encouragement of every enlightened community, the aid and cooperation of every intelligent individual. For the records of its proceedings are, in fact, the records of the progress of science in the United States, and those who direct and give tone to its meetings are, in their respective departments, the first men in the land.

In order to procure geological surveys of the different States, those interested in the matter associated themselves together, in 1840, principally with the view of effecting this object, but at their meetings discussing such other subjects, connected with geology, as were offered to their notice. Subsequently, the Society was somewhat extended, and became the "Association of American Geologists and Naturalists." From the latter, the Association of which we are now more particularly to speak, had its origin. At Philadelphia, in September, 1848, in conformity with a resolution adopted at the

preceding meeting, the Association of Geologists and Naturalists resolved itself into the "American Association for the advancement of Science." In the plan of organization then adopted, the objects of the association are thus set forth :

"The objects of the association are, by periodical and migratory meetings, to promote intercourse between those who are cultivating science in different parts of the United States ; to give a stronger and more general impulse, and a more systematic direction to scientific research in our country ; and to procure for the labours of scientific men, increased facilities and a wider influence."

Over this first meeting W. C. Redfield, Esq. was elected to preside. The volume of Transactions shows that a large number of interesting papers was presented, among which we may mention the following : On the theory of the geological action of the Tides, by Lieut. Davis, U. S. N., of the Coast Survey : A report on the Sediment of the Mississippi River, by Andrew Brown, Esq. and Dr. M. W. Dickeson : On the Winds and Currents of the Ocean, by Lieut. Maury, U. S. N. : A report on the Terraces and ancient River-Bars, Drift, Boulders, &c., of Lake Superior, by Prof. L. Agassiz : A notice of Geographical Explorations and Researches during the year 1847, and a part of 1848, by J. H. Alexander : A report on Indian Antiquities, by O. Kellogg, Esq. When it is remembered that on every paper read, those conversant with the subject of which it treats, freely express their opinions, the great interest and instruction which attach to these meetings will be manifest.

The Association had now become permanently established, and its numbers amounted to 461.

The second annual meeting was held at Cambridge, Mass., in August, 1849. Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, was elected President for the year, and presided over this meeting, which was very numerously attended. The large volume of proceedings which emanated from it, attests the abundance of the materials which were presented to it. Abundance, in America, is by no means, however, a test of merit. Our great fault, in matters of this kind, is too much amplification. Condensation and terseness are qualities rare among us. We by no means desire to apply these remarks to the volume before us. On the contrary, its contents will be found highly valuable, and much important information has been condensed into its pages.

But the most pleasant feature of this meeting was the kindly intercourse which was established between the individuals who composed this large assemblage of the men of science from every part of the United States. The people of Cambridge and Boston were profuse in their hospitalities, and did all that could have been done to render the meeting socially, as it was scientifically, one of very great interest.

Our space will not allow us to enter into an examination of the numerous papers read before the Association. We cannot, however, refrain from mentioning the admirable report of Prof. Bache, Superintendant of the Coast Survey, on the progress of that work. Its importance to the commerce of the country is strongly shown in the report; in the discovery of new channels in the approach to the harbours of our commercial cities; in the publication of correct charts of the coast; in the correct location of certain shoals, and in the discovery of others before unknown. Among the most brilliant of the discoveries was that by Capt. Gedney, of the channel into the harbour of New-York, which bears his name; that of three channels into Delaware Bay, by Capt. Gedney and Lieut. Davis; and that by Lieut. Davis, of a shoal outside of Nantucket South Shoals, and lying in the track of vessels going from New-York to Europe, and from the New-England to the Southern States. The survey of the coast of South-Carolina is now advancing as rapidly as circumstances will allow, and a new chart of this part of the coast will soon be completed.

The third meeting of the Association, a semi-annual one, was held in Charleston, S. C., on the second Tuesday of March, of the present year. The meeting, although not so large as that at Cambridge, was well attended, and was in every respect a successful one. Many able papers were read, and the intercourse between the members was of the most cordial and agreeable nature. The elegant hospitalities of many of our citizens, also, lent an additional charm to the affair. The most striking feature of this meeting, however, was the munificent conduct of the City Council of Charleston. Towards the close of the meeting a communication was received from his Honour the Mayor, claiming for the City Council the *privilege* of defraying the expenses of the Association. This action of the Council is above all praise; and, as the chief expense of the Association consists in the publication of its proceedings, it lends the most direct and effectual aid possible to the encouragement of scientific research and the dissemination of scientific knowledge.

Prof. Bache, of the Coast Survey, presided, and contributed much to the interest of the meeting, by his courtesy and his great and varied attainments. The Association continued in session for five days, and adjourned to meet in New Haven, on the 19th of August next.

The proceedings of this meeting are, we are informed, now in the printer's hands, and will be speedily published. P. C. G.



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